



Vol. XIV

JULY, 1904—DECEMBER, 1904

NEW YORK :
THE ALLIANCE PUBLISHING COMPANY

$\frac{1136}{17}$

1905, Feb. 27 - March 6

E. B. Beckwith



Mind

SCIENCE ★ PHILOSOPHY ★ RELIGION ★ PSYCHOLOGY ★ METAPHYSICS

Vol. XIV
No.

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JULY, 1904

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{ 25c. Monthly
\$2.50 Yearly

Editor:

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON

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"There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. Let a man then know his worth."

—EMERSON.



VOL. XIV

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No. 1

THE ANTIQUITY AND UNIVERSALITY OF THE NEW THOUGHT.*

BY HENRY FRANK.

That which in this age is proclaimed as the New Thought is essentially as old as the civilized centuries. Never was the adage "there is no new thing under the sun" more effectually proved than in this modern renaissance of the profoundest philosophy of antiquity. Long before the Roman eagles desecrated the sacred shrines of far-reaching religions, by forcing their priests to march beneath the triumphal arch; long before the spiritual hierarchs reigned in the Capitoline temples of Jupiter and Minerva; long before the somber ritualism in honor of Mithras (so strangely similar to that introduced by Jesus in the Last Supper) was observed in the mystical temples of antiquity; long before the spectacular ceremonies of the religion of Isis and Osiris swept far beyond the land of the Pyramids and consecrated the distant shores of the Adriatic; long before Plato's dialogues were written or Socrates or Confucius taught; long

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before Sinaitic thunders echoed down the plains of the wilderness voicing the will of the Almighty, this Thought, now proclaimed as New, was already so old it had been oftentimes forgotten and renewed.

To those who know, it is not a little amusing to hear the raucous proclamation, by recent founders of a brand-new religion, that a certain individual was the "discoverer and founder" of spiritual principles with whose echo the temples of ancient Ceylon, India and Egypt had resounded in the long-forgotten ages. Human nature is very, very old, and the sensitive mind of man has ever been responsive to the intimations of occult wisdom which affects no less the soul of the savage than of the savant.

Let nothing, however, that has thus far been said be so construed as to minimize the efficacy of the force which the so-called New Thought has generated in our time. The very fact that the Thought is very old not only emphasizes its virtue, but proves its universality and indestructibility. If through so many ages it has persistently reappeared in new guises and deliverances, always singularly adapted to each specific period to which it returns, it the better demonstrates its essential value to the race and its unequalled adaptability to the spiritual requirements of mankind.

The burden of this paper, therefore, will be to take away nothing of the glory which has befallen the religious renaissance to which I am referring; but the rather to demonstrate, because its origin is immemorially buried in the very roots of the race, that it is the essence of all truth, the fundamental basis of every philosophy, and the very core of each religion.

What, then, is the New Thought? What is its essential purport? The first principle which it enunciates is Unity. Long before the conception of Monotheism was inculcated by Moses in the rude minds of the Children of the Wilderness, the far

more scientific and universal notion of absolute unity in the essence of Nature, and the inseparable integrity of all existing things in the spiritual solidarity of the universe, was proclaimed on the plains of India and the deserts of Egypt, to tribes and races whose history has been obliterated in the clash of ages.

The Unity here inculcated is the absolute and essential Oneness of Nature, of Man, of God. The Universe is One, therefore its laws are uniform, and in the last analysis all things are identical, or substantially the same. In essence, therefore, the soil and the plant, the plant and the animal, the animal and man, man and all spiritual entities, not excluding Deity, are one and identical. The discovery of God then consists in the discovery of Man; for, not till Man knows himself does he acquaint himself with that that he conceives as God. All gods are the emanations of man's conception of his ideals, base or beautiful, sublime or sensate. This discernment of the final solution of all things material or immaterial in the unity of the universal solvent, is not only the basic thesis of all the world's religions, but also of its metaphysics as well as its empirical sciences.

The voice of the ancient Gymnosophists and Vedantists of India is not only once more heard in the lisps of the spiritual philosophy of the age, but even in the conclusions of the chemical laboratory—in the bewildering deductions of electrical science and the mystical intimations of radio-active substances.

Now to show the beginning of this thought (the thought of the Unity of All in the absolute Oneness of the Universe) I shall quote at length from Max Müller's exhaustive treatise on "Psychological Religion."

"If we ask what is the highest purpose of the teaching of the Upanishads, we can state it in three words—*Tat tvam asi*. This means Thou art That. *That* stands for what is known to us under different names in different systems of ancient and modern philosophy. This is what in India is called Brahman,

as masculine or neuter, the being behind all beings. The *Thou* is what I called the Infinite in Man, the Soul, the Self, the being behind every human Ego, free from all bodily fetters, free from passions, free from all attachments. . . . The self, says the Vedanta philosopher, cannot be different from Brahman, because Brahman comprehends *all* reality, and nothing that really is can therefore be different from Brahman. Secondly, the individual Self cannot be conceived as a modification of Brahman, because Brahman, by itself, cannot be changed, whether by itself, because it is one and perfect in itself, or by anything outside it." (P. 106.)

Any one who is acquainted with the teaching of the modern Idealists, especially such phases of it as are inculcated in the more recent schools of Mental Healing and Christian Science, cannot but discern in this analysis of the Vedanta philosophy the fundamental thesis that underlies them all.

Practically the same thought we find expressed by the Eleatics of Greece. "If there is one Infinite," they stated, "there cannot be another, for the other would limit the one, and thus render it finite." They then proceeded to show that this One Infinite could not be so divided that any portion could become separate from it. Thus essentially the Universe was a complete expression of that that is "without parts, for it has no beginning and no end."

It is easy to understand, however, how such an analysis of the universe, which requires a fine philosophic poise for its appreciation, could become perverted till it would be distorted into a statement which would be the precise opposite of what was originally intended. The very fact that Absolute Being was postulated as the background of all existence; that this Being was undifferentiable, without parts, passions or personality, would in time cause the speculative mind of man to regard it as a somewhat wholly different and distinct from the phenomenal universe with which it is acquainted.

Therefore Absolute Being was assumed in medieval theology and metaphysics as a *veritable* background, standing out against the visible and actual world. This Being was perfect, complete, supreme, immutable and omniscient. But the visible world, man, and all the creatures of heaven and earth, were merely created products of this Supreme Being, differentiable from Him in their imperfections, sinfulness, transitoriness and destructibility.

Hence, out of the original unitary philosophy of the ancient metaphysicians there evolved the contradictory dualistic theories of modern and medieval theology and philosophy, which have so confused the thinking mind and scandalized the name of religion.

Nevertheless, this same perverse dualistic tendency of thought persisted to manifest itself not only in theological polemics but as well in the realm of the physical sciences and metaphysical psychology. By pursuing the growth of these modern sciences we shall perceive how they have unfolded from an original monistic conception to various phases of dualism, till only in our own day are they again returning to the primitive monism from which they emanated. In this curious reversion of thought we are learning that what the primitive ages of culture discerned through their intuitive faculties was singularly prophetic of the results of modern scientific discovery. In this age we are again reviving the theories of the Vedantists, the Gymnosophists, the Alchemists, the Rosicrucians; of Empedocles, Epicurus and Lucretius, and of the many others who stood on the rim of the world's horizon of universal progress and discerned feebly, and only in imagination, what now our modern methods are demonstrating with scientific accuracy and incontrovertible conclusiveness. This is what I shall try to show in these pages.

The old conception, for instance, of the non-materiality of

matter; or that matter as we know it has no real existence, but is merely phenomenal or the product of mental conditions, has been re-echoed in all the idealistic philosophies of the ages, but has only recently been suggested by the physical sciences. Leibnitz declared that matter was merely an assemblage of simple forces or dynamic monads. Newton, in opposition, insisted that matter was corpuscular, that it consisted of final minute particles which acted mechanically on each other. Boscovitch declared that in the last analysis matter consisted of mere centers of force which by mutually attracting and repelling each other affected our senses. Now, while these several theories were apparently conflicting, and were mere hypotheses, forming a logical basis on which to rear an idealistic philosophy, in point of fact there was nothing mutually conflicting between them, and the idealism which was based on them was finally justified by the actual discoveries of science.

To-day it is admitted that matter is corpuscular. But the marvel of modern chemical-electricity is that it has revealed the fact that the corpuscle is actually a mere unit of electricity. That is, the corpuscular unit of matter is a mere center of force. The electrical unit, then—the electron—is primal matter. That is, primal matter is a mere mode of motion. What was once a guess is now a scientific certainty. Scientifically, then, as well as philosophically, all that the mind knows of matter is its own subjective condition. The unit of all forms of phenomenal matter is precisely the same. There is no difference between the electrical corpuscle of gold or iron, hydrogen or carbon. The ultimate of all forms of matter contains precisely the same charge of electricity. That means primal matter is uniform and undifferentiable. It becomes variable only by the varying velocity of the corpuscles that compose the atoms and the different amount of corpuscles in each atom. Now, when we recall that the electrical unit of matter is merely a center of

force, or a mode of motion, we see that what we call phenomenal matter is but the measurement of different degrees of velocity.*

Thus science proves what philosophy has long guessed, namely, that there actually exists no such thing as an objective world, in the form in which we apprehend it; that what we really apprehend is merely the effect of an infinite variety of forces on our senses or states of consciousness.

Therefore, the modern absurd formula of one school of the religious renaissance, namely, "There is no matter: matter is nothing; nothing is matter," is a crude intimation of a scientific truth, which was stated far more luminously many thousands of years ago. In the Vedanta of Sankara is found this sentence:

"In half a couplet I will declare what has been declared in millions of volumes: 'Brahma is true, the world is false, the soul is Brahma, and nothing else.'"

Says Max Müller on this passage: "What really and truly exists is Brahman, the One, Absolute Being; the world is false, or rather is *not what it seems to be*; that is, everything that is presented to us by the senses is phenomenal and relative, and can be nothing else."

We see from this how simple is all truth, and how, though

*Science and Primal Matter: "The millions of different substances known upon the earth and in the stars are reducible to seventy or eighty varieties of atoms. These are elements. The enquiring mind of man will not stop here. Instinctively it will go on and reduce all these elements to the varied combination of a single primal substance. . . . The exquisite glow which appears in the Crookes tubes when a current of electricity is passed through them seems to be due to minute particles shot by repulsion from one of the poles. These particles move at a velocity of fifty thousand miles per second. . . . These particles are primal matter. . . . A few years ago the notion that there exists a natural unit of electricity would have been deemed bizarre enough. But the researches of Professor Thompson and others have shown that the bits of flying matter in the nearly absolute vacuum of a Crookes

it run in many diverse forms through all the ages, at last meets in one definition when it is scientifically apprehended.

The burden, then, of the new conception of Unity which is being revived, is not the theological one, which insists on Monotheism, such as that of the Jews or the Unitarians; but it is that of World-Unity, Monism, Pan-psychism.

Sometimes this conception is termed pan-theism; but as so few persons can think of Deity save as personality, I think the better and more intelligible term for this idea is Pan-psychism. It means the penetration and enswathement of the soul-life, the universality and absoluteness of invisible and intelligent energy—spirit—in all that is.

It should perhaps be emphasized that the New Thought is not a theological movement, either favorable or antagonistic; it is distinctly a humanistic movement, elevating man by enlarging the horizon of his spiritual and intellectual discernment, and rationalizing his conceptions of the universe. From some sources considerable antagonism to the Movement has been generated because it has been construed to be atheistic, unethical and irreligious. A greater error could not be espoused. It has nothing whatever to do with the theology of religion, for it neither affirms nor denies the existence of Deity, as the term is ordinarily defined in theological polemics. When the term

tube bear a high electrical charge. Having found an extremely ingenious way actually to *count the number of corpuscles within a tube*, and knowing the total amount of electricity they bore, it was merely a problem in long division to calculate the charge on each corpuscle. No matter what the origin of the corpuscles, or the substances employed, *this charge is always the same*. . . . The corpuscles, in a word, constitute primal matter; they are the stuff of which all existing things—a starfish, a planet, a music box, a mummy—are made. But the most remarkable fact is their sameness. It would seem as if the variety and chemical differences of the atoms were due simply to the number, the motions, and the positions of bits of primal matter, *identical among themselves*." ("New Conceptions in Science," Carl Snyder, Harper Bros. Pp. 93, 94, 95, 139, 140, 161.)

God is used it connotes the Soul of the Universe, Emerson's Oversoul, the Brahman of the Vedantists, the Infinite of Philosophy, the Essence of Being in Man and Nature, the primal, absolute and complete Substance of all Existence.

It is not in any sense a denial of Deity; it is merely a restatement of the conception of Deity. But while it is a restatement, it is such an one as is not only not foreign to the Christian ages, but which, indeed, is the most permanent and rational of any that has yet been expounded. This idea of God which is the same as that found in the ancient Greek and Indian religions, is traceable through Christian theology from Philo, of Alexandria, to St. Augustine and Athanasius, to Spinoza, Wesley, Kant, Schleiermacher, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Goethe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, down to our own Emerson and the Concord School, whose thought to-day pervades the whole realm of Christendom, and shapes the sentiment of every sermon that is delivered from cultured modern pulpits.

This interpretation finds an exquisite expression in the words of Goethe, where he sings:

No! such a God my worship may not win,
Who lets the world about his finger spin,
A thing extern; my God must rule within,
And whom I own for Father, God, Creator,
Holds Nature in Himself, Himself in Nature;
And in his kindly arms embraced, the whole
Doth live and move by His pervading soul.

(From *Gott und Welt*.)

The second principle which the New Thought inculcates is the essential sinlessness, perfection and completeness of the Real Man. If God and Man are essentially one—one in nature and in quality—then God, being perfect, Man must also be perfect. This interpretation of Man is a necessary corollary of the interpretation of Deity above explained. For, once you postulate the Absolute Oneness of the Universe, that there is but

One perfect and complete Life which constitutes Being, and you cannot conceive of separate parts, whether of man or other nature, which are imperfect, incomplete and inharmonious. But this thought is likewise not only not new, but as old as the ages. It was preached by the ancient Vedantists, Eleatics and Stoics; by the Pietists, Mystics and Reformers of the Middle Ages; by Zinzendorf, the Moravians, and the early Methodists who were followers of John Wesley; by Novalis, Malebranche, and the whole school of modern Idealists to Emerson and the Transcendentalists. Space fails me or I could prove this assertion by a flood of citations that would be thoroughly convincing.

If, then, the essential teaching of the so-called New Thought is so old and so universal, what is the cause of its modern revival, of its almost sudden rejuvenation? There must be some explanation of the curious phenomenon of the most refined and spiritual conceptions of all time conquering an age like ours, the most practical, mechanical and commercial of any. Who shall explain this apparent inconsistency?

None can question that our age, especially here in America, is the completest expression of the practical, the material, the rational in human ambition, of any period of history. If there is one estimate that an American sets above another in the analysis of an idea it is its adaptability—its practical value. The entire tendency of modern science, for instance, is wholly away from the old speculative spirit of former centuries. The age cares not a whiff for the theoretical opinions of its chemists, astronomers, geologists and biologists. The chemical laboratory was once a pretty toy house in which to try amusing experiments. To-day millions of dollars are annually expended in chemical experimentation, not because the age is eager to penetrate the mysteries of Nature for the mere gratification of its curiosity, but because the practical spirit of the age has dis-

covered that it is the cheapest possible investment it can make in order to enhance its material wealth. The laboratory to-day is doing as much to increase the physical wealth of civilization as are its manufacturers, its agriculturists and its merchants combined. How?

Why, by the product of what is known as synthetic chemistry. That is, by understanding how not only to analyze the substances of Nature, but by also stealing the deeper secret of how to put together these myriad particles in new associations, the chemist has turned almost alchemist and reveals in his laboratory the very workings of the universe. But he does more. He not only reveals the working; but he produces the substances.

What shall we say when we learn that already the chemical laboratory has created over fifty thousand distinct compounds, which are merchandisable, the same as those Nature herself produces? What shall we say when M. Berthelot, the father of synthetic chemistry, tells us that "the science of chemistry is now more varied, more ingenious, and more powerful than Nature herself"?

Without delving into further details, for I wish here merely to give the hint, it is apparent that this age is so deeply interested in the progress and development of the material sciences because it has learned that they pay a thousandfold on the investment required for their encouragement.

It is likewise true in the mechanical and inventive world. When in all history were there so many useful and beneficial inventions contrived by the genius of man as in our own time? Why? Because we have learned that every invention pays a thousand times more than it costs, by the comforts it bestows on mankind, but more especially because its promoters and exploiters have learned that millions of dollars may be made out of it.

Now, I ask again, why in such an age of material progress and commercial ambition, should the most refined and spiritual of all the moral and religious conceptions of mankind secure such a firm footing as not only to fascinate myriads of our most refined and opulent people, but to build costly churches and establish some of the most enduring cults and schools of thought that history has recorded? It all looks like a gross inconsistency. I wonder can we find the secret? It seems to me I can.

I have pointed out that there is nothing intricate or involved in the so-called New Thought; that it is rational and easily apprehended even by a child. But for ages it lay buried under the mountain of metaphysical theology and abstruse philosophy, which the wise men of the past had reared around the name of Religion. It springs again into new life in our own age because some one had suddenly discovered that it has a practical application to the material and immediate wants of humankind. The old metaphysicians had for centuries been directing the attention of mankind away from their immediate wants, and seeking to hold their allegiance by assuring them of the pleasures and splendors of a future world to which they would pass if their faith were unsullied. For ages the masses listened, but continued to crave without satisfaction, to dream without realization.

Anon, they wearied. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and the heart of disappointed humanity had grown indeed sick and most forlorn.

Then the world-old philosophy was revived, not, however, as a speculation, but as a practical application to the present age. In keeping with the spirit of this period of civilization, it begun to be taught that a right knowledge of man, the universe, and God, would result in the restoration of humankind from disease, which it had been led to believe was its birth-

right; from misery of spirit and decay of body; from poverty, despair, desolation and death. What wonder the world awoke to hail a new deliverer! What wonder it was commonly supposed a genuine new revelation had been vouchsafed to mortal men that might destroy sin, sickness and death, and that the Savior had returned again!

But the secret of this wonderful renaissance lay in the fact of the applicability of the thought to the age; of its physical, human, immediate and visible availability in the rejuvenation of the race.

The new "Science" held the same relation to the practise of medicine that the chemical laboratory held to the commercial world. It could go into the market and prove it had something which the age wanted because it could realize immediately on its investment. Therefore men, women and children, the sick, the maimed, the halt, the dying, the despairing, flew to the rescue that was offered them, and tasting went away satisfied.

But, there is still another reason why this ancient and long forgotten cult has been so successfully revived in this modern age. It works along parallel lines and in perfect keeping with the scientific spirit of the age in the discovery and utilization of a *principle in Nature*, an occult force. Just as chemistry, electricity and radio-activity have become so entrancingly interesting to mankind, not only because of the practical benefits which have resulted from their study, but likewise because they deal with principles which heretofore have been conceived as occult and mysterious, so this New Thought, in its various phases reveals the efficacy of a power in the universe which had been heretofore almost unknown.

That principle is the *Force of Thought*. Thought is a kinetic and a dynamic principle in Nature. That is, however, merely a scientific way of putting a very old idea. For instance, ages ago in the temples of Ceylon, Hegel informs us, this very

notion was taught as a phase of worship. "In Ceylon and the Burman Empire—where the Buddhistic faith has its roots—there prevails an idea that man can attain by meditation to exemption from sickness, old age and death." Here you find "Christian Science" antedated by many centuries.

The same principle was expressed in the infinite variety of tales the world's history records concerning the efficacy of prayer, wherein the thought involved is the agent that achieves the result; indeed we find its pronouncement on the very lips of Jesus, when he exclaims, "Your faith has made you whole," or, "according to your faith be it unto you."

Faith is merely the measurement of the tensivity of thought. The more intense the thought the more effective its dynamic momentum. Thought, then, is the basis of whatever efficacy prayer has ever exhibited, as it is, indeed, the basis of all human action, of progress, of civilization.

Therefore, the New Thought is only new in its application and in its scientific expression. But so universal is it, as well as so old, not to say so scientifically accurate, that it may justly sustain various schools of interpretation, without any necessary confusion in principle, between them.

For instance, what is known to-day as Christian Science, Christian Healing, Divine Science and Divine Healing, Mental Healing, Mental Science, the Science of Suggestion, Suggestive Therapeutics, Hypnotism, Metaphysical Science, Metaphysical Healing, and even such religious cults as Universalism and Unitarianism, are all in a way representatives of the so-called New Thought. Why? Not necessarily because they all agree in methods of expression, or in the philosophy of man and the universe. For, as a matter of fact, they do not. For instance, only by a stretch of the imagination could a Unitarian and a Christian Scientist be said to interpret God and Man alike. For the one insists on a personal Deity and a future im-

mortality of the individual, whereas the other refuses to believe in either as an essential doctrine. Wherein then do they agree? Merely in the fact that both of them in one way or another exemplify the principle that Thought is an efficacious force in Nature and in the evolution and training of man. The Unitarians, it is true, hold to this conception in a very vague manner, and perhaps as a secondary conclusion.

The chief distinction, however, of the New Thought, in any of its modern phases, is the application of the Dynamics of Mind to the health, comfort and happiness of humankind. This is the turn that gave it popularity and demonstrated its applicability to the existing age. The old churches, even though as progressive and cultured as the Unitarians, Universalists, or the Broad or Low Episcopalians, do not especially emphasize that feature; indeed they almost wholly lose sight of it, and therefore, as I say, only by a strain of the imagination could they be justly classified with the varying schools of the New Thought.

It is easy to discern, however, where the middle ground of common fellowship may be found between all the cults above enumerated, and others of kindred tendency. It is in the realization and utilization of the Laws of Thought. However much the Christian Scientist may choose to inform us that his healing cures are effected by the power of prayer, by the intervention of the spirit of Christ during the moment of realization on the part of the healer, the genuine scientist and student of the nature and force of human thought is easily convinced that what avails in the effort of the assumed Christian Scientist is precisely that which avails in the exercises of any other concentrated effort of the human mind.

There is but one thesis underlying all these schools, that is that of *Thought as a Dynamic Principle in Nature*. This law explains no less what the Psychist, the Hypnotist, or the Initiate in the temple of Mystery accomplishes, than what the

STUDY OF AN IDEA.

BY GRACE M. BROWN.

It is a wonderful thing to possess an idea.

It is a far greater thing to control the idea.

A man must be in tune with the divine side of things to consciously retain and make use of a genuine idea.

The idea is the reality. Its expression in form is an appearance, only a truth because it is the symbol of the true.

Every form in Nature is the symbol of an idea. Nature is a divine language expressing in its never ending variety of form through the universal mind the thought of an Infinite Intelligence.

If men would only dare to think. If they would only allow themselves to hold this God-given thing and express it from their own viewpoint instead of smothering it with pride and selfishness.

How many people do you suppose go through an entire lifetime without having retained a genuine idea long enough to know they had glimpsed it? or if they had been conscious of it and given it welcome for a short time their fear to express it or fear of what somebody might say has driven it completely out of their consciousness.

Ideas never remain in a habitation where fear is allowed to enter. If a man has attracted an idea he must have courage to stand alone and be an individual. It is his work and his duty to humanity to express his idea in form. As he holds it he loves it, it becomes the truth of his being. And whether he expresses it in a beautiful building, in music or any form of art, even if he expresses it in little deeds of kindness to his fellow

men, the idea brings him more and more in oneness with all universal expression.

Once I knew a man who really had an idea. It came to him from out the universal storehouse when he was a loving, helpless little creature with his heart full of the sunshine of life's springtime. It was such a beautiful, fluttering thing that the child was scarcely conscious of its presence; but, as he held it to his baby heart and stored it deep in his childish holy of holies, it became the sun of his being, exhaling itself in the living expression of his life.

This treasured idea which found an abiding place in the heart of the child was nothing more nor less than a desire for truth. As he passed from restless boyhood into manhood the idea was the dominating key-note of his life. He wanted knowledge of the things of reality, and, no matter through what highways and byways of materiality he was led, he never for one moment lost sight of the idea which, pure and sweet, but always unsatisfied, now became the guiding star of his life.

Sometimes as the man walked onward the way seemed a weary way; the truth evanescent, and the life was full of bitterness. What was the use of it all, anyway? Sometimes he glanced with longing eye at the appearance of things most beautiful. He even stopped to touch these lovely things, perhaps after all they were the truth he was seeking. But as he stopped to take them to himself they crumbled into dust and ashes in his hands, and he realized that he who holds in his heart the pure idea can never turn back. The things of earth for him have passed away and for him there is only work, the silent work of reality.

Sometimes wearily but always silently he worked in the field he had chosen. There was little repose for the man. His idea was like a resistless force which sweeps onward with never

ceasing intensity, and the only repose which could come was the repose which only comes from conscious oneness with infinite life, and the man had not yet found the thing he was seeking.

But always there was his idea. How he loved it, truly it was a part of his being; and when he reached the goal, when he knew—and had the power which he knew would be his when he found the truth—what wonderful things he would do for all the world.

Dear heart, dear friend, strong and holy is thy faith! Many years it has led thee. Thy mighty faith has nourished, purified, and given power to all thy life's expression. Now let the joyous hope enter and give a new tone to the work of faith.

Hope, most comforting of Nature's finer forces! How beautiful thy presence! How glorified all life becomes under thy guidance! And the man realized his power as he walked onward with his two holy companions. I know what I am, was the song of his heart! My faith has shown me myself, Hope has reinforced my power and shown me the way—Ah, most treasured idea! Surely, now we are nearing the heavenly portals of truth. I have Faith and Hope; am I not mighty with such companions?

But the man was not satisfied. Between him and the thing which he sought lingered a shadow. He could not express the idea which now was his complete master. And from the depths of his being, with almost bursting heart, he asked, "Can nothing gratify this longing of my soul? Is truth but a dream and have I wandered for ages, seeking a dream? No, it must be reality; I cannot give up now." And the man prayed with all the fervor of the pent-up desire of centuries—"Oh, God, give me light, the light of thy truth. Show me once more the vision which was mine when this idea first came into my childish heart.

Again I come to Thee with the child heart. Show me Thy truth."

And, as he prayed, around him, within him, above and below him the atmosphere changed. He saw with a new and clearer vision his companions, Faith and Hope, and with them was another, one whose very presence cleared away all mists from his soul and purified with an intense glorifying purity his entire being.

Charity—the greatest of them all. Charity—the expression of divine love. Charity—completing and vivifying the work of Thy sisters.

And the man knew that he had come to the end of his seeking. His bondage was over. He had found the truth whereby he could express his beautiful idea, and the time had come when he could work in the Master's vineyard.

Faith, Hope and Charity. The holy trinity which brings into expression the God idea—making manifest the all-life.

The man who loves, who has charity for all the world, is a free man. Nothing can possibly harm him. The wild beasts of the field are his friends. The birds of the air are his comforters. Even the insects tell him their secrets. The mystery of Daniel in the lion's den is no mystery in the white light of truth. Daniel so loved the world that he was love itself. Nothing could possibly harm him. Animals know things that human beings are afraid to think about, and those lions would have died of starvation before they would have harmed him. There is no mystery to the man who understands the trinity of truth, Faith, Hope and Charity. Is it not beautiful to dwell in such an atmosphere—in oneness with such companions?

And do you know if we have the desire we can think ourselves into the love life. No person who thinks with a pure desire is a creature of circumstances. When we really think

for ourselves we are sure to attract ideas, and if we cherish and cultivate those ideas we cannot help but be successful because we are working in our own sphere and expressing our own lives, thereby absorbing the lessons and living through the individual experiences we are here to assimilate.

So many obstacles, you say? So much the better for the soul strength. Obstacles are but stimulants to attract new energies and greater forces. Even wasting struggle with petty annoyances cannot defeat us if we hold to our idea and let its expression be our inmost desire.

The man with the idea is never defeated unless he himself gives up. The idea is the thing which he loves. The artist knows his gift; it is the idea which he has drawn from the universal energy. He knows his gift—thus he has faith. He hopes and with the strength of his hope he works that he may construct in the image of his idea—he loves with the innermost love of his being the reality of the thing which he constructs.

The knowledge of things without amounts to comparatively little. Most of such knowledge is simply information which comes from the thought of other people, and the chances are it is by them only reflected from other minds.

Just see how fashions rule the world of dress. Who is there who dares to dress as his own taste dictates? Women must even change the shape of their figures to suit the vagaries of somebody's whim. Do they fancy they can live in truth and express such deformity in their bodies?

And let us glance into the religious world. Millions of people are claiming to believe set creeds formulated by people who have long ago passed into greater understanding of truth. The fact that they do not express in their lives these creeds proves that they do not really believe them.

But why pretend? Is it not an infinite universe? Are we not the free expression of intelligent thought, and can we not think

and live and love in the free, joyous atmosphere of our own position in this universe?

Never mind if we are cranks. Let us be cranks if that label gives us the privilege to express ourselves in the truth of our own understanding.

That which I think in my heart I am.

I am faith as I realize the truth.

I am hope as I bring into expression the truth.

I am charity when I am conscious that all humanity, all life is mine, and I am all.

I express myself in my idea as I live in that consciousness of truth.



THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

A SINGLE pearl that outweighs the world;
 A seedlet small that shall become a tree;
 A hidden treasure that once revealed
 Makes all the rest a passing dream.
 Like a gleam afar off on the waters,
 Like a harmony ravishing the inner ear;
 Thus faintly comes the divine monition
 Of that abode of ineffable Peace.

A kingdom where every man is king;
 A realm without a throne;
 A sphere within a sphere
 That no fleshly eye has seen.
 Who enters here leaves self behind;
 Who enters here comes as a child—child-eyed and pure.
 Twice born, he comes with gentle mien;
 Transfigured—he walks alone.

STANTON KIRKHAM DAVIS.

THE LEGAL STATUS OF ABSENT TREATMENT.

BY EUGENE DEL MAR.

In view of Judge Locke's charge to the jury in the case of Helen Wilmans Post, convicted in the United States District Court of fraudulent use of the mails, it seems opportune to inquire into the legal status of Absent Treatment. As the case mentioned is pending on appeal, it would be inappropriate at this time to discuss it controversially, or to more than state the law as therein set forth.

The propositions advanced by Judge Locke are in effect: (1) that healing through absent treatment is impossible, and is known universally to be impossible; (2) that healing through absent treatment cannot be proved in a court of law, and evidence introduced with a view of proving such healing to be a fact should be ignored by a jury, and, therefore, (3) that any claim of healing through absent treatment necessarily is a fraudulent claim, and no evidence is essential to a conviction beyond the proof that such a claim has been made by the accused.

To quote the Judge: "The foundation of the contention of the Government is that what was promised to be done could not have been intended because the fulfillment was known to be impossible by the means proposed by the defendant, *viz.*: the transfer of the power of her thought to the person of the patient with a curing influence sufficient to accomplish the changes in condition that were declared could be accomplished.

"The contention of the defendant is that what she had promised was to be performed by the discovery of a new law of mental healing by which healing thoughts can be sent out for

the purpose of cure." This is "opposed to the general experience of men for ages and directly in conflict with the generally accepted rules." * * * "I have no hesitancy in saying to you that this power is not recognized as natural law by the experience of mankind, and that she is attempting to establish a new and unrecognized law of nature.

"The natural and recognized scope of the mind is to generate and transmit or perceive and recognize thoughts of intelligence, of knowledge, judgment, will and actions; for the transmission of such thoughts there are certain tests, and it can be determined to a certainty whether such intelligence can be conveyed or transmitted.

"Experiments are being constantly tried by mental scientists to ascertain whether such intelligent power can be transmitted from mind to mind, but, that such transmission can be made has not been accepted as a natural law, and the few cases which are claimed to have occurred are accepted with doubt and considered extraordinary and unusual personal experiments and *not in conformity with any general law.*"

Judge Locke started with the premise that healing through absent treatment is impossible—as being opposed to "the long experience of men, the knowledge of every-day life, as well as the studies and experiences of ages"—and instructed the jury: (1) that such a claim cannot be proved, and (2) that it should ignore all evidence introduced to prove the truth of such claim. His words are as follows: "There is no test by any natural law of this power of sending health-giving thoughts. * * * *Her statements as to her transmitting healing thoughts can in no way be examined or tested by natural law or legal evidence.* * * * The burden of proof of the truth of such contention or claim must be satisfactorily proved before it can be accepted.

"The general idea and principle upon which justice is admin-

istered in courts is that testimony given under oath is to be accepted as true unless contradicted; but there are certain exceptions to this rule. Where such testimony itself is directly contradictory or in opposition to the well established laws of nature accepted by all men from the experience and study of ages, *such testimony may be properly ignored without contradiction.*"

The defendant was first required to prove her claim, and after she had introduced evidence for that purpose, it was ordered to be stricken out or ignored.

The Judge further charged the jury as follows: "The contention of the defense is that the defendant * * * had the ability to send healing thoughts to any distance and in any direction. * * * The court has permitted several parties to testify as to their relations with the defendant" and "they testified that they had been treated by the defendant and cured. * * * Such testimony was so contrary to the well established rules of evidence and natural law that it could not be accepted as stated.

"If you should believe from the evidence that the cures or improvement of the patients so testified to *might* have resulted from the hopeful condition of their own mind, although suggested by the letters from the clerks of the defendant, or from any natural limitation or course of the disease, and not from any thought emanation from the mind of the defendant, you are not bound to accept such evidence as sustaining the contention of the defendant. If you so find, and find that the testimony of the several witnesses who claim that they had been improved or cured cannot be accepted to establish the existence of this law, it will be seen that this wonderful power, which she claims in her testimony to possess, has no support except in her own uncorroborated declaration."

While the contention of the defendant was declared to be

incapable of proof, she was required to introduce evidence to prove it. After evidence corroborative of her own testimony was accepted, the court directed that it be ignored and her contention was declared to have "no support except her own uncorroborated declaration." Not only this, but she was required either to negative the possibility of the healing having been the result of causes other than her thought transmission, or to prove affirmatively that it was her thought transmission exclusively which effected the cure.

Accepting Judge Locke's charge to the jury as an exposition of the law, it will be seen that in any indictment of a mental healer for fraudulent use of the mails, the only evidence necessary to convict is that of the claim of healing through absent treatment and the use of the United States mails for its publication. All other evidence in the Helen Wilmans Post case might as well have been dispensed with entirely; in fact, practically that is what was done.

It may be remarked that an indictment for the offense herein referred to is presented by an officer of the United States Government, that no individual need complain that he has been defrauded by the accused, and that no violation of any State law is involved. What is otherwise quite unobjectionable to the law, the United States courts may declare to be distinctly criminal and objectionable; the use of the mails as a means of distribution conferring jurisdiction upon the court to create a new offense through its definition of what constitutes fraud. It is no offense against the law to practise healing through absent treatment. One may distribute his letters, circulars, and advertisements personally, by messenger, or by express company, and he will not be molested; but the use of the United States mail as his carrier at once transforms an act which violates no statute law whatever, and which harms no one, into a serious criminal offense.

This being the law—unless the case is reversed on appeal—would it not be well to ponder on the exceeding justice and liberality of thought manifested by it? If the principle be accepted that evidence is inadmissible,—or what amounts to the same thing, may be ignored—when it tends to prove that which is contrary to “the long experience of men, the knowledge of every-day life and the studies and experiences of ages,” a very wide range of interests is threatened. To-day it affects absent treatment. What will it affect to-morrow, and in the days to follow?



TRANSFORMATION.

WE are creatures of change, yet not of chance :
Through purer joys and nobler sorrows we attain
Full strength of Soul, control of circumstance,
Until no power of darkness dare remain.
Through Hope and Faith, unwavering path we see ;
By Love Divine, triumphant reach true Spirit plane—
Serene, sublimest human height—and find Infinity.

M. H. JACKSON.



WHILE the determination of the mind to moral ends is a free determination calling into action the whole force of our own will, it is still a divine impulse that moves us, and God that works in us to will as well as to do.—*Frederic H. Hedge.*



MR. GEORGE EDWIN BURNELL has announced that he will conduct a summer school during the months of July and August, 1904, at the Home of Truth, Los Angeles, California. The work is planned to meet the requirements of those who have felt the needs of instruction in the New Spiritual Movement, to enable them to interpret for themselves. We wish the school all the success possible.

THE SOUL AND PERSONALITY.

BY ANITA TRUEMAN.

The many voices of the New Thought, with their various messages from the Source of all Wisdom, have united in proclaiming one great fundamental truth to the world, the perfection of the soul. The thought has become so familiar that no one stops to question it now, save those who cling to the old false forms of thought, ignorant even of the inner meaning of the very teachings to which they cling. The penetrating light of the New Thought is spreading far beyond the bounds of its own accepted disciples. It has discovered itself veiled in the ancient mysteries, imprisoned in creeds, buried deep in the hearts of all men. It calls with its many voices to that hidden, sleeping, captive Self, and the Spirit of Truth responds, shining, now dimly, now with blinding radiance, through the forms which have so long contained her.

So in the minds of many who still think on the form-side of life there has awakened the conviction that there is something real and permanent behind all the shifting shows of the outer world, and that the soul of man is eternally perfect. Yet those whose knowledge has been all derived through the channels of the senses, who have been trained in the objective methods of the schools, find this conviction hard to explain. All experience seems to contradict it. Man is so evidently prone to evil, so piteously weak, so ignorant; how can we call him perfect? Some individuals, indeed, seem more strong and wise and beautiful than others, but this only makes the problem yet more difficult to understand. If we admit these souls to be of divine origin, because of this loveliness, how can we say the same of those whose whole purpose seems to be to produce

discord? The theory of evolution throws some light upon the subject. If we admit that the present human life is but one link in a chain of experience reaching through many worlds, we can believe that these discordant lives belong to a lower grade of evolution than the others, and are now in process of becoming that which the others have attained.

But even this does not explain that deep-rooted, growing conviction that the soul is eternally perfect. We cannot believe that what is imperfect can become perfect by any process of evolution. When we realize that some new power has been evolved in an individual life, we are led to think that it must have been sleeping within that soul before it came forth into expression. We cannot hold that it has been added from without, for then it would not be really part of that life. If it could thus be gained, it might be lost again.

To meet this question, there has been evolved the theory that there are two selves, one divine, perfect, eternally one with God; the other, personal, ephemeral, delusive. The Christian mystics have spoken of the internal war between the spiritual and the natural man. The Ancient Wisdom distinguishes clearly between that eternal, real being in the man, which is the Logos Itself, and its many vehicles of consciousness and action, each fitted for the functioning of the Ego on certain planes and under certain conditions. The Mental Scientist talks of the higher and lower selves; while the Christian Scientist announces that outer self which seems to suffer and do wrong to be entirely a delusion of the mortal mind.

Whatever form of expression we may adopt, the idea seems to be universal among those who look below the surface of things, that the outer form, habits, and actions of a man are not the man himself. We learn to think that behind this ever-changing shadow, the real man dwells, in the true nobility of his spiritual nature. Yet we cannot forget, especially in our

personal relationships, the characteristics of the outer man. We cannot ignore his peculiarities, his selfish desires, his false methods. Our own actions must be largely governed by them, and our happiness is greatly modified by them.

Although we believe in universal, divine love, and try to practise it, we cannot deny that some personalities attract it from us more than others. We find, too, that in order to reach each soul we must approach it along those lines of thought which are most familiar to it. Here we encounter difficulty again, for we are made aware of our own limitations, our lack of sympathy with certain phases of life, and our extreme paucity of knowledge concerning the world in which we are living, small as it is. Our brother-souls seem to be hidden behind shells of personality, through which the light of their spiritual being shines but dimly and into which our own love but seldom finds entrance. There are very few with whom we can share deep common interests, very few who do not exhibit habits and traits of character which repel us, when we permit ourselves to judge them on the basis of our common humanity.

This question of personality is far more important as a practical problem than as a philosophical proposition. It is of intense interest to the intellect, but the moral purpose of our lives is wholly determined by our attitude toward it. Especially with those who have not learned to recognize the perfection of the higher self, and judge their companions by entirely personal standards, the shell of the outer self shuts out much joy, and utterly hides the splendor of the soul.

It is a fact which we must recognize, that, on this human plane, the human personality is our vehicle of expression and service, our channel of communion with the divine Self in all beings. We may call it a delusion, in the sense that each successive phase of it must pass away, yet the fact remains that it is by exerting its powers and molding its forms, that we evolve

greater and ever greater faculties and capacities. It is the means of our evolution on this plane, and the more we know of it in itself and in its relation to the higher self, the more perfectly we can control it, and thus bring our evolution within our own control, instead of being evolved by the play of external conditions upon us, as in the lower kingdoms of Nature.

That which gives its qualifications to the human personality is the mind. The outward appearance and physical welfare of the body express mental states, as we are often told. The thought-life of the individual, and its products, belong distinctly to the mental phase of his being. His moral life, which links him with the souls of others, is guided by the principles which he has framed intellectually, the habits of thinking which he has formed, or principles and habits adopted from the life of his companions. Even his spiritual being, perfect as it is, can never be perfectly expressed through this limited mind. So the differences between individuals, both as to degree of evolution and as to variation of gifts and tendencies, rest principally in the mind.

Knowledge of the mind enables us to interpret correctly the expression of other souls, and also to govern ourselves and hasten our evolution. It is not possible to give the matter exhaustive treatment here. We can only set before the mind of the reader a picture that correctly portrays the relation of mind and soul.

The mind is like a globe set round the clear, bright light of the soul. It may be made of almost opaque substance, through which the light can scarcely penetrate. Yet the light is there. Some minds seem to have small apertures in them through which thin rays of light shine in certain directions. Others are like a dark lantern, expressing almost nothing of the soul, yet able on occasion to send a bright, concentrated stream of light in some certain direction. Others again are like globes of

clear glass, or tinted with various colors, through which the light shines more generously. But there are some which seem to be formed of a myriad pure crystals, finely cut, each one taking the soul's white light, and breaking it into a diamond-flash of beauty, sending it across the darkness in a certain direction. Such a mind does not limit the soul it serves. In all directions, answering every appeal from the outer world, it sends the soul's love, defined and modified by its own power, to meet the special need which called it forth.

The soul's great purpose is not served by killing out the personality, by mortification of the flesh, and renunciation of the objects of our desires. The love of the soul should not be withdrawn from the natural channels of human affection in the effort to become "impersonal" and "spiritual." But if we realize that our attraction to certain congenial personalities is a bondage to us, let us learn that it is not our love for them, but our desire to possess their love, which binds us. Let us lift our love to the higher plane, and love the divine in them, which is equally in all. Thus in loving them we shall love all, asking no return. This practise makes it easier to see the divine behind unattractive forms, and so overcome our natural aversions and cultivate our dormant possibilities.

We must glorify God in the flesh, by loving even our inward enemies, and filling the mind with benevolent thoughts. We must purify all our desires, and melt them into one "supreme desire of the soul to manifest God." We must learn to acknowledge the soul of every living thing, and love it. To do this, we must turn our thoughts in a thousand new directions, for the world in which we live is but half explored by any of us. The Divine Self, unanswered, hails us hourly in a hundred new forms. When the mind responds readily to all these revelations of the soul, it will become like that globe of crystals which gives the light within it such radiant, harmonious expression.

NATIONAL DIVINITIES.

BY HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

As the revelations of hypnotism are throwing a flood of light upon the obscure problems of ancient sorcery and witchcraft, so the discoveries on another, but closely related line of research are illuminating the subject of miracle-working, and giving for the first time an adequate explanation of the power of religion over the minds of all races, even when the religion is a degraded or fantastic one.

With our new key in our hands, we can penetrate and catch a glimmering understanding of such widely diverse popular systems as the Japanese ghost-worship, Greek nature-worship, Persian fire-worship, and all other superstitions—or let us rather call them gropings after God—which have comforted or inspired mankind on the mysterious journey through life and death.

When we are confronted with the historical evidences of an elaborate and highly organized religious system, flourishing invariably as an accompaniment of a complex civilization, and exercising a tyranny no whit less despotic than that of the reigning dynasty of temporal rulers, we are moved to wonder upon what such an immense power is based. The answer usually given really explains nothing. We are simply told that it is all a result of superstition in the people and love of power in the priests. But how is that power obtained? The power of kings grows out of the felt necessity for a leader, and for the maintenance in a community of law and order. So the power of priests grows out of their ability to satisfy the soul needs of the people, to comfort them in sorrow, to stir them to action, and to assure them of a hope beyond the grave.

Thus it is that ecclesiastical dominion becomes established. Of course it grows tyrannical in time, and then a reformer rises up, new doctrines are preached, and the old, corrupt system is undermined suddenly or gradually, a new and better system taking its place. This is the method by which evolution in the outward form of religion goes on in every age and country. The essential truths of religion, meanwhile, are silently and in secret drawing upon the consciousness of men. We of the present day are living in a time of reaction against superstition, which has resulted in a disheartening materialism, and a skepticism in regard to all phenomena whose causes are not visible, so to speak, to the naked eye, which is scarcely less dogmatic and bigoted than the faith from which it is a reaction. We should carefully distinguish between that which really constitutes the progress of enlightenment in the human mind, and temporary reactions, which must, in the nature of things, be extreme. It is true that our intellectual attainments surpass those of our remote ancestors, and that altruistic sentiment is more dominant than ever before. But to go back to the time of Christ is not a very long step, and there are many teachers of about that time at whose feet we may still sit to learn. The miraculous in religion was never questioned in those days. To-day everyone questions it, whether he will or no. That simply means that the time has come for the law governing such manifestations to be revealed to us. And it is being revealed, unfolding like a flower, one petal of mystery after another, until it requires no very lively imagination to picture to our minds the full and perfect rose of man's inner God-nature, displayed in all its beauty before our vision.

The power by which hypnotic phenomena are produced belongs to man's inner nature, it is true, yet they are not of so high an order as those more spiritual powers which in their very nature cannot be abused, because they belong to the divine

within us. Sorcery, witchcraft, and many exhibitions of curious and inexplicable control over certain supposed laws of Nature, belong to the former class, and were anciently known as "black magic;" while the healing of disease and other beneficent activities of this inner nature seem always to have been associated in the popular mind with peculiar sanctity of life, and constitute magic proper, or "white magic." No distinct and accurate dividing line can be drawn between these different manifestations of power, and it must be readily seen that one passes easily into the other, according as motives of selfishness or of pure, unselfish love, are uppermost in the mind.

Thus it would appear that the exhibitions characteristic of religion are, except in the case of a corrupt priesthood, to be referred to the higher or spiritual nature. The deity adored is merely a personification of that aspect of the Universal Life which most strongly appeals to the mind, so that the prayer to this deity actually produces a stimulating effect upon the spiritual nature of the suppliant, *in that particular direction*. Among the Greeks, a person desiring health would pray to Apollo, one wishing for success in love, to Venus, and so on. In a certain sense, the suppliant is praying to himself, calling upon his own God-powers to arise and be strong for his assistance. "Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord," cries Isaiah, appealing to the God that guided Israel. If we analyze any inspired utterance of this kind, we shall find that there is in it an intuitive recognition of the fact that the power invoked dwells within the soul of man.

Every race has its own individual characteristics, its genius, its race-life. This quality constitutes a thought atmosphere in which all the members of the race live and move and have their being. This might almost be called the national divinity. In ancient times a traveler, sojourning among strangers, would still worship the gods of his fatherland, as a matter of loyalty

to his kindred and his ancestors. By this means were preserved his mental association with his own people, and his own national characteristics. In the story of Ruth we find an illustration of the opposite desire on the part of one deeply attached to a member of an alien race. Ruth renounced all connection with the land of her birth when she said to Naomi, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Thus the gods of any nation reflect the nation's life, or rather, *are* the nation's life in its highest aspects, its ideals and its philosophy. The gods of the northern mythology show us a people sturdy in their devotion to duty, fearless, warlike and despising luxury. We find in their myths some of the most striking prophecies of "a new heaven and a new earth," to be found anywhere outside the Bible. They predicted that even their gods were to be overthrown, and virtues more excellent than their highest ideals were to come into being. This is the mythology of a developing and growing race, and we need not wonder that the Anglo-Saxon is not only the conqueror, but the civilizer of the world.

On the other hand, a degenerate people has gods equally degenerate and corrupt. The worship of Aphrodite came to be a pretext for the grossest licentiousness, because the ideals of the people were debased, and they must worship that which seemed good to them. Such worship is in its very nature demoralizing, and a people devoted to such ideals cannot fail to become a prey to some sturdier race. The gods of the heathen cannot stand when the one God who brought Israel out of the land of Egypt fights against them.

This brings us to a consideration of the Hebrew ideal, and its place in the evolution of religion. The most striking characteristics of the religion of the Hebrews were the belief in one God and the proscription of all worship by means of images. This amounts to a recognition that all life is one, guided by one

supreme Intelligence and having before it one goal or object; and also that it is spiritual and should not be fettered by the stultifying influence of concrete, material representation. Here is the secret of the vitality and power of that religion from which Christianity sprung. No wonder that Dagon and the other heathen gods could not endure the presence of the God of Israel. Whatever we may think of the authenticity of the accounts of miracles wrought by this "God of Israel," any power possessed by Him over the gods of the lands of Egypt and Canaan was due to this superior character, His more perfect representation of the truth of Being. In view of the wonderful modern discoveries in hypnotism and kindred sciences, it behooves us to be cautious how we condemn as impossible those Bible narratives. The Lord was with Israel because Israel's inner life was recognized by him as one with God. There are many passages in the Bible, in which Abraham and Jacob are practically identified with that divine power in which the people trusted. They were taught that God was "in the midst of Israel," that they should look to him for help in every time of need, and that in order to receive help from him they must keep their lives pure, according to their standards, and their spiritual sight undimmed by idols. Can anyone who has a knowledge of the tremendous power of thought, doubt for a moment that seemingly miraculous phenomena were produced by such a people?

As races have mingled and thought has broadened and human sympathy become deep and wide, the use for national divinities has passed away. Man begins to perceive that there is but

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off, divine event
Toward which the whole creation moves."

The germ of this idea is found distinctly marked in the Hebrew religion as early as the time of Abraham, who is said to have

received the promise that in his seed should all the nations of the earth be blessed. The Hebrews, knowing their God to be superior to the gods of the surrounding nations, clearly saw that he must be more real than they were. Jehovah was the God of the whole earth, whether recognized or not. They might conquer the gods of their enemies in battle, but Jehovah was never conquered. When they were defeated in their wars with their neighbors or even carried away into captivity, God had only hidden His face in anger and punished them for their unfaithfulness to Him.

In the Hebrew conception we find the root of our modern western thought, both philosophical and religious. While religious reforms in Asia in the reaction against sacerdotalism have tended for the most part away from the worship of one divine Cause of all things as well as from that of the various secondary causes or forces of Nature, toward the worship (if such it may be called) of deified men, western thought has been steadily at work eliminating all other worships than that of One Supreme Power, Intelligence and Love. This divine Trinity in Unity—a Trinity in our conception though a Unity in essence—is seen to be both center and circumference of all things and is worshiped as the Immanent God for whom since the dawn of the religious instinct man has been continually seeking. This is the worship which the most broadly sympathetic minds in all the world believe will yet regenerate and bless all nations.



THE greatest man is he who chooses the Right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering.—*W. E. Channing.*

THE CONSUMMATION.

BY EVELYN ARTHUR SEE.

Ages and Ages long have waited the ripening of the world.
Not for man, but for that Oneness that is All-in-All is this
great end wrought.
Through the ages has That which Is, struggled through the
shadow of Darkness to this realization.
Born in the creature, It has been the testimony to Itself of Its
own Selfness.
Serene and self-contained and tranquil, It has wrought and
wrought.
Through sand and shrub and kine, to man, It has declared the
fuller and fuller prophecy of Itself.
The time is come. The new race, transcending, declares Itself
already here.
Not of flesh, not of man, not of woman, for the stalwart stride
passes from creation into Consciousness,
O'erleaping all, transcending all, a Deliverance out of bondage
into Freedom.
A passage from man to Man, from human to Divine, from
creation to God.
In Oneness and in Truth, unified and identified, from condi-
tioned into Selfhood.
I, the Deliverance and the Deliverer, the infinite Oneness, com-
ing to the Consciousness that is Myself,
Self abiding above process, I all creatures and all creatures Me,
Eternal, free, unconditioned, uncaused, absolute
All selves Me; Me, Myself; freedom, tranquillity, bliss, full-
ness; Myself.
I am Myself, and only Me is Self.

HOW TO LOVE.

BY MARY ROBBINS MEAD.

"Love is like a color, say blue. There are a thousand shades of blue and the outer shades are, at last, not blue at all, but green or purple; so in love there are a thousand shades and very, very few of them are worthy of the name."

After the desire to manifest love has been developed, the individual becomes willing to train every energy toward the highest attainment a soul can make in this life—bringing into expression the same quality of love which the Christ expressed. The ability to love is a mighty link in the chain of existence which can only be forged by the master hand of experience. Every soul is coming through its individual experiences for one purpose: that of developing its own power. The one inherent quality which every soul must develop is the quality of love, since love is the supreme quality of life, and so we have the great problem before us of how to manifest love, the very essence of Being. Those who have reached a plane of consciousness where the one cry of the soul is to create higher conditions may know that the time has come for a complete surrender to the higher self. The supreme test in loving comes after the soul passes through the darkness and desolation of experiences which teach it how to love, although they seem bitter and cruel enough to crush every hope and retard all progress.

We see through life that everything is impermanent but love, and we must also come to feel that the very process of impermanence through which we are passing is only love revealing itself in us, and that the law of compensation is as sure as the law of gravitation. When we first touch life in the world its joys seem measureless. We sense the liteness

of youth; we live in the sunshine of hope and ambition; we carry forward our ideals with an energy which shows that we expect to remain in this phase of existence an indefinitely long time. *Courage, long life, for ourselves and our dear ones; love, happiness, prosperity!* These are the watchwords in the beginning of existence here. As the wheel of life turns we find ourselves often in its shadow. There are hours, days, months, years, of ceaseless toil, when instead of bounding joyously forward to greet each morning and seek its blessing, we shrink into mute dread of experience, and we begin to crave what the world cannot give. After reaching a certain stage of development the soul lives almost entirely in reviewing past experiences. Paramount to every hope for the future, standing in vivid prominence before everything else, is this question: Why?

And there is never any answer until love has grown strong enough within the heart to unfold its petal of brightness to the half-awake child of earth who is crying to see within the close-shut bud of life the beauty which is to be revealed. Could this cry go forth from the soul continually asking for more light if there were not forces within which are seeking outward manifestation? *Intelligent* forces which spring forward to know the meaning of pain, disappointment and defeat because there is a meaning which cannot remain unrevealed? Why should my life hold this paralyzing fear, or that great disappointment, or this intense struggle for a mere existence, or many different forms of trouble; all so benumbing, so blighting to high ambitions—so cruelly different from that which I had cherished as ideals? This is the cry of every soul as it pushes onward, and back of this cry is the temptation to retreat from the arena of life's experiences and cease all striving to conquer discouraging conditions. *Can* we retreat while our cry is yet unanswered? It would be as possible to check the

tide of the ocean as it is to stay a human soul in its process of unfoldment. The sooner we come to the supreme test of life the better our condition will be, but this is the stage of unfoldment from which we shrink—the Golden Gate from which we turn repeatedly because we have not grown strong enough to breathe the divine air of freedom into which the soul is born when it has earned a true knowledge of loving. How would it be possible to know anything of the joy of loving except as we pass through the various planes of loving and find ourselves driven at last into the great realm of love which pours itself out to us even while we turn from it? Learning how to love is an experience which belongs to the inner life. The outward manifestations of love are states through which our dim consciousness passes that we may be brought to the full awakening of oneness with the great Spirit of Love. In our present state we have much to do in conquering the temptation to retreat. When we find ourselves hesitating, feeling at times that even the great gift of eternal progress is not worth the struggle through which we pass, this is the hour to expect new power and to contemplate the brightness which is being unfolded within the soul. There is no possible way to retreat from the field of experience. There is a way which leads onward toward the mountain of attainment; there is a way that we can gather together the broken threads of hope and weave them into crowns of light; there is a way that we can still the tumult of the soul and press forward jubilantly instead of reluctantly over the *Path of Awakening*. We must learn that this way is by following the Path. We have followed it all through the past, but we have come thus far unconsciously. Now that we have reached a plane where the soul questions fiercely every step of the way and longs unutterably for higher conditions, we must guide ourselves onward by a conscious, intelligent choice. Instead of cherishing the thought of help-

lessness or retreat, or of despair, or unrest, we must make conscious effort to unfold power so that we may affect every state or condition through which we come by drawing out of it the sure knowledge that glory beyond glory awaits us. The cultivation of patience, fortitude, and endurance is not enough. We must teach ourselves to feel that the process of unfoldment in the present hour is as precious as anything which the past or future can yield,—as precious because it is a necessary stage of development. It is because there are tremendous forces within which are seeking outward manifestation that we are so often in a state of unrest. It is because the same mighty spirit of love which fashioned the everlasting hills and the firmament above them, and brought into evidence the miracle of human life is expressing its deepest meaning through finite beings that we cry out for help while our souls are opening to a consciousness that this splendid power is manifesting itself through us—manifesting *Itself*, and this is all of life! The Great Spirit of Love breathing through us *must* make its presence felt—it *must* come forth into visible expression! There are no forces equal to it, for it is the Great Heart of Being pulsating through every form of life. If we consider how little time we give to the contemplation of this greatest of all truths—that we exist only to make God, the Spirit of Love, manifest, we will not wonder at any turbulence of mental states. To become conscious of our high destiny we must give ourselves more to the fulfilling or manifestation of the Law, which is literally to express higher degrees of love. Before we reach the great test of loving we have touched only those experiences from which we have developed strength for the supreme hour of conflict when the soul seems bereft of joy and peace. Those who desire to love more are the ones who have struggled through conditions of hopelessness, desolation and resentment. They are the unfolding souls who have come to

the plane of awakening. They stand before the Gates of Gold with timid, outstretched hands to push the shining portals open, but the needed strength seems almost superhuman. Do we not know that Love alone is the magic power which will cause the gates of the invisible world to open, and that love really will make the soul strong enough to endure the brightness of all that can be discerned in the hour of awakening? And love must be exalted,—must be placed on the sacred altar of life above every other attribute if we would become embodiments of Love. This means that we must pay allegiance to the spirit of Love as soon as we have passed through the various planes, and have come to the great test of knowing the capacity we have unfolded. We have not developed any great measure of strength until we can go on loving the Law when the spirit of indifference is upon us from having lost all that made existence sweet. The signs of awakening are deep unrest and a great longing to *Be* the highest and best that we can perceive. The great event of awakening to new power is preceded by utter loneliness and a sense of helplessness or dissatisfaction. Progress henceforth can be made only by the conscious effort which the soul can be trained to put forth. Regret, indolence, fear, hopelessness, at this point must be intelligently ruled out of consciousness. Can we love the perfect Law or discern its intelligent process while feeling that we might have been happier or better if we had chosen wisely, or if those we love could have been spared their depths of suffering? Regret is a huge shadow which appears in many forms and obscures the vision. It is an element which has accrued from our mistakes, and it rises like a thick fog as an obstruction just as the soul is ready to take the first step toward initiation into the true life of loving. Here, then, is the great test to the disciple of Truth, to be willing to turn confidently, trustingly, faithfully, unfalteringly, toward the fulfilling of the Law, or to still

go on loving when the life has been robbed of love and the heart is torn with seeming failures and bitter disappointment. This is the time for *conscious* effort to awaken; it is the hour to consecrate the life to the spirit of love. The soul must cast off its shackles of regret, fear, selfishness, and ignorance through consecrating itself to the manifestation of that power of Love which it can yet but dimly discern. Consecration to the service of love is all that will take the soul forward when it has reached any degree of attainment. In the great hour of awakening the soul must be strong enough to say: "I will consecrate the present time to the spirit of Love. From this hour I will dwell more in the sanctuary of love. I will not work against the law by fearing any evil. I will devote every act to the fulfilling of the Law. I will make my consciousness flash with a new delight in *giving* love. I will remember I am not to ask for love, but that I am to give love. I am to give of my very self to the world. I am to forgive all. I am to nourish the divine potencies in other souls by never failing to recognize that Love is trying to manifest itself in every individual. *I Will Give. I Will Love!*" This is the first step which lies before us now. If we push onward together with united wills the anthems of invisible choirs will greet our inner hearing and we will know that the white love of infinite hosts of souls from this world and other worlds has touched us in our sacred ceremony of devotion. Brighter, deeper, grander, higher than anything which we have yet imagined is the life we enter when we become the *loving* ones of earth.

Oh, tender, earnest, human souls, throbbing with the ecstasy of possible birth into the realm of unrevealed power, come forth to-day, triumphant, joyous, devoted children of Love! Be firm in your knowledge of life and love so that in standing before the Gates of the Invisible World you can make them yield to the power of your will and let the light which shines forth from their mystic shrine enfold you and make you free!

MAN, THE WANDERER.

BY ELIZABETH CAHILL.

By the very nature of things, mortal man, philosophically speaking, is a wanderer—in part because, while working the problems that present themselves to his intellect, he perceives what he mistakes for impassable barriers to his mental vision. After all his experience in finding that the vision of his mortal eye does not at all mark the end of visible existence, he still stupidly insists that there is naught beyond those things already within the grasp of his intellect, and this in spite of the fact that some of the grandest minds of the age have shown the way to a realm beyond. When Balzac gave us his “philosophic trilogy,” he clarified many things for the student of truth. His classification of men into Instinctives, Abstractives and Specialists has opened up new avenues of study to advanced sociology. To students of mind under whatever name, laboring in whatever field, human beings are more comprehensible seen in the full light shown upon them by this master-mind of Nineteenth Century Philosophy than they have ever been in the past, even when viewed through the interpretations of the most gifted seers. “In the halls of genius, all are equals—there are no rivals,” is relatively true, and yet the greatest intuitionist of the past in literature does not approach in the clearness of his revelations the master intuitionist of our own day, Honoré de Balzac. Nor do we disparage Shakespeare when we make this claim. We simply realize that the interpretative powers of the human mind had not reached their perfection of unfoldment in the Seventeenth Century. Neither have they yet reached this summit. In his “New Thought of Christ,” the Rev. R. Heber Newton has put clearly before us the pos-

sibility of higher and broader and deeper manifestations of the divine nature. He tells us that for the perfect manifestation of God, an entire humanity is essential, yet are we free to build upon our conception of man till we have within us an ideal resplendent with every godlike power of interpretation and of revelation.

We are told that George Eliot once expressed a hope that she would live to reconcile two celebrated philosophers. We are aware that her closest intellectual companion was a scholar who wrote a "History of Philosophy," extending over many ages, and that after all his wanderings across the wide-reaching fields of ancient and modern thought, he expressed himself as having arrived nowhere. The deepest problems of human experience revealed by Jesus to the believers of his day were still freighted with mystery for George Henry Lewes. Yet this man, having been a Positivist—a follower of Auguste Comte—had perhaps caught a glimpse, as it were, of the divinity of man. But a mere glimpse still leaves the mind darkened by doubts. If we are to know the peace that passeth understanding, we must find that something so tirelessly sought by George Eliot—"a something that will link together the wonderful impressions of this mysterious life and give the soul a sense of home in it." Mortal man, the wanderer, seeking everywhere a hold upon that abiding truth that will link things into an indissoluble unity must stand to every believer in the place of the thirsty one pleading for a refreshing draught.

We read in Robert Louis Stevenson that our errors are to be found not so much in the things we do as in the things we leave undone, and it is just here that we fail in our relations with our brethren. At an early day some of us learn to depart from evil, yet the progress of the race is slower than it need be all because we are not animated with the zealot's desire to bring every soul to the realization of the eternal riches in-

volved in his very being. Ever since we came into an understanding of our oneness with the Infinite Mind, we that know the power of the Word have been saved many an experience of the sort that we drifted into every day while we were merely conscious of being mortal wanderers. When life was simply made up of "inexplicable dumb show and noise," we accepted many of our bruises with a quiet outward Stoicism, perhaps burning as we were with inward bitterness, the while. Then were the days of skepticism and pessimism, when we were ready to declare that there was no reason whatever to hope for immortal life and growth, when we did declare aloud, many of us, that the Almighty held himself aloof from his children, leaving them to fight their way in the midst of implacable forces seemingly bent upon the destruction of human joys. But we have now left the shadows created by our own distorted vision of things—some of us have left them—to begin our journey along the straight and narrow way. Yet however great our assurance that every soul must find that way, it is for us to show him how. The attempt to drag others to this path, whose every landmark points to ineffable beauty, will often prove useless; but we are not relieved of the beneficent duty of scattering our seed. With all our joy in the power of the *silent* word, we can still often lift up our voices and proclaim the truth.

Many intuitively gifted souls, putting aside all formal philosophies and listening to their own inner voice, have become inspired with hope for the future of humanity. Others, with less power of intuition, have been seeking and seeking at every doorway that looked promising and have come away from all in heavy-hearted doubt. For the benefit of such interpretation is needed. If the essential truths of being are so simple that a little child may learn them, we need inspiring teachers to unravel the seeming mysteries with which the Word, wrongly interpreted for so many centuries, is full. We ourselves, work-

ing as individuals, as laymen, so to speak, are not yet free from the fear that is so much to be feared,—largely because we have not yet learned to realize that in God's kingdom there are no laymen. We are fearing all the while that people will not understand us if we make an effort to shed light upon the seemingly inexplicable wonders of spiritual philosophy. We fear that speaking as laymen, our word may lack form or that it may be ill-timed.

To cite a case in point: in Philadelphia the New Thought students have a center with a nominal membership of fifty, among whom is a gifted woman who has spent more than twelve fruitful years in the study of spiritual philosophy. She had a friend who had wandered from Thales to Comte and onward through the materialistic philosophies of this present epoch. Incidentally she had paused at the gateway of Idealism, but she did not enter in, having been lured away from the sanctuary by certain agnostic influences, so that the truth-student found her excellently versed in the material interpretation. The New Thought student, fresh from her study of the Universal Substance as interpreted by Balzac and by Emerson, was almost sanguine in her desire to reach her friend who seemed to feel that with the disappearance of Comte and Huxley, the doorways of philosophy were forever closed; yet so intangible were the means employed by the disciple of Balzac, so utterly vague were her denials of evil and her affirmations of good, that the friend whom she was trying to help fell in only too readily with the claim made recently in one of our great magazines—a claim to the effect that Spiritual Philosophy is built upon sand. When such a magazine as the one we have in mind puts forth an eloquent plea for the teaching of science in girls' schools in order that the feminine intellect may not fall a victim to the delusions of Christian Science and kindred subjects of merely ephemeral interest, it is high time that those in pos-

session of the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven should feel themselves called upon to throw open the doors. If we are to "resist not evil, still less are we to resist good," so that when the inner voice bids us speak a word to a soul in ignorance of its true destiny, it is for us to be faithful to our inspiration. We need have no fear that our listener will fail to understand any of the most glorious word our thought can frame. Whatever philosophies may have had a charm for him before, however much he may have wandered over strange fields, it is just possible to give him an alluring view of his true home, after which he will be no more a wanderer. The truth-student of whom we have spoken felt moved at last one day to venture a clear statement of the belief that had brought her to the realms of peace. "*All that is is Spirit*," she said, a beautiful smile shedding its charm upon her friend. Needless to relate, these words came with the force of a great flash of light to the wanderer who had already stood, as we have said, at the gateway of Idealism. "Why did you never say this before?" she demanded, in wonder at the sudden illumination that enabled her to see face to face. "You were not ready to hear it," was the reply. Not ready to *absorb* it was what the truth-student meant to say, yet we cannot but think that in withholding her word she made a mistake. It is for us to plant our seed, knowing always that in time it must bring forth fruit.

We have counted among our friends so-called skeptics of every conceivable shade, yet knowing that their intellects were not impervious to truth, we have acted upon an opportunity that seemed a real inspiration, and either we have spoken the word then and there, or, which was often better, we have made the skeptic acquainted with some masterly book by which he could find his way to the green pastures. Among our best treasures are the inspired pages where we have found the truths of being set forth by some master-spirit, and we do wrong when we keep

these treasures to ourselves, when we do not keep them journeying from friend to friend. Let us always pass the good word along. In no farther-reaching way, perhaps, can we do this than by seeing to it that New Thought books are read. Often where spoken explanation will still leave the listener's mind beclouded, a clear, strong chapter from the pen of a master may quickly solve the entire problem. Therefore, we that welcome every word of promise for humanity should work unceasingly to carry this welcome sound to the ears of those brethren still listening for the true note of joy. Speedily then will the wanderers be gathered together into the fold where the shepherd's voice itself is pure and perfect and eternal music.



LIFE'S GOLDEN DREAM.

LIFE's golden dream of regions bright
 Beyond the night—beyond the night—
 Has touched the earth with holy light;

 Has filled the soul with murmurings,
 As if it were of unseen wings
 And voices of immortal springs;

 Has pictured on the spirit sight
 A pathway, like a ribbon white,
 That glimmers down the Infinite—

 The path immortal—like a gleam
 Of glory, like a hidden beam
 Of light from God—life's golden dream.

J. A. EDGERTON.



IF to-morrow you shall want, your sorrow will come time enough, though you do not hasten it. Let your trouble tarry, till its own day come.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

SOUL OF MY SOUL.

BY J. A. EDGERTON.

Soul of my soul, that hast come to earth
Out of thy heaven of dream and rest,
Entering in through the gates of birth,
Touching our life in the manifest,
Show me the path for my wayward feet,
That they may follow unto thy goal;
Bring me with thee into concord sweet,
Soul of my soul.

I was groping and deaf and blind,
Until I wakened, with glad surprise,
Unto the mind in my inmost mind,
Looking on life through immortal eyes.
Visions of truth, like an angel throng,
Over my heart in the silence stole,
Filling my being with joy and song,
Soul of my soul.

Substance from shadow and truth from dream,
Back of the mask, it was mine to see.
Evils and terrors and things that seem,
After that hour, lost their hold on me.
Symbols are these that will pass away.
Thou wilt live on while the aeons roll—
Onward and upward thy golden way,
Soul of my soul.

All of the past is inclosed in thee;
All of the present to thee relates;

All of the promise of things to be,
 Embryo-like, thy unfolding waits.
 Heaven in thee in its own good time
 Shall be unrolled as an open scroll,
 Showing the record of things sublime,
 Soul of my soul.

Soul of my soul, in the deeps, the deeps,
 Far in the region of things unseen,
 Back of this being that smiles and weeps,
 Thou are awaiting with thought serene.
 Make me to know I with all am one,
 Thou who art part of the Cosmic Whole;
 And in my life may thy will be done,
 Soul of my soul.



THE word of God—the truth, the reason, the wisdom, by which men and angels live—abideth forever. That word is in the ancient books; it is in the modern mind; it is hidden in our hearts; it is old as eternity; it is young as the morning.—
Charles G. Ames.



Do unto thyself as thou wouldst have others do unto thee. Thou wilt then do unto others as they wouldst have thee.—
H. C. Morse.



MUSIC.

O MUSIC, voice and soul vibrating with the spheres
 To the eternal rhythm of time's revolving years,
 The whole vast universe, one grand harmonious tone
 Resounding through the Heavens and Earth from zone to zone.

JENNIE A. PERRY.

THE MEANING OF LIFE.

BY LUCINDA B. CHANDLER.

Life, Light, Love, the embracing trinity. The indefinable, incomprehensible all in all. Life sweeps through cosmos in the rhythm of harmony. Life is the heartbeat of the universe, and the pulse of every animate form—brute, bird or human—is the ceaseless symphony of life.

How majestic this principle which we cannot fathom! Life is strength, life is power, life is harmony, life is joy. Life is ceaseless producer of forms and in measureless variety. Life is boundless freedom, yet order and system its unvarying expression.

What does life mean to human beings? This is the supreme problem of existence, the ever puzzling mystery, the sum of mortal endeavor and searching. Why are we here? What does life involve to the individual? What can we do with this life?

This organism through which we move and breathe holds us down to the sod beneath our feet. Only in thought can we fly to the ends of the earth, only in imagination visit the planetary realm. To explore space and the starry heavens we have extended our range of vision by the telescope. This adds to the greatness and perplexity of the problem.

Why should an intelligence capable of apprehending the colossal vastness of cosmos be imprisoned in a form that cannot rise above the ground? But in the potency and process of life there is light. Light, the light of knowledge transforms us from the groveling automaton of animal existence, the creature that breathes and eats and sleeps, to the thinking, seeking, pur-

posing intelligence. A consciousness of powers and faculties develops, and ceaseless questioning begins. Till this stage of development is reached the human unit is in infantile state.

The normal child is ceaselessly active physically. Ceaseless mental activity is the normal healthful condition of the adult. Each human soul must find for itself what to do with and through the unfathomable principle of life.

It forms and fashions our physical habitation, but, that we understand (though cannot comprehend) this fact, proves that mind is master builder and directs the processes of this mighty principle. Man is either ignorantly or wisely a copartner with creative power, and cannot help himself. The life that is in us, and *is* us, cannot be separated from the life that has given form to (created) all worlds and all forms.

The Infinite Intelligence, the Omnipresent Mind, the Infinite Wisdom, called God,—or Nature, or Over Soul, is the light pervading the processes of life. The finite mind of man is a lesser degree of the same power to direct the potencies and processes of life. Consciousness of this power to direct the potencies of life and to realize Oneness with the Infinite Mind is the germ of soul growth and of immortality.

Life can have no meaning till some degree of this consciousness and realization is attained. Surely the old worm of the dust concept of man was bred and born of minds entirely lacking this sane and enlightened consciousness.

That the more we know the more we realize the scantiness of our knowledge, and dimly perceive a vast unexplored domain, indicates that our capacities transcend our attainments. Science, in discovering that but a small proportion of brain cells are actively exercised, suggests the probability that normal brain structure is an instrument fitted to a wider field of knowledge than is apprehended by the average mind.

Jesus said, according to the record, He came that we might

have life and have it more abundantly. What could this life be if not a quickening from the Infinite Mind and power that will expand our conceptions, enlarge our knowledge, enlighten our conscience, illumine our faculties and make clear to our perceptions the wondrous systems and the operation of the mighty forces of the universe?

And, what is still more important, that we discover in us the magnitude and majesty of soul, the unspeakable value of our inheritance as products of Infinite Life, Light and Love, with capacities and powers capable of manifesting these imperishable principles. And thus we can verify the statement of Jesus, that The Kingdom of Heaven is within us.

Wonderful as is the functioning of the physical organism, pleasurable as may be its satisfactions, a merely physical existence gives no profound meaning to life, no compensation for struggles and exigencies involved. It affords no satisfaction to the consciousness which is the real being.

"It is through the windows of philosophy in one or more of its phases that we give character to life. Our vista of truth thus far gives us the eternal *Now of consciousness* as the central point. We forget the greatness of the individual soul as the measure of all things, and regard as authority for truth that which we read about rather than that which we know or think about.

"Our mind is our *all*, the noblest of our possessions, and it fixes our life. By it we communicate with the higher, and have authority to control the lower."

The theological desert through which man has been led has shriveled his capacity to think, know, and understand, and has paralyzed the consciousness that is the life of mind and soul.

Human motherhood has manifested the sublimity of selfless love through the centuries, yet man has dared pronounce her a child of the devil and deserving eternal damnation if she

refused or failed to adopt his crude and barbaric conception of the supreme. This love which nourishes, protects, and carries the child through the helplessness of infancy, is the same beneficent power that holds the universe and all living beings in all worlds in order and harmony. The soul energy of love is the principle that alone can bind all minds in the unity and harmony of peace. Love, love self forgetting, all embracing, can alone save the individual and the race, love organized in all human relations. Only those who love have found or can find the blessedness and the meaning of life.

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast"

belongs to the old idea that only in the future, beyond this "vale of tears" can the blessedness of love and peace be realized. A soul filled with love is a sea of rest in itself, and waves of trouble cannot disturb its serenity. Love overcomes every discordant element. In its all embracing beneficence are inextinguishable hope and dauntless courage.

We are here to learn and to realize that every human soul is a child of the eternal Motherhood of Love and Fatherhood of Wisdom, and to find our relation to all souls, and that as expressions of these principles we may help to make human association a symphony of love and wisdom.

Life to the individual soul involves the understanding of one's own nature as an immortal principle with capacities of mind and heart. While enveloped in a form of matter it involves the wise regulation of fleshly appetites and desires by the higher power of mind, will and inspiration. It involves learning the relation of every individual soul and mind to the Universal Soul and Mind and to the laws of Cosmos, and to attain the fulness of wisdom and love by finding how to make life a blessedness to other souls.

To seek how to actualize our ideals is the supremely worthy aim of human soul. This alone is real living. That mortals who have discovered no power within themselves to master circumstances, to make life a source of strength and joy because devoted to high ideals and noble purposes, should find existence a bore, be saturated with gloom and pessimism, and dragged down with ennui, is not in the least astonishing.

It proves that the life of the flesh, the gratification of the desires of animal existence do not satisfy because they are not conducive to the one great and true aim of mortal career, the building of character.

The inmost principle, that is human soul, needs first and supremely acquaintance with itself, that it may command the resources of the universe which are its heritage.



FEELING alone can conquer feeling. A noble passion must be aroused, that an ignoble one may be mastered.—*Henry W. Crosskey.*



EVERY dollar, the getting of which lowers the standard of a man's character, is a loss for which money will not compensate.—*H. C. Morse.*



To us arrive, at hours when the soul is intent, the mystic hints, the rare voices, the inspiration whence we know not, of that vast world of souls beyond, of the great and good made perfect —*Stopford A. Brooke.*



THE heights of spiritual attainment can only be safely reached by those who begin low down and mount upward by patient continuance in well-doing, by daily faithfulness in that which is least.—*C. H. Wellbeloved.*

A NEW THOUGHT.

BY KATE ALEXANDER.

I.

He stepped across the threshold of a needy world.
The world saw garments, trailing black as night,
Fold on fold behind Him.

II.

His face was calm, unruffled and serene.
His brow was broad and low and white,
Deep eyes gazing from beneath.

III.

He bore a message, new, untried and wonderful.
A message that would liberate mankind from evils—
Those of superstition and selfishness.

IV.

He held the God-given message deep within His heart.
He opened His lips, but those to whom the blessed gift was
sent
Rejected it with scorn.

V.

The pilgrimage was slow, and the pilgrim worn and weary.
His journey finished, He passed over and beyond
The frowning portal.

VI.

His eyes were dimmed with shedding many tears.
His ears were quickened with the hoots of howling mobs.
He vanished, but the path remained.

VII.

Long years afterward the path was broad and hard.
 Worn smooth by countless feet, and men of all the world
 rejoiced
 Because they walked in freedom.

VIII.

Those who trod were clad in garments, flowing white.
 And He who had broken the way in tears was followed
 By those who came with song.

IX.

"It is the fate of all who bring the world new thought."
 His Father answered, when He asked Him, there, above,
 "The fate of all new thought."



SONG OF NATURE.

BY J. M. BICKNELL.

With force unseen the rays of heaven's sun
 Can burst the seed and paint the rosy dell.
 Can all the lore from superstition won
 Teach how to make a bud with beauty swell?
 The host of heavenly orbs around, above,
 In God-like splendor, light up the halls of space,
 While matchless skill with tireless hands of love
 Portrays the truths should guide the human race.
 Through boundless realms of space eternal, gleam
 The words, I AM, in gold unfading; bright;
 And though our future lives uncertain seem,
 Creation's song is not of endless night.
 Since nature stands the only guide at last,
 Why search the musty records of the past?

MAN'S ONLY POSSESSION—THE NOW.

BY JOHN A. MORRIS.

If man but knew it he only possesses one thing—a thing which neither kings nor trusts nor gods can take away from him—and this is his wholly, absolutely, masterfully (if he would have it so) to use and to enjoy. That is the Present Moment! To-day is Ours! “Now is the accepted time” of Opportunity; naught else is known in the realm of actual being.

The past is bygone time, time that was once present but is now no more, a non-existent entity in the world of space and time. The past is buried present and never more is ours. Hence, let the dead past of our lives bury its dead yesterdays. It can no more be acted deed within the present of to-day.

The future is time to come and is quite beyond our reach, though to-morrow never comes, never was and never will be, for it is the present not yet born and the past of to-morrow is to-day. The past tense of the future is the present, while the present of the future is the future of the past.

To-morrow is the future of to-day, and to-day is yesterday that's not yet born. Thus past and future unite in the beautiful, all-beholding, all-inclusive present.

The past is lost in the mists of antiquity. The future is a state that's not yet come within the sight of man. The past cannot be recalled though many dream they call up in contemplative thought rich enjoyments of the past, but such enjoyments are reflections from the past, thrown on the mirror of to-day. Dead days are not recalled, but our present thought of such dead times now past.

So those who in the trance beget what is to them a vision of the future see within the present moment that through which they enjoy expected bliss; and the expectancy is but the ghost-like image of the present incubating from the future.

Neither are the geniuses, masters, adepts, saviors, and wise ones of the age born "ahead of time" or "out of their time." Of some it has been said "They are born one thousand years ahead of their time," of others that they are born ages behind the times. Neither statement can bear logical analysis. All men and women come into being in the fullness of their time, and, as Emerson says, "Their work is born into the world with them." For that work, whatever it may be, is a part of themselves, a part of their creativity, and that which they manifest to the rest of the world about them.

Some men may and are further advanced along certain lines than others. Some may still retain more of the primitive savagery than the major portion of Society in which they live and of which they form a component part, but they were born in a time the best possible for them to come into existence or their existence would not have been a fact.

Many of our philosophers do not realize that "Evil is good in the making," and that in the finality of things Nero, Cæsar and Judas were just as necessary in the evolution of things as a Christ, Buddha and others devoted to the welfare of humanity.

Thus people cannot be born out of time. To state such were an absurdity. The self-evident fact is here that when the time is ripe for certain things to occur unchangeable Law allows such occurrence to take place because the ripeness of time has made it possible, nay, imperative, that such occurrence comes.

So everything we are and do possess is born of the immediate present. Time is not a past commodity whirling its way into unfathomable space, nor a future contingency or expectancy in some heavenly paradise where angels play melo-

dious sonnets to the fall of man and praise themselves that they are not as the creatures of the earth.

No! Time is of present clay, of present charm, of present abandonment to luxury of vice or ecstasy of pleasurable virtue.

To some to-morrow is a mirage of beauty and of glamour and to-day is commonplace compared with the tantalizing, tempting vision of such future happy state. Yet such to-day is the seed of a hope born of Fancy's keen desire for a more musical song than has yet been sung by the dancing delights of overfed emotions.

To others it is a nightmare that they fear will be hideousness more coarsely drawn in the reality of the present of to-day than in the shadowy dimness of a to-morrow's glamour. To such the madhouse comes and suicide! Despair and the depressing effects of a lowered vitality come through such decadent processes of looking upon the unlovely, when sweetness, life and light, love bathed in the radiance of a perfect dream, beauty in every sense-perception might be theirs did they but turn their faces that way—for the present alone is Ours! To-morrow's dreams are fickle and elusive, and yesterday's are to-day's dead and passed away; and yet in the dreaming of the past and of the morrow more of present time appears than on the surface seems, for in the present now do we dream of the present gone or of the present yet to come.

So man's only possession in a world of time and space is the Here and Now! Let him make the most of that! "Now is the accepted time" of Opportunity! "Now is the day of salvation!"



THE aim for which we give our best strength is everything, the visible success as nothing. True faith may be the greatest, goodness and fidelity at the highest, when visible success is at the least.—*John Hamilton Thom.*

BROKEN LINKS: A SCIENTIFIC ROMANCE.

BY HERBERT WILCOCKSON.

I.

"Oh, you poor boy! What you've been through. Ugh! Just think of having to be all those 'plasms, and sea-mosses, and fishes, and alligators, and bugs, and birds, and—and,—a-n-d,—MONKEYS, and—"

"The life-wave, not the form."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter. But say; I was out on a shelling expedition this afternoon and I saw a great many of these protoplasms and their relatives, and I just thought how pretty you *used* to be,—a—long—time—ago."

"Oh, you did?"

"Yes. And I wondered if one of those pretty starfish, or urchins, would ever have been like me, if it had been allowed to evolve itself? They are so wonderful it would have been a pity to have had them spoiled in that way."

"Of course they are beautiful, as are all of God's creatures; but wouldn't you rather have a butterfly than a caterpillar?"

"Perhaps,—but you just can't stuff evolution down my throat. *I* wasn't built that way."

"Weren't you?"

"No-o-O!"

"I'm sorry; but do you see that little dog running across the field?"

"Yes."

"Now watch closely and you will see that as his forefoot goes forward his hindfoot goes backward, and *vice versa*."

"Yes."

"Now look at that man crossing the street. Do you see that as his right *foot* goes forward, his right *arm* swings backward?"

"Yes."

"Well, that is proof of where you came from,—out of the animal kingdom."

"Oh! Oh! OH! What a *fib*!"

"Not at all. Let the man stoop over and walk on his hands and knees, and the analogy is perfect."

"Well, then, why don't you scientists find the missing link?"

"Because this small globe called the earth is not the only one in our solar system. There are other planets, and the life-wave moves from one to the other as easily as you could change the focus of a searchlight from one dark spot to another. That is the way God works. He turns His attention to one planet, and immediately out of the darkness springs light and life. He turns His attention to another, and the globe that a moment before was filled with activities is now a dead world. Witness our moon. The missing link will never be found because it lived on another planet."

"Well, I must confess I feel pretty small wading round in the great scientific boneyard; but, speaking of the moon, can you tell me what those spots are? Are they the craters of extinct volcanoes, as some astronomers seem to think?"

"Some of them are."

"Some! but what of the others? Have you not a new light for this problem also?"

"To-morrow go out into the garden and get a bowl of earth. Place this upon the table and then fetch a pitcher of water. Then roll up your sleeves and pour a little of the water into the bowl, and mix it with the earth until you have mud of the thickness of a nice batter, which you will mold into a sphere, something like the shape of the earth. After you have done

this go out into the garden and pick up some tiny pebbles and throw them at your muddy ball. Now you will find that as each pebble strikes the mud it will produce a basinlike circular opening, with a cone in the middle of it, where the stone entered the ball. Now this, in a crude way, will exactly resemble the cone and apex of a volcano."

"But what in the world has all this got to do with the spots on the moon?"

"Everything. You have been taught in astronomy that in the formation of a planet you will first have an immense globe of glowing hydrogen gas revolving rapidly round a central vortex; and that after thousands upon thousands of years this great ball will gradually cool down, condense and harden. Now you will easily perceive that when the earth was in this nebulous condition its periphery extended much further than it does now; in fact, it extended clear up to the moon. Thus you will realize that at this early age the enormous heat of the earth was quite sufficient to reduce all the matter of the moon into the consistency of soft mud. Now, as this great glowing nebula gradually cooled and condensed, it went through a condition of the most terrific volcanic eruption, a state of the utmost chaos and confusion. Great fissures would open up, and out of them immense masses of rock and metal would be hurled forth with tremendous power,—a force of which we can have not even the slightest conception. Some of these great boulders struck the plastic moon, and a great many of its craters were formed by this awful bombardment. Try the mud puddle and you will see exactly how it works."

"What a grand Fourth-of-July it must have been."

"Oh, you silly child. Can't you ever get down to serious study?"

"Of course I can. Just tell me where the water and the air of the moon went to?"

"The earth stole them."

"Whew!"

"Don't you see that when this immense ball of fire came into contact with the moon, immediately all its water was turned into vapor by the intense heat; and, naturally, the air and the vapor sought the greater attraction and associated themselves with the earth."

"So that is why there is no atmosphere on the moon. How calm and peaceful she looks, resting from her great battle,—I wonder if it hurt?"

"There you go again. Don't you *ever* want to learn?"

"Sure I do. But say, I have been thinking a good deal to-day,—a mighty effort, of course, but I just got started and couldn't stop,—and do you know what I've been thinking?"

"No."

"Well, I've been thinking: 'Why does this fellow take so much trouble and so much time, to patiently expound to me all his precious truths, when he *knows* I won't accept them, and there are so many thousands in need, who would love to be his disciples? Why this apparent conviction of my conversion to his views, when he surely knows better?' All these questions, and many others, came tumbling into my thinking cap, and a sort of answer presented itself, thus: 'Why, you know, almost all Englishmen (if you are one) are inveterate teases; he thought this would be a good opportunity to see what sort of a goose you are; I haven't the slightest idea he believes all he says, or advocates; he is just finding out what you will do and say.' Now, honestly, isn't that your object?"

"No. I have a higher aim, a nobler end in view. It is well that I am a gentleman, or I should be angry with you; and better still, that I am a philosopher, for I realize that moods are passing things. They come, but they go, as surely as night's

chilly breeze is driven back by the warm kiss of the morning sun."

"That isn't so. I can show you many poor souls who go through one continual round of drudgery and pain."

"Yes, but do you not know that a small coin will conceal the sun—if held close enough to the eye? I frankly admit that this is a dreary life for many, hedged in by briars and thorns; but we feather our own nests always; and, if we persist in sowing seeds of sin and wickedness, we must expect to find a few thistles mixed in with the down in our resting places. But why should we lie down among the thorns, and brood over our own misery, instead of setting to work and remedying the wrong? Would it not be to our advantage to take the hint of the sage, who says: 'If those who suffer would only lift their gaze for a moment and look up, they would see that the sky is as blue, the stars shine as brightly and as solemnly for them, as for those upon the sunny slopes of happiness. Let them hold their dull life up to the *Light* and see how it will be transfigured. Life is not meant to be a path of ease, but steep and rugged; and it is only through self-denial, discouragement, discipline, and trial that one may attain the higher life.'"

"Is that why you are always so happy and contented?"

"Yes. There is no virtue in being virtuous, if your virtue is never tried; or in being happy, if you are never tempted to be gloomy; or——"

"Oh, I don't like preaching."

"Do you like anything?"

"Perhaps not. But do let's change the subject and get out of these scientific ruts; they are too deep for me. Suppose we discuss ghosts."

"Ghosts!"

"Yes, ghosts. A few years ago it was not considered respectable to speak of apparitions, but since the establishment of

the Society for Psychical Research it has become quite fashionable."

"Has it?"

"Yes. I confess I don't half understand it, but everybody is talking about them; and you know we have been studying Tennyson at the club this year, and he makes so many references to these mystic wanderers of the unseen world, that I thought I would ask you about them. You know in 'The Princess' he is continually referring to the 'weird seizures' that befell the Prince, and you remember how he starts the poem by saying:

'Myself too had weird seizures, Heaven knows what:
On a sudden in the midst of men and day,
And while I walked and talked as heretofore,
I seemed to move among a world of ghosts,
And feel myself the shadow of a dream.'

Can you explain it?"

"Why, the explanation is simple enough. Tennyson was a student of metaphysics. For he tells us in one of his letters to a friend how 'I have seemed to be in a sort of waking trance from boyhood. I have come into this state by slowly repeating my own name over and over and over again quietly to myself; till suddenly I seemed to leap into boundless being, the sweetest of the sweet, the purest of the pure; where death was but a laughing impossibility, and immortality assured.' Is not this an explanation of his wonderful genius and exquisite verse?"

"Perhaps, but I don't see where the ghosts come in?"

"I will tell you. This letter of Tennyson's proves to us that he had developed the sight of the fourth dimension."

"What is the fourth dimension?"

"Just this. We are told that the reason we see is because the physical eye is able to respond to a certain number of vibrations. I forget the exact scale, but that doesn't matter; it is

sufficient to know that when an object vibrates within a certain range it becomes visible to us, and that all above and below that scale are invisible. You have heard of the Roentgen rays, and you know that with the X-ray one can look at opaque matter and it immediately becomes a mere shadow, or nearly so. Why? Simply because with the aid of this ray the physical eye is able to respond to a much greater number of vibrations. Now, if a mechanical instrument can do this, why cannot the human instrument, the human eye,—which is an infinitely finer piece of mechanism than any scientific device ever will be—be trained to respond to a greater number of vibrations? It can, and many have succeeded in doing so. Tennyson himself was one of these fortunate ones.”

“But I don’t see yet where the ghosts come in?”

“Be patient. Suppose you had a little insect who possessed the sight of but two dimensions, length and breadth; and suppose this little fellow wanted to build a house and lock himself in. All he would have to do would be to build a wall around himself, and when he had done this, to the best of his knowledge and belief, he has shut himself in completely. He knows nothing about putting a roof upon his house, because it is impossible for him to conceive of any other dimension than length and breadth. But, here you come along who have the knowledge and use of the third dimension; and you drop something down into his house from above, from the third dimension. To him, it is a phenomenon. So far as he can understand he has locked himself in completely, and it is beyond his mental grasp as to how anything could intrude upon his privacy. Now then, you and I build a house of three dimensions. We think we are perfectly secure, but along comes an entity who has the power of the fourth dimension, and he steps into our house as easily as if we had left off one of the walls. We say we have seen a ghost, an apparition, or that we have been hallucinated. We

cannot understand the phenomenon, because we can only see in three dimensions; but, if we should develop the sight of the fourth dimension we would find that it was as simple as a, b, c. We would see that it was just as easy for an entity of the fourth dimension to play a trick on us, as we of the third dimension found it easy to play a joke on the little creature of two dimensions. Now we begin to understand the 'weird seizures.' For the interests of the poem Tennyson did not wish the Prince to have the full sight of the fourth dimension. He has represented him to us as not having the least control over this psychic faculty; it came of its own free will, or, I should say, when it best suited the object of the poem. Anyone looking at physical objects with the power of the fourth dimension would

'Seem to move among a world of ghosts.'

for physical objects, under the tremendous power of the fourth dimension, appear to be mere shadows, through which one can walk as easily as one can pass through mist or fog. You can see how this would be by looking at what we call solid matter with the X-ray; and——"

"Oh, there you go right back into science."

"Of course. How could I do otherwise, when nothing else exists?"

"Nothing else?"

"Absolutely nothing. Phenomena are the language of God; the alphabet of that language is the elements with which our chemists deal; and every discovery in science is but the coining of a new word out of that alphabet, the combining of matter already existing into new shapes and forms. There is no spirit that is not veiled in matter-form; and there is no form that is not ensouled by spirit. Life-form; spirit-matter; positive-negative; they are but the two poles of the same thing. Take away the one, and the other disappears likewise."

"Then you are not a Christian?"

"That depends upon what you call Christianity. If in order

to be a Christian one must believe in some particular creed or doctrine; go to church every Sunday, and take part in prayer-meeting every Wednesday, then most assuredly I am not. But, if you mean by Christian a follower of the Christ, one who is seeking to live the Christ life; to whom every day is the Judgment Day, and every creature the expression of the Divine Will; and, if you mean by Christian, one who is endeavoring to fit himself to become a perfect channel for the great Love of God to flow through; one who recognizes that there is only one purpose in life worth striving for: that of helping on evolution, of lending a helping hand to those who are not quite as strong as yourself; then, perhaps, you might enroll my name at the bottom of the list; for, at least, I have turned my face towards that beautiful Golden Star of Truth, and caught the faintest glimpse of its magnificence and glory."

"But how do we know when we are serving God and when we are not?"

"My child, there are things that are heard only in silence; there is a voice that speaks, where there is none to speak."

"Ah, that reminds me of a day at the State Fair when there was a balloon ascension. When the balloon started to rise one of two little newsies who stood by me, suddenly exclaimed: 'Say, Johnnie! What makes a balloon go up and stay up, anyhow?' 'Oh,' said Johnnie, with an intellectual twist of his rugged head; 'it's caused by *various* causes; but the CHIEF cause is *caused* by some cause or other; and that's *really* the true cause why.'—You won't like me any more now, will you?"

"Did you ever like me?"

"Oh, yes,—when you were far, far away."

"Well, I'm going."

"Oh, no! Not yet."

"I must."

"P-l-e-a-s-e. Really, I didn't mean to. I'll,—I'll, be so

good; and, and s-w-e-e-t, if you will stay, just a little while longer. I thought you never got angry?"

"I am not angry, but I do not wish to waste time, for Nature will put it all down in the bill, and some day we shall have to settle up."

"But why should we worry about it now? Is it not time enough to prepare to swim when we reach the stream?"

"No. Because the laws of this Universe are such that all actions create evil as fire creates smoke; and just as damp, coarse, raw material produces dense black soot, which rises and rises, and spreads and spreads, until it seems to cover the earth; fine, light, dry material produces a pale blue vapor which is lost to sight but a few feet from the fire. This being true, we should aim to commit only those actions which will leave behind them the least amount of evil; in fact, we should never think a thought, speak a word or do an action that even suggests the opposite of Love, Purity, and Truth; and we should let our criticism be of the kind that seeks for the *Pearl* and not for the flaw."

"But you know we cannot all be saints. Why should we not have a good time while we can?"

"You are young yet, full of the warmth and vigor of spring; no storm has yet crossed your pathway to lift your thoughts to higher things; but some day the great social whirl will call a halt, and you will ask the oft repeated question, 'Whither am I drifting?' "

"Fudge! Why should I bother myself about a life hereafter?"

"Because there is one gate that every man passes through—none can turn aside—and those that do turn back for a while come face to face, a few moments later, with another wing of the same great portal,—and that gate has been miscalled 'Death.' "

"But didn't Jesus say He was going to prepare a palace for us in heaven?"

"He did, but——"

"Then why should I not leave it all to Him?"

"Because a palace with a jester upon the throne could not maintain its majesty for an hour."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, suppose you were to take a Red Indian out of his native woods and place him upon a throne, and——"

"Do you insinuate that I am no better than an Indian?"

"Gently. I am not insinuating at all; I am merely showing you that just as your wild Indian would have to go through a great deal of training and culture in order to fully understand the splendid glory of those marble halls, the majesty and power of his position; so must we ride rough-shod through many a battlefield if we would build into ourselves the capacity to receive and to understand the wonders of the heaven world."

"Oh! Then we are not all equal in heaven."

"It may be so. We have the ignorant and the wise on earth. 'As above, so below.'"

"I don't think I fully understand you."

"Well, you are a deep lover of music, and you invite a friend to go with you to a great concert—some one who cannot play a note, whose ear has not been trained to follow every quiver of bow or string. Now you will both have a very delightful time. Your friend will take the thing in as a whole. He will watch the gayly dressed crowd, and amuse himself by commenting on the stage settings, the costumes of the singers, or the songs that are sung, just as passing thoughts may strike him; but he will not become oblivious to all the gay surroundings, hearing and seeing naught but the sweetest of melodious sounds, as you will do. You will both enjoy yourselves immensely, but how differently. So it is in heaven. Each man brings his bowl, and it is filled to overflowing,—but some

bowls are large, and some are small."

"My! But there must be a lot of discontent and dissatisfaction."

"Not at all. It would be utterly impossible for a man to be jealous of his neighbor, who might happen to have a larger bowl, because he has received all the joy that he is capable of responding to, and could not possibly conceive of any of his friends as having received a larger supply, any more than your unmusical friend could realize that you obtained a great deal more from the concert than he did. He received all that he was capable of appreciating, but your studies had enabled you to comprehend much more; but he was totally unaware of this, and therefore perfectly happy. Thus has the All-wise, the All-loving Father provided for the different wants of his many children."

"Then in order to understand and know in heaven, it is necessary to learn much down here?"

"Yes, this is the seeding time, the blossom and fruit we shall reap later on; but whether that be bitter or sweet, depends upon what we sow. If our lives are filled with loving deeds, pure and clean, then great will be the harvest; but if we harbor cruel thoughts of hatred, distrust, and ill-will, then the harvest will be small."

"But, if, as you have often said, we were once divine, why did we lose our divinity and get so tangled up in matter?"

"We were once divine, but in the same sense as a great nebula is a solar system. After millions of years, and many different stages, this great ball of gas became a central sun, with many planets revolving round it, capable of sustaining and giving light and heat to many schemes of evolution. It was beautiful as a nebula, but useless. We were divine at first, having within us all the potentialities of the Father, but in order to become useful we had to become incarnate in gross matter."

"But *why* all this manifestation?"

"I do not know. Perhaps because God is Love, but love itself cannot be made perfect unless it has those upon whom it can be poured out, and by whom it can be returned; therefore, God, the Logos, may have poured some of His own matter down into lower matter, in order that from that, and out of that, might grow up others like unto Himself, upon whom that love might be poured forth, and by whom it might be returned, so that God Himself might become more perfect because we have come into being, and are growing up towards Divinity ourselves."

"Do you mean to say that we shall all become divine?"

"Yes, and only through our own efforts."

"But how shall we begin?"

"By learning to do all things well. It matters little whether we are sweeping the floor, washing the dishes, or preaching a sermon; but it does matter *how* the work is done. If we do the very best we can every day and under all circumstances, we are doing all that God asks or expects."

"Is that all?"

"No. It is not enough for us to do what our hands find to do, to the very best of our ability for duty's sake, but we must learn to love our work."

"How?"

"Well, have you ever seen two young people thoroughly in love, how they will be thinking of each other all day long, each earnestly striving to devise some means of giving pleasure to the other when next they meet? He, pondering over his books during the long office hours, will have her image constantly before him, and is longing for the weary moments to pass by that he may again be at her side. None the less is she thinking of him; and many a time during the day has she run up stairs to her own little den, where his picture stands on the mantle; how she has picked up the portrait and kissed those cold, dry

lips, returning to her work comforted and happy. Tired out, perhaps almost sick after a heavy day's work, she anxiously watches the hands of the clock as she waits for him. Ah! she knows his footstep on the walk. No need to ring the bell, she is there before he reaches the door. Where is the headache now? where that weary step? those heavy eyes and dark curves around the mouth? Gone. Yes, gone; vanished by a potion more powerful and sweeter than any Oriental art; the magic kiss of pure love. My child, if you would become a channel for the Love of God; if you would fit yourself to become a temple for the Divine; if you wish to be a fellow-worker with Him; then you must wait for Him; you must watch for Him; you must serve Him all day long, and you must *seek* Him every moment of your life, even as this poor girl waits and longs for her lover. And when you can lift the care-worn look from the face of the tired mother and weary shop girl by your mere presence, then you may know that you have at last become a little sun, to radiate the Light, and the Love, and the Peace of the Father.—Good-night.”

“Shall I see you to-morrow?”

“No. Did I not say I was going away?”

“Where?”

“To India.”

“To I-n-d-i-a. Why to India?”

“To hide myself in the Himalayas and study philosophy.”

“You will not stay long, will you?”

“Seven years.”

“Whatever will I do while you are gone?”

“Like me better.”

“Ah, your sarcasm may prove true. At least you will write?”

“I do not think my letters would be of any value.”

“Oh, yes, they will. The farther away the gem, you know, the less flaws we see in it.”

“Well, I will see.—Good-bye.”

II.

Gay gilded streaks of purple dawn
Were ushered on the wing of morn,
And Nature smiled, for Love was born.

"But tell me, dear, if we have been together for so many past lives; if we formed part of the great Aryan immigration across the Himalayas; if we chanted Sanskrit Vedas in that prehistoric world; if we were among the multitudes who stood entranced in Indian palmgroves, listening, 'mid all the glory of the tropical moonlight, to the golden words which flowed from the mouth of the grandest and greatest of earth's teachers, Siddartha Gautama, whom men call the Buddha; if we bowed before the orb of day, or venerated the sacred fire in ancient Persia, or read the star-lore of Chaldea; if we helped to build the pyramid, or to raise the stupendous temples, whose tremendous ruins tower above the land of Khem; if we had our part in the free, splendid open-air life of Greece, with all its keen delight in beauty and in liberty; if we marched in the serried ranks of Roman armies, with that magnificent reserve force of order and of discipline which made us easily the masters of the world; if, later still, we fought in armor in the Crusades, or sang vespers in medieval monasteries;—if all this be true, if I have this priceless wealth of experience behind me, where is the memory of it all, and why do I know nothing of it now?"

"Because in each incarnation we take upon ourselves a new physical body, and also a new astral and mental body. At the present stage of our evolution our memories are centered in the mental body, we remember with the mind; and our mind cannot remember a past birth because it has not had one, since it is a part of the new furniture which we have acquired for this present life. But the Soul, the true man, has had many births, and remembers them perfectly; and as soon as you can learn to focus your consciousness at that level, then you will have

the whole history of these past experiences spread out before you like an unrolled scroll.* Let us take the symbol of the wheel. Suppose the hub is the Soul, the real Self, and that the spokes represent each individual life. Now your consciousness is down at the end of one of these spokes, and therefore you can but look back over that particular line. But suppose you raise your consciousness to the hub then you may look down any individual life."

"But I wish I could remember now. Will you not show me the way?"

"Certainly, sweetheart, if you are willing to stand the test."

"What test?"

"Well, you must remember that you have but just reached the turning point; and you must not forget that during your long journey you have, through ignorance, contracted many debts, and that Nature has put down on the bill every evil thought, every cross word, every sinful deed, and these black spots must be erased from the mirror before you can see your own Soul in its true splendor and glory. Do you think you can stand the suffering and the pain?"

"With your help."

"All right. I shall be only too delighted to teach you, darling; but, in the meantime, shall we not weld together once more the *Broken Links*, as we have done so often in the past, and go on our way hand in hand?"

* * * * *

As those beautiful blue eyes met my earnest gaze in that quiet moonlight hour, they told—with a look softer than the softest hues of rose, more beautiful than the palest blushes of sunset or of dawn—far more than any words could express: they spoke of the long, long love; and that while the brain could not remember, the *Soul* had not forgotten.

*"Reincarnation." C. W. Leadbeater.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE RIGHTS OF GIRLS.

WHENEVER there are boys in a family it becomes a common theme between the father and mother as to what occupation in life the boys will follow. If the parents are wise they will try to find out something of the inclination of the child's mind, and, if the inclination is a good one, instead of trying to thwart it they will do all they can to cultivate it. Very often they have their own ideas as to what they want their boys to be, and any deviation from the course mapped out by them is resented almost as a personal injury. But in planning a future for their boys, parents are too often forgetful as to what is required of them for their girls.

In some parents' minds there is nothing more to be desired in relation to their girls than that they should be well married. They think that the chief duty of the boys is to attain to fame or distinction in professional or business life, but they seldom or ever have any such thought concerning their girls. They look at marriage as the chief end of a woman's life. It seems as though it might occur to them that not every woman gets married; that while opportunity may come to every woman in her life to get married, that opportunity is not enough in itself. There are requirements to be met in her ideals as to what a man should be that are too often found to be lacking in the man who would marry her. There are many other reasons, too, why she might prefer to remain single rather than marry.

Of course it is expected that if she marries her husband will support her, but how often it happens that the woman has to

support herself and sometimes even her husband and children. We may say it is the man's duty to support the woman, but how often men fail in their duties in life. Or again, she may be left with children and it becomes necessary for her to support them and herself.

We think that every girl should be given the same opportunity to be able to care for herself that any boy has. She may never use the knowledge she has acquired, yet she is better equipped because of such knowledge. If parents could see the necessity of having their daughters learn something which could be put to a practical use they would be much better off. It is not enough to have them go through the common or high schools, or even to acquire a college education, because we find that many who possess a college education do not seem to be capable of putting it to any practical use. A woman should be able to feel her own ability to support herself. With such feeling comes a higher regard for herself, a greater independence. As the years go by and she remains unmarried she will not deem it necessary as a means of existence to enter into the marriage relation unless the conditions are all that she should naturally expect. Neither should a woman enter into the marriage relation with that entire dependence on her husband that so many, out of their inability to think and to do, must of a necessity have. It is no more important that a girl should get married than that a boy should. It is no more important that a boy should have a profession or something that he can follow as a means of carrying through his whole life, than that a girl should. Work of some kind is a virtual necessity to all people.

It may be said that a girl will have enough work to do in looking after the affairs of her own household, and that that is her particular domain, therefore she should not enter into any other phase of life. She may possibly learn to sing, or play on the piano or some other musical instrument so as to enter-

tain her husband or friends, but anything that would tend to make her a benefactor to the ones outside of her domestic sphere should have no place in her life. That is the reasoning of the past, but it will not be in the future. The very equality which is bound up in the soul life of the sexes demand that the woman shall have the same right to unfold to all her inmost possibilities in order that she may live out her real life, and become a helpmate in every sense of the word to the man she has chosen as her companion through life. We talk about the inferiority of the woman's mind as compared with man; that she is not capable of thinking and reasoning and reaching logical conclusions. If she is not, then she is just what the present system and the systems of the past have made her. If her intellect has been curbed so that she could not use it how can we expect strength of mind? It is only through the use of the mind that it becomes strong, and the more women learn to use their mind the greater their mental strength will be. Parents should, therefore, see to it that every girl in the family has abundant opportunity to develop her own latent power, to give it practical expression in the world so that she can feel that she is a real necessity in the world, that she is no more dependent on others, than others are dependent on her. She must bring to life the spirit of independence and self-reliance wherein she is not afraid to think and to act for herself. There will be fewer false marriages, fewer broken hearts, fewer ruined lives when the same self-reliance enters into the woman's life that is now to be found in the life of man. She will follow the dictates of her heart rather than the dictates of convenience as too often occurs when entering into the marriage state. She will see that it is not necessary to have someone to support her when she is abundantly able to do it for herself. Far greater respect, too, will be engendered in the minds of men. Some may think it will take away from the chivalry of life. Better that it should

do so than men should lose respect for women. In the most flowery days of chivalry there was not the same degree of respect for women as there is at the present time when she is showing herself to be the equal of man in many avenues of life. Idle sentiment that brings no good with it is of little use to anyone.

A woman has the same right to express herself as a man has ; and expression comes through a creative force being used to its fullest capacity. It is using this force for her own good and for the good of others that is going to make her stronger and better. It is through using her mind to its fullest capacity that she is going to be able to see clearly how to direct other lives. The more she knows of the world and the ways of the world, the better she will be able to show her children the right course to follow in life. It is not through depriving women of the power to develop their intelligence that the world is going to be made better, but by giving them every opportunity to rise to a higher plane of being, and with such development will come a new life for both men and women, for the man is retarded just as much by the woman's lack of development as she is.

In the education of girls there must be something other than that which is purely theoretical taught them. There must be some means whereby they can gain a knowledge of what might be termed the more practical side of life. It makes no difference whether they are the children of poor or rich parents. Every girl should have the opportunity to fit her life for some practical purpose.

The inclinations and desires of girls should be studied as carefully as parents study the same traits in boys, so that each one may find something that she is particularly adapted to. Doubtless with every individual there is some one thing that they can do better than anything else ; some one thing that they

can enter into with greater satisfaction and pleasure than anything else. We know that it is only as we put both thought and heart into what we do that we make the greatest successes in life, so, therefore, let the girls have to a degree their own way in selecting something that they feel they are going to like and do well. When once they have learned to do one thing in a thorough way it will be very much easier for them to take up other things and do them equally well. Parents should impress the thought on the minds of their children that the things they learn in life are not alone for their own benefit but also for the benefit of the world at large; that what they acquire is just so much capital that is to be used for the good of others; that the real way to acquire true understanding is through imparting it, and that the more they impart to others of whatever they have, the more will come into their own lives. Through the giving comes the receiving and the giving must always be done in a thoroughly intelligent way. A girl should not study music for her own pleasure or even for the pleasure of her own immediate family, but that she may impart both happiness and knowledge whenever the demand is made on her.

There are many people in the world proficient in certain things but not proficient in the power of teaching others. With proficiency in any department in life should also come the power to impart that knowledge. Impress upon the mind that it is not enough to know for one's self, but that in knowing for the self we should know for others and we can only know for them as we are able to give from our own minds or from our own work so that others can know and do the same as we do through such knowledge.

One of the greatest tests of character in life is the power to give. The receiving comes in turn through the giving, and as we give so shall we receive. Many girls endowed with splendid theoretical educations would starve in the world because of

their inability to impart their acquired knowledge to others; where others possessed of but little knowledge yet knowing how to give it to others would make a success in life. The ideal and the practical in life must go hand in hand. The thorough-going idealist who is at the same time thoroughly practical will make the greatest success in life, so parents should never try to separate the one from the other, rather should they try to feel the importance of giving their children the highest, the most beautiful ideals in life, but they should teach them at the same time that only as these ideals find complete expression in the world in which they live are they of any value to themselves or to others. Every inner condition must find outer expression.

At an early age in life certain traits and tendencies can be discovered in children. These things in turn may point, to a degree, to what the child will be best adapted for in after life. Sometimes a girl who would make a very good dressmaker or milliner has her life so interfered with by her parents that she makes a very poor musician or artist.

The minds of many girls are so injured in early life by cramming processes of education that consist of a multitude of theories without having any practical application, that the real development of life is so interfered with that they never amount to anything in the world. If they had less theory and more practical applications of the theories, they might accomplish much. Education is not the chief end of man, but rather that each individual shall have the opportunity to develop all the latent faculties of soul and mind and through doing this strengthen and perfect their own bodies. It is not what is crammed into one's mind that develops the character, but rather that which is called out. The individual contains within himself potentially every power and possibility of life, and so the

aim of education should ever be to call out the latent understanding.



THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF THE NEW THOUGHT AT OSCAWANA-ON-HUDSON.

PROGRAM OF THE THIRD ANNUAL SESSION.

Tuesday, June 28th—Opening Day—Charles Brodie Patterson, Ralph Waldo Trine, Eugene Del Mar.

Thursday, June 30th—The Significance of Right Breathing—Mlle. Marie de Palkowska.

Friday, July 1st—As You Like It—Joseph Adelman—At 8 P.M.

Saturday, July 2d—Musical at 8 P.M.

Sunday, July 3d—The Force of Right Thinking vs. The Force of Heredity—Rev. Henry Frank.

Monday, July 4th—(Subject to Be Announced)—Bolton Hall.

Tuesday, July 5th—Is There Method in Singing?—Miss Ella Powell.

Wednesday, July 6th—Life on Wings—Isabel Goodhue.

Thursday, July 7th—The Philosophy of Symbolism—Mme. Gertrude de Bielski.

Friday, July 8th—Life: Its Purpose and Object—Mrs. Margaretta Gray Bothwell.

Saturday, July 9th—Musical at 8 P.M.

Sunday, July 10th—An Introductory Lecture on the Scope of Philosophy—Louis K. Anspacher, Ph.D.

Monday, July 11th—The Interpretation of Letters, Numbers and Colors—Mrs. C. E. C. Norris.

Tuesday, July 12th—The History and Philosophy of Art (Illustrated)—Francesca Del Mar.

Wednesday, July 13th—The Law of Growth—Eugene Del Mar.

Thursday, July 14th—Sound Waves—James E. Homans, A.M.

Friday, July 15th—Peace Day—War and Woman's Work—Harriet Stanton Blatch.

Saturday, July 16th; Sunday, July 17th—New Thought Days—Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D.; Mrs. Harnett, and Members of the Executive Committee of the New Thought Federation.

Monday, July 18th—Arts and Crafts for Women—Harriet Stanton Blatch.

Wednesday, July 20th—The Spiritual Significance of the Lord's Prayer—H. Bradley Jeffery.

Thursday, July 21st—(Subject to Be Announced)—William Bosworth.

Friday, July 22d—The Tempest (under the trees)—Joseph Adelman.

Saturday, July 23d—Musical at 8 P.M.

Sunday, July 24th—The Problem of the Races—Rev. Adolph Roeder.

Thursday, July 28th—Musical Healing—Miss Eva A. Vesceius, President of the Society of Musical Therapeutics.

Saturday, July 30th—Musical at 8 P.M.

Sunday, July 31st—Resistance and Non-Resistance—Charles Brodie Patterson.

Tuesday, August 2d—The Organic Brain—Margaret S. Organ.

Thursday, August 4th—Thoughts on Whitman and Kipling, with Musical Illustrations—Arnold C. Stephens, M.A., Barrister-at-Law.

Saturday, August 6th—Musical at 8 P.M.

Sunday, August 7th—Psychical Research—James Hyslop, Ph.D.

Thursday, August 11th—Work of the Sunshine Society—Mrs. Jane Pierce, President of the New York Tribune Sunshine Society.

Saturday, August 13th—Musical at 8 P.M.

Sunday, August 14th—(Subject to Be Announced)—Edwin Markham.

Tuesday, August 16th—The Eternal Law of Cause and Effect—Mrs. Josephine Verlage.

Wednesday, August 17th—The George Junior Republic—William R. George.

Thursday, August 18th—Child Culture—Miss E. S. Hodges.

Friday, August 19th—Responsive Identity and the Magic Reciprocals—Clark Bell, LL.D., President of the Medico-Legal Society.

Saturday, August 20th—Musical at 8 P.M.

Sunday, August 21st—(Subject to Be Announced)—Mr. J. A. Edgerton.

Monday, August 22d—Phrenology and the New Thought—Walter N. Weston.

Tuesday, August 23d—Healing—Miss Georgina I. S. Andrews, President of the Noon-Day Club.

Thursday, August 25th—The Ruskin Idea—George McA. Miller, Ph.D., President of the Ruskin University.

Saturday, August 27th—Musical at 8 P.M.

Sunday, August 28th—Parsifal—Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D.

Wednesday, August 31st—(Subject to Be Announced)—Charles Brodie Patterson.

Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, Editor of *Outlook*, will speak some time in August. Date and subject to be announced later.

All lectures, unless otherwise announced, will begin at 3.30 P.M.

MORNING TALKS AND MEDITATIONS.

Devotional exercises will be conducted during the session of the Summer School, under the leadership of the following persons: Mrs. Margaretta Gray Bothwell, Mr. H. Bradley Jeffery, Mrs. Sarah A. Clemons, Miss Eva I. Fulton, Mr. Eugene Del Mar, Mrs. Josephine Verlage, Mrs. C. Temple Emmet, Mr. Charles Brodie Patterson, and others.

SPECIAL COURSES.

Classes for instruction in Piano, Violin, Voice Production and Tone Placing will be a feature of the Summer School this year, and for this department most competent teachers have been secured, assuring the students of the most advanced methods and the best of modern ideas in teaching.

For the Saturday evening musicales, which were such a great success last year, many artists have been secured. Among them are the following: Clarence de Vaux-Royer, Violinist; Miss Cornelia Dyas, Pianiste; Mrs. C. F. Dyas-Standish, Soprano; Miss May Wills, Pianiste; Miss Elsie W. Parke, Soprano; Miss Laura M. Patterson, Pianiste; Miss Ella Powell, Mezzo Soprano; Miss Lena Von Cammerer, Pianiste; Mr. John Perry Boruff, Baritone; Mr. Charles Edmund Wark, Pianist; Mrs. Charles Edmund Wark, Violiniste; Miss Margarete S. Viohl, Contralto; Mrs. Elizabeth Homans, Accompanist; Mrs. Anita Hendricks-Spence, Elocutionist, and many others whose names will be announced later.

Classes in Nature Study will be conducted by Miss Isabel Goodhue, of New York City, who has been lecturing on Birds and Bird Music on the New York Board of Education lecture course during the Winter and Spring, and on other courses in

the city and vicinity. Especial attention will be given to the identity of our common birds and their songs.

Mr. Eugene Del Mar will give a course of ten lessons on "The Philosophy of Life."

A course of lectures on "Tone Production and the Psychology of Singing" will be given at the Summer School by Miss Ella Powell.

A class in Wood Carving and Applied Design will be conducted by Haswell Clarke Jeffery, who successfully conducted a similar class last year.

Mr. Joseph Adelman will be at Oscawana and will conduct classes in Dramatic Expression. He will also give a series of readings from the works of Shakespeare and other great dramatists.

During the latter part of July and the first part of August, Rev. Adolph Roeder will give two courses of lectures, one on "Race Psychology" and the other "Book Talks."

Mrs. Margaretta Gray Bothwell will give a course of lessons during July and August on "Living the Life." This course is divided into two parts; the first "The Theory," the second "The Practise," each part consisting of eight lessons.

A course of lectures on "The Symbology of the Heavens" will be given by Mme. Gertrude de Bielski. This course will comprise six lectures.

Mrs. Josephine Verlage, of New York, will be in Oscawana the latter part of August to give a course of lessons in "Science of Being" (Ursula N. Gestefeld's System).

Francesca Del Mar will give a series of talks at Oscawana on the "History and Philosophy of Art" (Illustrated). An introductory talk and also course of six or more lessons.

Mrs. C. E. C. Norris will give a series of lectures on "Mental and Physical Poise."

A course of about fifteen lectures on Greek Philosophy will be given by Louis Kaufman Anspacher, Ph.D.

Through the months of July and August Mlle. Marie de Palkowska, of New York City, will give individual instruction in mental and physical poise through diaphragmatic breathing and scientific physical exercises. Lessons will be given in the open air. Special course for teachers.

For programs, circulars, prices of instruction and other information, address

SUMMER SCHOOL OF THE NEW THOUGHT,
Oscawana-on-Hudson, New York.



The meeting called by the Noon-Day Club to consider the formation of a local New Thought Federation in New York City took place on May 23d, and was attended by many of those prominent in the movement. Charles Brodie Patterson acted as Chairman and R. C. Douglass as Secretary. After careful consideration and considerable discussion the following resolution was adopted unanimously:

“Resolved:—That The New Thought Federation of New York City be formed for the purpose of developing the consciousness of unity and the manifestation of this consciousness in coöperation among those interested in the New Thought; Resolved:—Further that the Chairman appoint a committee, at his deliberation, to consider the details of the formation of such local federation and report the same at a meeting to be called by said committee, at such date as said committee may determine, but that the name ‘New Thought Federation’ be accepted tentatively, the final acceptance of a name to be determined by ballot when the organization is formed.”

The Chairman appointed the following committee: Eugene Del Mar, Georgina I. S. Andrews, Paul Tyner, Louise K. Har-

nett, Margaretta G. Bothwell, Helen Van-Anderson, J. A. Edgerton; C. B. Patterson and R. C. Douglass being *ex officio* members of the committee. All who are interested and desire to be informed of future meetings are requested to send their names and addresses to R. C. Douglass, 54 West 37th Street, New York City.



Through an error in proof reading last month we made Mr. Henry Wood say, on page 562, line 24, "dealing with the phenominal instead of the *nominal*," instead of "dealing with the phenominal instead of the *noumenal*."



ONE IN TWO.

The heart is one,
The drift is two,
Yet never's far
From me to you.

The spirits' twain
Yet, still is vain
To reckon loss
Where all is gain.

The notes though two,
The chord is one—
Two lives conjoined
One race to run.
One race—and then?
At last the goal,
We two one with
The Oversoul.

CHARLES K. WHEELER.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER.

FOR THE PARENTS.

"Improvement in environment means the purification of heritage."

.....

When we see the flower-seeds wafted
From the nurturing mother-tree,
Tell we can, wherever planted,
What the harvesting will be ;
Never from the blasting thistle
Was there gathered golden grain ;
Thus the seal the child receiveth
From its mother will remain.

—*Mrs. S. J. Hale.*

.....

THE OVERCOMING INFLUENCE.

For years there has been more or less discussion of the subjects of heredity and environment as determining factors in the life and growth of the individual. On the one hand, what the parents, the grandparents, or the preceding ancestry have been, foreshadows what the new child must be, and many believe that the offspring is placed by fate at the mercy of a fixed inheritance. It may be ruled by one or all of its progeni-

tors, in which latter case the child is, indeed, a mystery of a thousand different ideas and actions battling with each other, where only time can tell the result. The inherent idea may be good; it may be bad; it may be for health or disease: who is to change it?

On the other hand, there are those who charge environment with the chief responsibility of molding the child into its life-purpose. Give it a weak constitution and vigorous surroundings, and it will become strong. Give it poverty, where poverty has always been, and the idea of poverty will be assimilated. Give it riches, and it will tend to idleness, as the presence of desired conditions tend to withdraw or weaken purposes to attain. Give it a normal atmosphere, and it will respond with high aims. Give it degrading or unnecessary filth of mind or body, and it will respond by an increasing animal and vicious nature.

But in everything there are greater or lesser variations. The country boy may look to the city, though his ancestors have invariably been farmers. The son of a mechanic may wish to become a lawyer. The daughter of a dressmaker may wish to become a musician. The clergyman's son may prove an habitual licentiate, despite his early home training, or the fact that his ancestors have been ministers or pious men for twelve generations into history. The degrading strain has been present in every bud, only now to have blossomed, or the boy has been misled by associates. The drunkard's son may turn out a temperance reformer, though a tendency to strong drink has been manifested in the family since the days of the Mayflower.

In the days of early civilization, the son almost invariably followed the occupation of his father. To deviate was a deadly and unnatural sin. In the modern complexity of life such unvarying heredity is impossible. Yet heredity and environment

are factors in the determination of life which can not be overlooked.

Now, granted that impressions are naturally so powerful—that matter will communicate itself to matter; that mind will create changes in anything over which it assumes control (and we see evidences of such control on every hand)—why not realize that both heredity and environment may be overcome by applying a judicious mental effort?

Can not the hypnotist change the dull or perverted mental attitude of the patient by driving out what he already possesses and substituting bright and moral thoughts in their place? Can you not so impress a child with the horror of anything that he will ever after shudder at mention of it? Have not priests in former days gained such control over even refractory children by mental torments, that ever after they have obeyed as if they had no wills of their own? Does not a pleasant prospect make you smiling and cheerful? Does not the grand in Nature naturally create awe in you? Can not many a person drive from you your “fit of blues” by the color of his mental sunshine?

“I saw Johnny laughing, and it made me laugh,” admitted a little girl who had been scolded for merriment in school.

Can not you become inspired by hearing or seeing or reading inspiring things? Why, on the other hand, I can worry myself into a fit of melancholy by thinking up all the bugbears about which I might worry, if I set out to do so. In days of war, a fighting spirit goes over the land. In days of a fear of the supernatural, superstition and witchcraft have abounded. Young girls, whose minds have been bathed in the belief in witches, have admitted themselves to be such.

In the scheming, delusive days of the South Sea Bubble, all England went mad to invest money in such ridiculous ideas as the “making of deal-boards out of sawdust,” the production

of silver from lead, or the transmuting of base metals into gold. That was but the madness of crowds, due to an all-absorbing idea. The scientist, in his one side of existence, is absorbed to the exclusion of the other business and social affairs of life. By constant kindness, and thoughts of kindness, the mother has made kind and thoughtful the child. Mind is king over matter in every plastic stage.

Then, mothers, why not plant in the forming mind of your unborn child the thought-seed of those traits which you wish it to assume—attract toward it the kind of soul which you wish it to bear? There lives no prospective mother worthy of maternity whose thoughts are not with her babe. The mother of Napoleon, by visiting and contemplating the battlegrounds of Europe, ere his birth, impressed the future commander with his intense military genius. The thought or act which takes greatest possession of the mother-to-be, either for a period of time or for a single impressive moment, is sure to stamp itself upon the body or soul of the new individual.

If that wicked woman who peopled the world with generations of crime mongers, had been pure and faithful, the lives of thousands and thousands, even outside her descendants, would have been made sweeter, and the saving of millions of government dollars would have been secured. For discord attracts discord, and even reacts upon harmony; while the reverse is as certainly true, though more intensely a truth.

Physical and mental birthmarks are everywhere abundant, attesting to the supreme law of parental responsibility. Moments of mother fear and danger appear unexpectedly in the child. The mother of Holmes's "Elsie Venner" gave the hideous taint of the rattlesnake to her daughter. A little girl I know has a tiny raspberry mark on her finger which comes out prominently with the appearance of the berry in its season. At such times her appetite for it is uncontrollable. The mother,

in the fetus days, had an inordinate craving for raspberries, and that hunger was not satisfied. And if mind may so far assert its control as to mark the physical body, what may not its influence be on a dormant and plastic soul?—a highest and most solemn thought?

Before I was born my mother, who is very fond of music, was once drawn from her organ by the chiding words of another woman who disliked music, and who said, severely: "Music never will maintain you."

In consequence, my mother, naturally sensitive, and then in the most sensitive period of her life, spent days of grieving. And I was born with a dislike and fear of organ music, and a feeling of sadness at sound of it—conditions which well nigh threw me into a panic, whenever the instrument was played, in my childhood days.

Mothers, in all things within your power to control, in those weeks and months, realize your responsibility. Fathers, be kind and loving to your wives. Curb every mental attitude toward anger or any other unhealthy passion. Mothers, nitrogenous foods will create tendencies toward the bodily purity of the babe, as well as to the soundness of its bones and teeth. Create for it a sound body and oblige it to draw to itself a sound soul. For, if I, or any other person, can make his fingers glow with great heat by mere force of thought for ten or fifteen minutes, what will not hours and hours of your own thought do to your offspring? With all your heart and with all your soul, think of the naturally good and pure and strong and happy things of life. Think them upon that budding, bubbling bit of humanity.

As a man thinks, so is he, applies to his habitual thinking. Like attracts like; and he who constantly thinks himself a success at anything which he desires, cannot become a failure.

Many are the cases where strong thinkers have thought sick men well without the uttering of a word.

During the space of but one minute I recently impressed upon the waking mind of a girl, who had been sleepless with nervous prostration, that she should sleep the next night soundly until exactly seven o'clock in the morning, no later. She afterwards informed me that the clock was striking seven when she awoke. How much more, then, can the mother mould her offspring as she will! She is **THE POWER** behind the throne; the force that can thwart any evil designs which may have accumulated of a long root of heredity. She it is who can say, as a command which the forces developing her child must obey:

"My child, you are of the All-Power, the All-Purity, the All-Love, the All-Knowledge, the All-Peace, the All-Success. May God be with you, as I think you, with a strong will power of your own, looking ever toward the high and the noble in physical and mental life."

WILLIS EDWIN HURD.

It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world; and I value this delicious home feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow.—*Washington Irving*.

Home is the sphere of harmony and peace,
The spot where angels find a resting-place,
When bearing blessings they descend to earth.

—*Mrs. S. J. Hale.*

High, healthful, pure thinking can be encouraged, promoted, and strengthened. Its current can be turned upon grand ideals until it forms a habit and wears a channel.

—*Henry Wood.*

FOR THE CHILDREN.

AN ALPHABET POEM.

A is for Anger, a thing we should shun;
B is for Badness, or Anger let run;
C is for Crime, for which prisons are made,
D is for Death, of which Crime is afraid;
E is for Evil—the deeds that are wrong,
F is for Fear, which to Sin doth belong;
G is for God, to whose Love we should turn,
H is for Heaven—the road we should learn;
I is for Illness and Ignorance, too,
J is for Joy, when God's Love has cured *you*;
K is for Killing—a thing never right—
L is for Love, that protects you by night;
M is for Mind, with its Wisdom and Power,
N is for Now, which is Life's dearest hour;
O is for Old, which you some day will be,
P is for Peace, which the righteous shall see;
Q is for Queer, which this poem may seem—
R is for Reason, that governs my theme;
S is for Soul, and for Strength, which will save,
T is for Truth, which is loved by the brave;
U is for Unity—some day you'll know—
V is for Virtue, whence blessings shall flow;
W is Wisdom, to guide you in doubt,
X is a letter I'll have to leave out;
Y is for You, and 'tis also for Youth,
Z is for Zion—found only by Truth.

T. SHELLEY SUTTON.

A LESSON FOR EACH WEEK IN THE MONTH.

LESSON XVII.

I have learned that the force called *mind* can take on any rate of motion, and that mind controls the body's actions and feelings. I know that by the use of my will I can make my mind harmonious or inharmonious; that I can change anger into gentleness, sorrow into happiness, and that when I make my thoughts pure and good and sweet, I am letting the light of the Spirit shine throughout me and direct me.

But my will affects not only my deeds and thoughts; it affects other people's actions and thoughts.

The Bible tells us that a "soft answer turneth away wrath." That is because the vibration of love, which is harmony, is stronger than the vibration of anger, which is inharmony.

If one of my playmates gets angry at me and calls me names, those angry vibrations disturb my vibrations, and, at first, perhaps, I am tempted to call my friend unpleasant names, too. But, if I control that feeling and try to keep my vibrations in tune and think only kind thoughts of my playmate, pretty soon the pleasant vibrations shine out of my eyes, and in my voice, and they begin to turn into tune *his* vibrations, also. Very soon he stops saying unkind things to me, and is ashamed to think that he was angry at me.

Is not this a wonderful power? Any one of us can, by practise, send out such strong vibrations of harmony that we can change in others their thoughts of anger to thoughts of peace and love.

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

LESSON XVIII.

Sometimes I am disappointed because it rains and spoils some out-of-door pleasure I had planned; or I may want to read a fairy story when I have a lesson to learn; or my mother asks me to go on an errand when I want to play.

At such times I become unhappy because I cannot do what I most wish to do, and I feel that it is hard that I cannot have things just the way I want them. So, perhaps I scowl and look unhappy and speak crossly, and make my dear mother and others uncomfortable, because I am so out of tune.

Now, is it really necessary for me to be unhappy? Not at all! I can be just as joyous on a rainy day as on a sunny day; just as happy working at my lessons as if I were reading a story; happier doing something for others than for myself. The only difference between being happy and unhappy is having my mind in tune or out of tune, and I know I can do with my mind exactly what I want to, and have pleasant or unpleasant thoughts. It may be a little hard to control them at first, but practise will make me able to be contented no matter what may happen to upset my plans. I must never forget that when I allow myself to be unhappy I am making those about me uncomfortable, and thus I am selfish. Therefore, it is my duty to be cheerful under all circumstances.

LESSON XIX.

If God is Love and Light and I am a child of God, why do my vibrations ever get out of tune? Why do I not always want to do the right thing, and why do pain and sorrow and unhappiness come to me?

It is because if I did not have inharmony to overcome I would not grow. If I never knew sorrow, joy would mean very little to me. If I never suffer I will not know the blessed-

ness of freedom from pain. If I did not have anger, discontent, and other unpleasant things to conquer, I would not be strong. I would have nothing to make me develop.

It is the *overcoming* that makes me understand that I am Spirit.

Therefore, when sorrow, pain or vexations come to me, I will thank God for these means of growth, and go to work to overcome them.

If I had nothing to overcome, there would be no reason for my being upon this earth. I do not know why I am here, but God knows, and all that need concern me is to do every day the duties set before me, and to live up to the best within me. I am sure that that is all that God requires of me.

LESSON XX.

There is one thing that is very plain to me: We are all parts of one another. What one of us does has its influence on all. Not only my words and deeds, but my unspoken thoughts affect others, because thought is vibration or motion, and motion travels.

I cannot *see* my thoughts any more than I can see words that are flying over the telephone wires; but both are vibration.

By my silent thoughts I can make about me such an atmosphere of harmony or inharmony that those about me will feel either better or worse because of me. How plainly it is my duty, then, to surround myself with such an atmosphere that I can be of benefit to others rather than a harm to them.



AN IDEAL DAY.

Oo-oo-oo!—was there ever such a day! The tender green of the new leaves and grass, the purple of the wood violets, the glowing yellow dandelion—that little bit of earth im-

prisoned sunshine—the deep blue of the sky, the perfume-laden breeze, the steady hum of newly-awakened insect-life, the tiny frogs with their trilling treble—with every now and then the fog-horn note of some lordly bull-frog as he plunged into the gurgling, twisting, restless stream. What a day! What a lovely day! For work? Oh, no! For thought? study? You begin to feel yourself a culprit, for you have to say, No. The day, for you, is just to *be*—to live—to enjoy.

The country road winds in and out like a great yellow ribbon. On its sides are deep ruts, made by heavy wagons as they passed through the mud of the winter; but the center is smooth where the horses and mules have beaten out a path over which to carry their burdens.

As I wander along, dreaming, a tiny voice seems to whisper to me: Can it be a wood-fairy?

“Yes,” chirps the voice, “it is a joy just to live; and if you would stop trying to appear great and just let the trees, the birds, and flowers talk to you, you would grow wise.”

Seated on the sweet-smelling earth, leaning for support against an old, old oak, I listened; and these were the stories as they were told to me by the Fairy of the Subtle Influence in the Air, the Glistening Little Raindrop, and the Strange Muffled Voice from the Heart of the Moss-grown Stone.

THE STORY OF THE FAIRY OF THE SUBTLE INFLUENCE IN THE AIR.

“Ages and ages ago, there was an immense lake where now the trees are growing. There, miles upon miles of bright water reflected the blue sky in the day or lay quite still at night so the stars might lose themselves in its cold depths. All was barren, though; for a Hostile Wind had made his home through all this part of the country and the only thing to be seen except the water was a small island.

"Good Influences from other places had come, but the Hostile Wind always met and turned them back, quite chilled and feeble. Then came, one evening, right from the glowing heart of the setting sun, a mighty bird. His wide-stretched snowy wings felt no fatigue in their silent flight across continents, for he was the herald of happy thoughts, and in his great beak he carried a lotus flower.

"Now, the Hostile Wind, for the first time, felt his much-wanted courage forsaking him. He had, at last, encountered something stronger than himself.

"The beautiful white bird could not see any place in which to trust his precious flower; so, after resting a moment on the small island, he rose, and floated on to the East; but the perfume of the lotus flower remained.

"An earthquake came and the lake was drained; the Hostile Wind went to find a more congenial home; but there was no place for him. Forever he goes—East, West, North, South; but no land gives him welcome and only in the hearts of the angry or morose does he find his home.

"The little island clung so closely to the footprint of the bird that by-and-by its grip turned to stone, and, if you will look down there by your side you will see the mark—there is no mistaking it—and who can doubt the lotus-laden air? For who can think unpleasant thoughts when earth is so fair and sweet?"

"But," I asked fearfully, "will I always remember?"

"Yes, always; for the perfume of happy thoughts never dies and this is the secret of the Subtle Influence of the Air."

THE GLISTENING LITTLE RAIN DROP.

All the time the Fairy of the Air had been whispering her secret, the Glistening little Rain Drop, which had buried herself away down in the heart of an opening leaf, glimmered and

reflected, first, the sky, and then the green of her resting place; and she appeared so thoroughly contented that any one would recognize at first glance the Subtle Influence of the Air. As I turned to the tiny rain drop, she said, with the merriest twinkle imaginable:

"Oh, I can read *your* thoughts; but, if you could just have seen *me* long ago, you would have wanted to run away from me. I don't know how I first started, but I came from the bosom of the lake. I did not know much of life, and when that terrible thunder came and the earth shook, I was so startled that I just bubbled up; and then I was muddy. How I wished I could dry up and be no more!

"Now, there is a peculiar thing about wishes—possibly you know, though. If you desire anything very much, and just put your whole heart into looking for it, you have what you want. So, be careful for what you wish.

"Well, as I was saying, then I was wishing I could dry up and be no more. I didn't know then that I couldn't cease; for even a small drop of water must keep on *being*.

"My wish was answered. The spot where I had been became dryer and dryer, and, oh, joy! I turned into a fine thin mist, so light, so fairylike! Up, up, I went through the lotus-perfumed air. Thousands of other raindrops were around me. How we played hide-and-seek with one another! The great Sun warmed us. Such were our numbers, and so daintily we moved about in our play, that we must have looked like some great fleecy cloud.

"Just as we were having the finest time yet—ouf! there came the Hostile Wind on his way to the North. He whirled us in his icy grip and tossed us up, up, where the Air was so thin and cold we simply crystallized from sheer fright. But there was no rest; on we went, so high and so fast, we knew not whither, only North, always North.

"After days of this, the good Sun took pity on us and smiled, and at once we commenced falling, falling, ever so softly; and when we at last reached the Earth, she had turned her back on our friend, the Sun, and it was night.

"There we lay, so still and white, for a long time. We had fallen in the country among some fragrant pine trees. Since then I have known what it is to be snow in the city where you are shoveled and trampled.

"I have noticed one thing: If you are sorry and just melt a little for having done wrong, immediately you get a chance to be mist again.

"Oh, I have been through it all—snow, hail, angry rain that beat down the young and tender grain, white, cloudy fog from the heart of the river, gentle rain all perfumed with good intentions; and here I am, now, hiding myself as well as I can until this little leaf gets a start."

"Is that all you have to tell me?" said I, rather disappointed.

"Oh," replied the little Raindrop, "I could talk for days; but can't you feel the sun calling me? Just be careful for what you wish. It's lovely to be mist, but there's danger of being snow. No doubt, snow is good in its way, but it isn't nice to be trampled."

The Raindrop sighed a little, for she left the leaf quite moist; and then I closed my eyes and thought of the many good deeds of this little drop of water—and the reward of the mist.

FROM THE HEART OF THE MOSS-GROWN STONE.

"Hear my story," said a deep voice that was something like a friendly growl, which I knew was the Voice from the Heart of the Moss-grown Stone.

"First, let me thank you for not tearing the moss from my sides; you children of men are very heartless. Just let a tiny

flower nod a cheerful welcome, and, *zip!* it is broken simply to be thrown away; for wild flowers die quickly. You see some fresh moss, all soft and feathery, and you give a scream, like a war-whoop, and go to tearing it away from the stones and the roots of the ferns, and then you senselessly wonder why the one is so bare and the other wilts and perishes."

"Evidently," thought I, "I'm in for a scolding for some of my past sins of thoughtlessly destroying flower life;" for the Stone mumbled and grumbled in a most threatening manner. But he thought better of it, and commenced telling me things which made me think, a sort of "Sermon in stone."

"Centuries ago, when the earth was new, I belonged to that tall ledge of rock just back of us. I suppose, first, I was part of the Island where the Great Bird rested; but I was then in a soft muddy state with not much mind.

"Years passed, each leaving its mark in more beauty—a tangle of soft greens and many-colored blossoms. One day, out of the forest leaped an enormous stag. He paused a moment on our ledge of rock, looked about him and then made swiftly for the spring you see over there by the roadside. In his jump I was loosened, and, falling, I was left dazed at the roots of the tree where you are sitting. My! what a wrench it was for I had been growing on the ledge so long. But, as I came to look around me, I felt that the fall had been good, after all; for there I was still alive and in the loveliest bed of violets, that had a way of trying to cover me with their purple.

"The road yonder was built; stones from all around were selected for this highway. Only I was left.

"Now, I admit that the other stones complained of being hot and dusty; but they also gossiped at night of what had passed during the day, and, every now and then the Little Glistening Rain Drop would come with a whole troupe of her playmates and moisten things up considerably. How envious

I was that my brothers were growing wise in worldly lore and I knew next to nothing!

"Suddenly, fate, in the form of a man who wanted to 'scotch' his wheel while his horses drank, found me; and when the wagon was again moved, I managed to be thrown quite in the middle of the road. How proud I felt! My brothers were all on the sides.

"The stars came out, and bright meteors flung glowing stones at the earth. Then the soft gentle gray of the morning wakened the travelers, and soon I, too, was hearing wonderful tales; but I was knocked around most unnecessarily.

"There came more wagons and I was thrown this way and that—kicked by the men—trodden on by the horses—cursed and reviled—I, who had been the companion of the violets. After days spent in this way, a woman passed, and saying something about clearing the road, she picked me up and threw me here. I was so hurt and stunned, I did not know much until this kind moss had nearly covered my scarred sides; but I had learned my lesson, I can tell you."

"Which is—" I asked.

"That Nature knows best where we should be, and if we will give her a chance we will not need the moss to hide the scars."

A little chipmunk, his brown habit shining softly as he crossed the yellow road, drank at the spring, gave me a most knowing wink, and tried to tempt me to stay by promises of a *real* story of the woods.

HARRIETTE E. WRIGHT.



It is one thing to be tempted, another thing to fall.—*Shakspeare*.



THE greatest events of an age are its best thoughts.—*Bovee*.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDENTS OF PSYCHOLOGY.

By Anita Trueman. Price \$1.00. 110 pages. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, 57 Rose Street, New York City.

The many readers and students of Miss Anita Trueman will be pleased to know that she has, through her publishers, Ogilvie & Company, recently issued a new book called "Suggestions for Students of Psychology." The author of this book makes clear in her own way her methods of right living. For instance, we quote from page eighty-eight, which gives some idea of the general trend of the book:

"The desire for life, expression, freedom and happiness, is universal. Therefore it is our duty to exert our power in such a manner as will contribute most to the conditions which will satisfy these desires, for all.

"In our personal relationships with human beings we expect each other to fulfill the agreements involved in these relationships. It is therefore our duty, in any personal relationship, to fulfill the agreement made in entering or maintaining it.

"The perplexing moral problems which often confront us arise from the fact that we have made conflicting agreements. We drift into many relationships without realizing what obligations are involved in them.

"It is our duty, then, to study every relationship into which we enter, that we may understand its nature, and make only such agreements as will harmonize with our ideals and present obligations."

The book is nicely gotten up and will repay a careful reading.

THE LARGER LIFE. By Sheridan Ford. 96 pages. Published by Geo. E. Croscup & Co., New York.

This is a poem which deals with the social and economic conditions of our times wherein the author seeks to show that it is only through a recognition of the unity of life that the world

can hope to attain its highest ideal. The two following verses will give some idea of the style and thought of the book :

"The unrelated are but bonden slaves :
Only the bond are free.
Life floods with freedom the minds that live
The Law of Unity.
One God, and one law, and one rounded whole,
Compel the sure success
That makes the problem of the whirling world
Perplex poor mortals less."

All people interested in the solution of the great problems of life will doubtless want to read this book.

HEALING CURRENTS FROM THE BATTERY OF LIFE. By Walter De Voe. Published by the College of Freedom, Woodlawn, Chicago, Ill. 182 pages. Price \$2.

We can do no better than to state in the author's own words the purpose of this book—"To heal those who read and study its pages. The lessons are gathered together with that object in view. Each lesson was written in the inspiration of a definite purpose—to heal, encourage, and enlighten whomsoever should read it." The author claims :

"The central attraction of the New Thought has been the great fact of its healing power. There has come a mighty wave of New Thought into the mind of the race which has brought with it a merciful vitality for the strengthening of the weak, the healing of the sick and the soothing of all pain. The Angel of Goodness is stirring the pool of life and all who will may have health and peace in overflowing abundance."

The book from first to last is filled with suggestions for right living, and is one that will, without doubt, bring much good to the reader.

THE HIGHER LIFE. By Madame de Meissner. 40 pages. Published by the author.

This work was originally intended for private circulation

amongst friends of the authoress, but finding it a source of infinite help and comfort to many, Madame de Meissner has decided to put it within reach of all to whom it may be of interest, trusting that it may lift the weight from many an overburdened heart, and, by its sale, procure that greatly needed aid for the sick and wounded soldiers—both Russian and Japanese—in the Russian hospitals and ambulances in the Far East.

This little book contains a great deal of comfort and suggestion to people who believe in the continuance of life after death. In it Mme. de Meissner relates many of her own psychic experiences. We hope that there may be a very large demand for the little booklet, as the object is of such a worthy nature. This book may be secured on application to the author, 2829 P St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION. By C. Howard Hinton, M.A. Price \$1.50 net. John Lane, New York.

"The Fourth Dimension" is a popular exposition of the hypothesis of the higher dimensionality of space. The book is free from mathematical subtleties and technical methods of reasoning. The phenomenon of weight, when properly observed by Newton, disclosed the true relation of the earth to the Sun and other planets. The drop of the apple was a matter of course before the theory of gravitation was enunciated; but by the same token it was inexplicable. To-day we have a similar difficulty confronting us in what we call an electric "current." The old theory involving a direction of flow in the wire has been abandoned as a serious explanation; and no satisfactory supposition in mechanics has taken its place to show how an electric action can be confined to a wire and not pass through, as water through a pipe. Such phenomenon lead to the supposition that there may be a condition of space not comprehended in our measurement of length, breadth and thickness. Par-

menides and the Asiatic thinkers inclined to such an inquiry. To-day it has become a subject of deliberate mathematical research.

THE PERFECT ROUND. By Frances Allen Ross. Published by the author.

This little book is one of the best of its kind we have seen for a long time. The price is not given, but it will probably sell for 75 cents or \$1. We quote from the introduction :

"Human power is the outcome of knowledge and persistent effort in the application of one's knowledge to self-expression. Each person is the incarnation of forces which make for righteousness, health and success ; but owing to ignorance concerning his own nature, and a lack of understanding as to how to direct his life, man is tossed hither and thither, and fails to develop the power that these same inner forces prompt him to conceive of and to desire."

This volume is nicely bound in green and gold, and is very well printed on good paper.

HAPPINESS AND MARRIAGE. By Elizabeth Towne. Price 50 cents. Published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

This paper-bound volume is one that deals with a most important question from the viewpoint of the New Thought. The author states a great many truths and suggests the "ounce of prevention" as well as the "pound of cure." Among the many quotable paragraphs we select the following :

"Equality is a mental state, not a matter of birth or breeding, wisdom or ignorance. The *Truth* is that *all* men and women are equal ; all are sparks of the One Life ; all children of the one highly Aristocratic 'Father ;' all heirs to the wisdom and wealth of the ages that go to make up eternity."

We can cordially recommend this book to our readers.

The Shrine of Silence

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—*Sunday Press* (Albany, N. Y.).

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Vol. XIV
No. 2

AUGUST, 1904

25c. Monthly
\$2.50 Yearly

Editor:

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON

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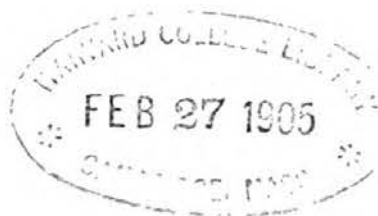
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—EMERSON.



VOL. XIV



AUGUST, 1904



No. 2

MIRACLE AND LAW.

BY MERWIN-MARIE SNELL, PH.D.

The word "miracle" means, etymologically, simply a wonder, and that sense has been revived in recent years in certain circles; but it is in the special and technical sense given to it by the historic Christian Church that it is here used.

A miracle is a *supernatural* wonder—one wrought by a power above Nature and above man, for the fulfilment of a supernatural and Divine end; and, in the stricter sense, one that transcends the natural power of any finite being. As such, it is distinguished from all *præternatural* wonders, such as those wrought through the instrumentality of subservient spirits; from all *intra-natural* wonders, such as those wrought by the utilization of occult laws and forces of Nature; from all *artificial-natural* wonders, such as those wrought by legerdemain, trickery, and the utilization of the laws of exoteric natural science, and from all *natural* wonders, such as those presented to us by Nature herself without human intervention.

There are those who consider miracles as absolutely viola-

tions of the laws of the universe, and either rejoice in them, so considered, as invaluable evidences of the existence of a Supreme Being, or reject them as inconsistent with any proper conception of such a Being, or as disproven by modern science.

Some of those who appeal to the testimony of science to justify their rejection of the miraculous do so blindly, on the authority of that element among scientific men who reject the miraculous, not because it is in the slightest degree disproven, but because it is inconsistent with their own preconceived notions, and especially their naturalistic or nugatory theory of religion.

Others argue from the fact that the universality of law has been established by the researches of modern times. But it is only within the realm of natural phenomena that any such truth has been even approximately established by natural science, which, by the very limitations of its field of labor, can take no cognizance of any other realm than that of Nature, or the world of the changeable, the material and the evanescent, together, perhaps, with that of Infra-Nature—the great Etheric Ocean which is Nature's substratum and vehicle.

There are multitudes of savants who, accepting every real result of modern science, and perhaps numbered themselves among its most eminent masters, nevertheless fully and frankly acknowledge the existence of the miraculous, and at the same time wrongly consider this as altogether above law and order.

The profound truth of the universality of law rests upon a firmer basis than any mere hypothesis or conclusion of our ever-fluctuating Occidental science, which is still in its babyhood, and which, with all its boasted triumphs, has, as a matter of fact, been compelled to make one concession after another to "popular superstitions," to religion, to metaphysics, and to Oriental science, although, like the Chinese chroniclers, it is

skilful in hiding defeat under the language of victory. We know that law is universal because otherwise the Cosmos would be a chaos and the very foundation of all thought, all science and all action would be undermined.

Order is not only "Heaven's first law," but the supreme fact of the universe. The more perfect anything is, the more perfect is its order; and the more perfect is any agent or cause, the more flawless the order exhibited by its actions or effects. If, therefore, miracles were above all law, and therefore violations of the order of the universe, they would be the strongest possible argument *against* the existence of any Supreme Creator. A God whose action was so erratic as to be lawless would be no God at all.

If, therefore, miracles do take place they must be, not violations, but manifestations, of law. Since by the definition they are above the realm of human and natural law they must be part of a supernatural order, an exemplification of supernatural laws.

The prepotency of the laws of higher planes over those of lower ones is in no case a violation of order, but rather one of its most essential constituents. Upon a basis of laws common to all planes of existence rise the special laws characteristic of each plane, and these laws are hierarchically subordinated to each other. The laws of matter over-ride those of the interstellar ether, the laws of vegetation over-ride those of physics; the laws of animal life those of vegetation; and the laws of the human soul those of animal life and of all the lower planes; and there is, therefore, nothing incredible in the supposition that there is a plane higher than the human whose laws take precedence of all others.

According to the Old Christian (Catholic and Oriental Christian) doctrine there is not one plane only above the human, but two, or even more; for between God and man is the

ninefold celestial world of the angels, or pure spirits, subject to spiritual laws peculiar to their own natures; and miracles, in the larger sense, are wrought by angelic power, in subordination to the Divine Will, while a still higher class of miracles (miracles proper, in the narrower sense) are, although performed by angelic or apparent human agency, of such a nature that they are made possible only by the Divine Power.

As God is unchangeable, and therefore does not begin or cease to act, His action being one and eternal, and identical with His essence, the very highest miracles spring from the same Creative Act of which all that ever has been, is or will be is the term.

In the vast system of events some effects are the outcome of a series of intermediate causes incalculably vast, others are the term of smaller and still smaller chains of causation, the highest acts having the smallest number of causes (but the greatest number of effects) until the highest of all are reached which spring directly from the First and Universal Cause.

Thomas of Aquino compares miracles to the exceptional acts of man and the manifestations of the ordinary laws of Nature to man's habitual acts. Man's ordinary actions are palpably subject to law; if his extraordinary ones do not seem to be so, it is because they exemplify a still higher law. So it is in the universe at large.

The supreme order of the Universe is not a mere mechanical order, such as is conceived of by the still fundamentally materialistic natural science of the Occident, but an ideal order, such as is recognized and beautifully, if imperfectly, expounded by the higher forms of Mahâyâna Buddhism. The infra-natural, natural, intra-natural, præternatural, celestial and super-celestial are all parts of one universal and harmonious system, each paying its due part in the perfection of the vast whole.

The notion that recurrence is essential to law is a materialistic one. The material is multiple, but the spiritual is unitary. The order of that which is subject to space and time is manifested partly in an indefinite reduplication of the same or similar facts under similar conditions; but to the perfection of an ideal order a degree of unity is necessary with which the reduplication of all its elements would be absolutely inconsistent.

The organization of a blindworm is largely reduplicative; that of a man is relatively unitary. A sand-bed is still more reduplicative, being infra-organic; and a spirit is still more unitary, being super-organic. Genius is rarer, less reduplicative and subject to laws more obscure, because farther above the plane of ordinary human vision than is talent; and the very highest class of supernatural occurrences are unique, and their plane is so ineffably higher than that to which mere genius belongs that it is no wonder if its laws are, from our viewpoint, enwrapped in a still more inviolable mystery.

If the order of the universe is perfect, it must have a unique center from which all its lines radiate, as it were, both in time and space. It cannot be said that God Himself is that center, for He is all in all, the very Plenum of actual and possible Being; and all existence, with all its order and all its activities, is but the reflection and symbol of His unspeakable perfections. That which is one in Him becomes multitudinous in passing through the prism of Creation. He is the Great White Light of which all finite perfections are the prismatic beams. If the light-spectrum has no center of unity, it is because it represents a purely dynamic phenomenon—a plexus of etheric waves—and is, therefore, essentially material (motion being a function of matter, not of spirit); and yet even it may be said to have such a center, for the colors above and below the golden mid-point are of different types. The series is only redupli-

cated when a second white ray is dispersed—and God is, in the Vedantic phrase, “One only, without a second,” or, as the *Sh'ma Yisrael* expresses it, “The Lord our God is One.”

Even in a musical octave there is a dominant note; and when many octaves are united in a composition there is one theme; and in the most majestic polyphonic masterpiece there is still a unity over and above the multiplicity of themes.

The whole order of the universe must center, therefore, in a supernatural event, subject to supernatural laws—a miracle, or galaxy of miracles, in the highest sense of that word. So it is that, according to the Old Christian teaching, all real miracles are connected with, in some way leading to or springing from, the Supreme Miracle of the Incarnation. It would almost seem so necessary, from this point of view, for the miraculous to exist as to throw the burden of proof upon those who deny it.

Nothing has so tended to bring discredit on the whole idea of the miraculous as the doctrine of several sects that miracles took place at certain periods of the world's history and then abruptly ceased to occur. To ask any one to believe in the occurrence of miracles at a time too remote to admit of the possibility of perfect verification, while denying that any such events enter into present-day experience, seems almost an insult to intelligence. It is morally certain that if no miracles take place now, none have ever taken place; because, although in a perfect world-order there must be certain events both miraculous and unique, and although miracles may naturally be expected (inasmuch as they are, by definition, the voluntary action of celestial beings upon the terrestrial planes) to be more or less irregular and intermittent, nevertheless whatever reasons for miraculous intervention have ever existed continue to hold good under circumstances that frequently arise, and, if there is any celestial plane at all it is clear that there will

never be lacking evidences of its action upon the lower planes. The most enlightened of those who deny the existence of the miraculous acknowledge the reality of the classes of occurrences alleged to be miraculous, but maintain that all such occurrences are exemplifications of occult cosmical laws, and of the natural operation of occult forces.

Their intention is to reduce the supernatural under the præternatural and the intra-natural, just as the extreme exoteric materialists would reduce it, and the magical (præternatural and intra-natural) with it, to the artificial-natural and the natural.

Their formula is true enough, when "occult" is taken in so large a sense as to include all that is mysterious, even the celestial and the super-celestial; but this is an abuse of language. Probably in all miracles, and in all natural operations as well, angelic agency is involved; and it is not improbable that laws of the planes properly called occult are likewise involved in many or most of them. But these characteristics are accidental, rather than essential, to the idea of the miraculous.

There is a certain class of supernatural effects that are the necessary consequences of known occult laws. For example, if the Catholic doctrine be accepted that a strictly supernatural life animates the corporate Church and all its living members, then it naturally follows that material objects may become the vehicles or instruments of that life. Just as any object is impressed by the natural psychological conditions of persons with whom it has been intimately associated, and especially by those deliberately brought to bear upon it by an adept, and tends to communicate them to others, so any object is capable of being supernaturalized, even deliberately "blessed", and thus made an instrument for the production of supernatural effects. These effects, though supernatural in their character, are not called miracles by those who believe in their ex-

istence, for the very reason that, though arising from a supernatural source, they are produced through the action of terrestrial laws rather than celestial ones.

A miracle is ordinarily, but not always or exclusively, consequent upon holiness; and it is essential that it shall not be the application of human science, but a manifestation of a power that is recognized by the thaumaturgus as altogether beyond his own control.

It might seem as if the true miracle-worker's ignorance of the laws by which his wonders are performed places him on a parity with those untrained persons who find themselves possessed of occult powers which they do not understand and have never striven to acquire. But there is a great difference between these highest and lowest classes of wonder-workers; for the first do not understand the laws involved in the wonders they perform simply for the reason that these wonders belong to an altogether superhuman realm and are not, strictly speaking, performed by themselves, but by higher powers on their behalf.

In some cases the very same effect may be produced either by exoteric natural laws, by occult laws, by the agency of deceiving spirits, or by that of holy angels acting as the instruments of the Divine purposes.

It is not always easy, therefore, to distinguish a true miracle from a magical wonder or natural prodigy; but the existence of the miraculous can with consistency be denied only by those who decline to acknowledge that of invisible intelligences higher than man or of a Supreme Wisdom which is the source of the whole order of the universe.

Many of those who reject the miraculous have a theory which, in fact, represents all magical wonders to be of a miraculous character. According to this theory no occult forces can be successfully controlled except by those who are eminent

in virtue, beneficent in their aims, or possessed of an unusual degree of interior union with God. But both the history of occultism and the very theory of magic make this position untenable. To the highest degree of occult power an extremely severe ascetic discipline is necessary; and this all the more when there is question of utilizing the services of complaisant spirits, or when the ends in view are evil rather than good. But there is no kind or degree of occult power that cannot be attained by the very worst of mankind, provided that they are willing and able to deny themselves sufficiently to attain the requisite degree of self-mastery.

Any wonders that are the result of the intervention of invisible holy beings, are miraculous; while any that are wrought by an art which is an application of human science belong to the natural or magical classes. It is almost a self-evident proposition that there is no science or art the mastery of which is absolutely dependent upon essential rectitude of character; so that any kind of wonder-working that is ordinarily the fruit of heroic virtue, and consequently just so far an evidence of holiness, must be miraculous.

Whoever recognizes that miracles do exist must concede that they are evidences of the truth of any doctrine as an attestation of which they are performed, and, under ordinary circumstances, of the sanctity (supernatural union with God) of him who performs them. But the ignorant often give too ready credence to alleged miracles, because they do not know how to discriminate between the miraculous, the magical and the spurious. Such discrimination is difficult, even for the most competent; and the same occurrence may be regarded as miraculous by those who esteem the character and approve the doctrine of the visible agent in it, and as magical by his enemies and religious opponents. Such questions can only be settled by reaching an agreement regarding the objective tests of truth, holiness and miracle.

The rejection of the miraculous and the magical by many schools of thought during the past two hundred years is a direct result of the eighteenth century materialism, revived, in various modified forms, in the very midst of the great Spiritualistic Reaction of the nineteenth century. Each of them in turn has been thrown as a sop to the Cerberus of materialism by those whose chief interest was in the other.

The supernaturalists have been only too glad to deny the existence of occult power in the hope of mitigating the opposition to the miracles in which they believe; and the occultists in turn have sought to strengthen their own position by making common cause with the materialists in opposition to the "miracle-mongers." This policy is not an altogether unsound one, for it is often easier to defend the citadel when the outworks have been abandoned to the enemy. But most frequently it has not been mere policy but an unconscious succumbing to the influences of a materialistic environment or the literature of materialistic pseudo-science. As all reflective Gentilism ("Paganism") is essentially naturalistic (though not unmixed with a naïve supernaturalism), the influence of Oriental thought has favored the position of those who would reduce the whole realm of the miraculous to the plane of the magical. But the idealistic world-view, so far as it involves or includes the recognition of a Supreme Intelligence from Which all things proceed, seems to necessarily imply at least the possibility and reasonableness of miracle, and to need, for its own consistency and completion, as above suggested, the recognition of a whole class of miraculous facts which furnish the culmination and crown of the natural order, in the largest sense of that term, point and open the way to a larger destiny than Nature can possibly offer, and give to creation in general and to conscious soul-life in particular a significance and value it could not otherwise have.

Even if this seems too much to claim, it should at least be recognized that no school of thought above the materialistic has any vital interest in actively opposing or rejecting the idea of the miraculous, as such. It would appear reasonable to accept or reject any alleged miraculous occurrence according to the same rules of evidence required in the case of other facts; and, after the objective fact has been sufficiently substantiated, to at least suspend the judgment as to its true cause, when its magical character cannot be clearly demonstrated, instead of assuming, on general principles, that it must be a phenomenon belonging to the occult plane.

One who fully and sincerely acknowledges the great principle of the Verity of Affirmation—the truthfulness of all the positive elements of human thought—must go even farther than this; for the idea of the miraculous, as distinguished from the occult, has a positive content of the largest and most definite kind. In the matter of wonders, as in all others, *all* explanations are true, each in its own time and place and circumstances, and often all at once. To reject any one of them, in what it affirms as well as what it denies, is to lose sight of the great guiding principle of the New Thought and to lapse towards non-being.



ADD loveliness to the beauty you see. "Every thought bodies itself in form." Let then your thoughts make only the beautiful. Be as a sweet perfume to mingle with the breeze. Help daily by spreading the glad gospel of freedom silently through the villages or towns.—*Augusta T. Webster.*



IT seems as if the human mind were intended to go on forever learning new truths which only led to new mysteries. Perhaps the mysteries are the hand of the Infinite beckoning his children onward toward himself.—*A. W. Gould.*

GROWTH AND ACCRETION.

BY REV. WILLIAM WILBERFORCE NEWTON, D.D.

There are, in general, three types of mind : the mathematical, the creative, and the cumulative. The first is philosophical, the second is artistic, the third is acquisitive.

And when the principles of the Christian Faith fell like seed-corn into the rich furrows of the Earth's field, there was about these principles something so markedly positive that they at once began to spring up into the harvest of rich and wonderful results.

This is because the truths of Christianity are creative. It is not its philosophy or its culture which gives to the Christian Faith its vitality. Christianity is a seed of life, and life is in the seed. It is a creative force and must expand and grow when once it is planted in human nature.

Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," gives in a certain chapter a series of philosophical reasons for the origin and spread of the Christian Religion.

Among these causes he mentions the wonderful vitality of the faith of the early Christians and the purity and simplicity of their lives. But whence came this wonderful power? Why had it not been developed before this period? And what was the cause of these beautiful and simple lives? There had been thus far in human history nothing comparable to that old Roman World.

Yet why had not the Roman civilization created a new type of life? Hard, dry, mechanical, without humor and without artistic or spiritual tendencies, pagan Rome had conquered everything before it, and then, like a tired child with a worn-out toy, Rome did not know what to do with its possessions.

Pliny's letters (which were the "Pepys' Diary" of the period) reveal in the touching description given us of the death of his friends and the loss of his wife, the barrenness of that conventional and metallic system of philosophical thought and life.

How, we ask ourselves again and again, could the revelation of Jesus Christ overcome all this dark pessimistic Pagan World? For the truth as taught by the Founder of Christianity was neither a philosophy nor an institutional system.

The philosophy of Plato and of Aristotle and of the seven sages of Greece was greater and more scholastic than the simple preaching of these unlettered fishermen who followed the Galilean Prophet. The Jewish Church as an ecclesiastical institution with its priesthood and its Sanhedrin was greater and more commanding than anything the world had ever seen before the Papacy came into power.

Yet beyond the philosophy of Greece and the institutionalism of Judea and the vast accretions of the Roman System of jurisprudence, the simple truths of Christ's revelation when they were preached spread like wildfire, and conquered the world within three hundred years from the time when the Founder of the Faith was crucified.

Our Lord upon a certain occasion explained the reason of this fact by a parable. He told his followers why it was that His Truth possessed this vital power which nothing could possibly destroy. He said that the Kingdom of Heaven (which was his term for the new type or order He Himself had brought into the world) was like a grain of mustard seed. It was in itself the smallest of seeds; but when once it was planted and had taken root, it became the greatest of trees and the fowls of the air were glad to lodge in its branches.

In other words, certain truths are vital. They must expand and take root and grow. Other truths are conventional. They must remain until they are absorbed by a higher truth.

Some truths have about them and within them the principle of futurity. They possess a life-giving energy and develop in a logical order.

Other truths simply absorb their sympathetic or adjacent truths, just as the drifting seaweed upon the sand rolls itself up into huge proportions by the mere accretion of material when the incoming tide drives the scattered forces together.

In this way we must learn to measure truth, not by its size but by its vitality. We must judge of truth not by its spread of area, the number of the square miles which it may happen to cover upon the earth's surface, or the number of cubic inches of canvas, but by its hidden capacity to spread and grow and cover the earth.

Growth, then, is different from accretion. There are thoughts which may be in themselves philosophic or creative or accretive.

But the living principle of Christianity is creative.

Its central thought is life. Its basic fact is vitality. And so Our Lord declared in words which are true and axiomatic, "whereunto shall we liken the Kingdom of God? It is like a grain of mustard-seed which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth. But when it is sown it groweth up and becometh greater than all herbs and shooteth out great branches so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it."

In this mysterious vitality of the potential seed there are discovered a variety of elements.

A higher power is lodged within the seed. The wonderful principle of fertility is implanted in it. A seed may be hidden in a mummy's hand for three thousand years and then at last it may be sown in the soil of Mother Earth and the long preserved principle of life will at once assert itself.

A dormant life is there also. Nature may suspend her operations for ages, and then at last in the proper conditions and sur-

roundings the long process of arrested life will assert itself, as happens in the state of chrysalis with the buried sleeping caterpillar.

The promise of a developed future is also hidden in the seed. That which comes from the seed is greater than the seed and has a more abundant life in the future, as when St. Paul wrote: "That which thou sowest thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain it may chance of wheat or of some other grain. But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and to every seed its own body."

And the realization of an inner environment is with the buried seed. Branches and blossoms and fruit will one day surround the trunk of the tree, and all these future possibilities are hidden and buried within the seed-corn planted in the ground.

The rain, the sun, the dew, the soil, these are the things which will develop the seed and will transform it by degrees into the rich, full fruit.

And thus it is with human nature. Occasions, opportunities, events and circumstances bring out the hidden powers of man. When truth comes to human character as a vital principle, with a law of growth about it, and not as a philosophy or a congeries of cumulative accretions, there is no forecasting to what possibilities the tiny seed when planted may eventually grow.

This, then, is why the Christian Faith prevailed over the hard, barren, unbelieving Roman World.

The Founder of the Christian Religion knew that His revelation of God and of man and of the future contained within it the great principle of expansion. It was not an accretion of philosophies, it was a living principle.

He knew that when it was sown it would be greater than all the herbs of the field—and that all mankind would come at last to lodge under the shadow of it.

THE NEW THOUGHT AND ITS OBJECTS.

BY KENNETH SYLVAN GUTHRIE, A.M., PH.D.

To a spiritually-minded person, there is nothing more fascinating than the ideals for which men have striven and often died. One of our own American prophets, Ellen Knight Bradford, has sung,

Read, sweet, how others strove, till we are stouter;
What they renounced 'til we are less afraid;
How many times they bore the faithful witness
Till we are helped, as if a kingdom cared.

Read then of faith, that shone above the fagot;
Clear strains of hymn the river could not drown;
Brave names of men, and celestial women,
Passed out of record, into renown.

What was the fire that lit their lives? For what crown did they strive in the arena of life? A nobler one than that of the Olympic games, I trow. There is the Republic of Plato, an attempt to erect the "Age of Reason" in the midst of the venal and corrupt Greeks. But its greatest merit was the successive Utopias it called forth; Sir Thomas More's, to begin with; the Atlantis; the "Land of the Sun;" Morris's "News from Nowhere;" Hertzka's "Journey to Freeland;" and, to omit many recent ones, Bellamy's "Looking Backward" and John Uri Lloyd's "Etidorhpa." (By the bye, how many who have read and dreamed over this latter-day revelation realize that its name spells backward "Aphrodite," meaning the Era or Land of Love?)

But we must not linger with these Utopias, not even with the New Jerusalem revealed in Patmos, with its streets of gold and its jewelled gates. Let us rather occupy our time with something more practical, the objects for which our own

brethren are to-day struggling and living. Looking broadly over the churches and movements of the United States, we may immediately divide the whole into two groups; those who believe in a Person, and those who believe in Principle.

To the first group, who believe in and look for their salvation to a Person, are the Christians, with all their sects and different badges. The Presbyterian would hardly recognize the Roman Catholic as fellow-Christian; the Roman Catholic would prefer (if he is sincere in obedience to the teachings of his church) the Pagan to the Heretic. But, nevertheless, they all call themselves Christians, and profess to find salvation in the knowledge and profession of the Jesus of the New Testament. We must, in this article, dismiss these orthodox ideals without investigating each one separately, with the one objection that in thus erecting a Person as the central object of their ideals they are committing the Unpardonable Sin—ignoring, or forgetting, or even relegating to secondary position the “Divine in Myself.” We cannot argue with them here; remind them that the very Gospels exert all the resources of language to explain that Jesus taught this very primacy of the “Divine in Myself;” that it was for this that the Jews of the Establishment, the Sanhedrin and the Hierarchy, persecuted Him to the death. It would be useless; for we could not convince persons who have material interests bound up with their beliefs. It would also be needless, for Emerson wrote the most splendid thing on this subject that will ever be written, his “Divinity School Address,” which any person may receive free by addressing the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston. We must, therefore, leave them, simply noticing the ideal they hold.

Are we ready to consider the second group, those who believe in a Principle? Not yet: for there are two minor movements we are all interested in that really belong to this Personality-

group: the Baptist and the Christian Scientist. The writer wishes to emphasize that he is positively not going into the question whether either or both of these beliefs are right, or justifiable, or mistaken. That does not fall within the scope of this article. The only point that is here made is that both of these have erected a Personality as Authority or Savior or Prophet or Redeemer.

In turning to the religious persons who believe in a Principle, it would be unfair to say, these are alone the New Thought people. For the noblest and holiest of all religions have ever taught Principle. There was Jesus, for instance, as we said above. Then there was Gautama Buddha, than those words none could be clearer, and yet his followers yearly worship his Tooth in Ceylon; and his followers in the Asian continent opposite have a rival Tooth, to worship as a relic. How well Matthew Arnold brings this out, in his sonnet about a phrase of St. Bernard's:

"Yes, write it in the rock," St. Bernard said,
 "Grave it on brass with adamant pen!
 'Tis God himself becomes apparent when
 God's wisdom and God's goodness are displayed;
 For God of these his attributes is made."
 Well spake the impetuous saint, and bore of men
 The suffrage captive: now not one in ten
 Recalls the obscure opposer he outweighed.
 God's wisdom, and God's goodness! Ay, but fools
 Misdefine these till God knows them no more.
 Wisdom and Goodness, they are God!—what schools
 Have yet so much as heard this simpler lore?
 This no saint preaches, and this no Church rules;
 'Tis in the desert, now and heretofore.

Evidently, Matthew Arnold had not heard of the New Thought, whose proud boast it is that it bears as a name or label no name of any person, as Mohammedans, Christians, and Buddhists do. How much safer! How many misunderstandings it avoids! In this instance there will be no danger of words of affection

to one's leader becoming later dogmatic expressions through the lapse of centuries and changes of language. While we may, therefore, say that the noblest of all religions have ever taught Principle, and not Personality, it has remained for our latter days to produce again a people who are devoted to Principle, and Principle alone; and Whitman, the "Good Gray Poet," sounds the right note when he says,

Sit awhile, dear Son, here are biscuits to eat, and here is milk to drink;
But as soon as you sleep and renew yourself in sweet clothes, I kiss
you with a good-bye kiss, and open the gate for your egress hence.

I am the teacher of athletes,

He that by me spreads a wider breast than my own proves the width
of my own,

He most honors my style who learns under it to destroy the teacher.

We may therefore say, without fear of contradiction, that whatever the objects of the New Thought have been, Personality has not been one of them. And, let us add, may it never be one of its objects. Let us hope that at last it will not occur again in the history of the world, that men will mistake Principle for Personality; and that though a century ago Voltaire taught this, and yet the world returned to its idols, this step of ours to-day is a permanent one, and may never again be undone by any influence soever. And that this occur, every New Thought person will have to do his or her individual share, and ever resolutely to the end shun Personalities, and take refuge in Principle, in Truth, in Reason, in Thought, unadulterated, unmarked by any Personal Label.

Looking back over the past of the New Thought movement we notice that the first and earliest object it sought was Physical Health. When Mrs. Eddy took treatments of Dr. Quimby, it was for this purpose. And, indeed, the teachers of the New Thought are yet generally to-day called "healers." This has been its argument to outsiders: "Your physicians have failed; try our healers." And it is on the strength of this argument that the outside world has had to recognize the New

Thought; just as was the case with the Early Christian Church. And we need not insist on this, since none will dispute it.

But we may ask, Was the New Thought satisfied with this object? Apparently not; for everywhere arose "Success Treatments;" and there crept into the statements and assertions, or affirmations, the objects of Money, Worldly Success and Respectability.

It is not our purpose to criticize either of these objects; we wish only to ask, Are New Thought people satisfied with even these two objects, Health and Money? And the writer believes he is not mistaken in saying that the best of the New Thought writers and lecturers are *not* satisfied with these two objects; that they seek yet a third one, Holiness, or Righteousness, or Morality, or Spirituality . . . call it what you will. Opponents of the New Thought will immediately cry out, They do not! Read their papers, listen to their speeches, study their Courses for Absent Treatment; there is none of it. The writer repeats, however, he is convinced that the best of the New Thought teachers do demand this third object to work for, and are working for it, themselves. Nay, the writer acknowledges that perhaps in common with all professors of all religions the Mental Scientists do seek the Object, but perhaps many do so unconsciously, taking it for granted, and do not clearly enunciate and teach it; but we must not deny the New Thought people that charity which we accord to the Roman Catholic. But if the Roman Catholic does so, so much the more the New Thought man, who teaches openly Principle. But it is true; not all New Thought teachers have yet waked up to the grandeur of their calling, the opportunity of their mission, the sublimity of their destiny. And this paper is written for the purpose of definitely raising this issue: let every New Thought teacher plainly, definitely, publicly profess as his object: for the Body, Health; for the Mind, Success; but above all, and

beyond all, and deeper than all, for the Whole Man, Holiness, Righteousness, and Conscience!

The writer feels he must, in justice to himself, state that he is not minimizing health. Who, in his senses, would, to-day, do so? This is the day of health magazines, of breakfast foods, of cereal coffee, of physical culture, of a personal grace and charm the parasitic Greeks never dreamed of. Nay, we will go further: we will not shrink from saying that health is the foundation of all spirituality and attainment. Build a spire without a foundation! Then talk to me of adepts without health.

The writer, therefore, begs his reader not to accuse him of minimizing health, when he goes on to say, that health is not all. There is the purpose for which health was by Nature evolved, to make it possible for a life to be led "wholly," "holily," according to Conscience. Let us not therefore put the cart before the horse, but recognize that the foundation was only laid for the purpose of erecting the spire; and that without the spire, the foundation was laid in vain.

And probably no one conversant with the history of the New Thought will deny that there is need of this higher realization. Should the writer attempt to prove this need, to enumerate the many instances in which many New Thought teachers have lived wrongly, trusting in the principle that no man need or should judge them, he would be accused of not remaining on the positive, affirmative side of life. He will therefore refer to Mr. Barton, editor of *The Life*, of Kansas City, who has never hesitated to rebuke publicly unclean living and evil heartedness in the very citadel of the New Thought, if need was.

Is health all that is to be sought for? Why, the greatest criminals have rejoiced in good health; and health has in many instances been attained by allopathic methods. So the mere

getting of health is but the first step. There are further reaches. There are times in the life of man, when following the Divine Voice of Conscience, it is worth while, like Abraham, to leave Ur of the Chaldees, to leave all his wealth, to wander through the desert, and finally pass to another sphere of usefulness without having seen the promises of the Voice with his own eyes. There are contingencies in life when for the sake of veracity, of honor, it is worth while to lose everything in the way of success, and even lose health in hard labor. Was not this that which Emerson meant when he said,

"Though love repine, and reason chafe, there came a voice without
reply,

'Tis man's perdition to be safe when for the truth he ought to die."

No doubt, there are many things in life for which it is worth giving up: money and success; many things, like Education, Culture, Science, Music and Poetry, for which it is worth while to work hard; many exigencies in which honor and veracity demand the martyr's stake (that is, our modern substitutes for it!)

Is the demand for this new Object unreasonable? Is the writer all alone in demanding public recognition for it? He thinks not; he thinks he may take the liberty of mentioning as having long since demanded this, teachers like Henry Wood, Mrs. Van-Anderson, Charles Fillmore, Mrs. Militz, and J. C. Barton. And the writer thinks he is justified in predicting that it will not be long before it will be possible to add to this list the names of all the other truer teachers of the New Thought.



BE not daunted if the sublime seems to evade you, if realization appears difficult of attainment. Firmly expect as well as desire. Then will the realization assuredly be your portion.—
Augusta T. Webster.

A PLEA FOR SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY FRANCES E. ALLEN.

Man is a wonderful mechanism controlled by individualized spirit; all he can learn of his own constitution is but a small part of his entire being; for this spirit which is his real self is a part of universal life whose constitution is eternal. Most wonderful is this relation of each part of universal life—it contains the secret of existence.

Man's universe is bounded by his consciousness—not by time nor space—and he who would come into full consciousness must arouse all faculties of being, for within man are all the powers existent in Universal Being; potentially are they his; it rests with him to develop, use and understand them. With desire for spiritual perception comes awakening of powers necessary to gain this perception.

Count no day well spent unless a better consciousness is reached! When man is aroused to consciousness on all planes of being, then will he come into full knowledge; when all seek knowledge which is eternal and everlasting, an upward impulse will be given all life; all life needs this upward impulse for all life must reach a certain development before highly developed individual life can go forward to perfect development. No atom in the universe stands unrelated to other atoms; be it atom of matter, or element of spirit, all are related to all; therefore must be realized the responsibility of each individual, for each helps to carry forward the work of perfecting all life or helps to hold back the onward sweep of the universe to the highest plane of existence.

Awaken to your privilege, oh man! Count it a holy thing which is yours to do—to wield an influence that reaches to the

uttermost bounds of creation, an influence of such importance the mind cannot in fullness comprehend it.

Man needs not further powers than are already his—what he does need is to use all powers of his being. Not in satisfaction of material wants alone will he develop these powers, but in the pursuit of spiritual good.

Words convey little meaning to the uninitiated into spiritual perception, but they may arouse a desire for spiritual perception; therefore speak to others of the reality of spiritual existence; waken in others a desire to understand and a will to perceive sensations of spiritual import.

Wait not until death's angel calls unto other manifestation to test the reality of spirit. Come *now* into that condition where spirit may commune with spirit. It is not possible to ignore the claims of the physical man nor is it wise to ignore the demands of that other man, spiritual man, which it is yours to be. What is life to those who see its full and true meaning? Is it mere drudgery, idle pastime, a gift to be trifled with and lightly spent? or is it a sacred trust, a glorious privilege? God's greatest gift to man?

Take from existence the opportunity of developing spiritually and wherein is man better than the flower of the field which lives its brief day, then fades and dies, forgotten and unknown? Were the physical or the mental the limit of man's being, of what use to live this earthly life; for even at the best there is sorrow and pain and nothingness; but man has more than physical being—more than mental being; above and over and through all is this life spiritual. This is the secret of his ascendancy over other creation, this the secret of his worth.

But not in slighting the demand of spirit for development will man hasten on the hour toward which all creation moves; nor in living a moral life alone can this be done; in one way only will fulfillment of the law of love reach consummation: by

concentrating energy on spiritual development. Watch well all opportunity for this development; whatever wakens spiritual impulse is an important factor; whatever strengthens spiritual ascendency makes stronger spiritual life.

Not in any way supernatural is spiritual perception attained—it comes according to a natural law and according to man's desire and will. Along no new paths would we lead you—along the paths your fathers trod, along the paths the righteous and spiritually minded have ever trodden; only this is new: spirituality is to be attained *here* upon this earth and at the *present hour*; it is not a reward for belief or for goodness; altogether is it a present possession if man desires; not a thing to be put on when discarded is this mortal frame, but a living thing forever growing if he desires, forever lifting unto higher consciousness his entire being.

Of the greatest importance is it to become alive spiritually when in earthly environment, for here are lessons and experience which are essential to development of the spiritual man, and whatever of spiritual growth is attained here endures forever. Soon will all life be called to other manifestation—be thou among those who are ready to manifest on a higher plane. What is needed by the world to-day is a kindling of the divine life into full splendor.

Man is of such diverse wills; two planes of existence are open to him; which shall be his abiding place is not easy to determine; one is full of present satisfaction, the other has been considered a future reward—this is an erroneous idea. *Now* is the spiritual plane to be entered, *now* is the time of reward. But not through mental perception may the spiritual be discerned; only to spirit can spirit speak; spirit alone comprehends spiritual realities.

When spirit enters matter a wondrous transformation occurs; but not until the human body has been evolved may

spirit fully control the organization. Not altogether is this done in all cases of human manifestation, but there is within *all men* this spark divine—this life of God. Invite this spirit holy! Be this your prayer by night, by day: O God, in whom we live and move and are, be within me and around me. Fill my being—soul and body; fill my being, making me one with Thee!

All life will reach perfection of being; not man alone—but man may responsive be to all creation.

In man occurs a subtle work involving both spirit and matter; this work is manifested in *thought*, and it is the converting matter into spirit. From out the higher plane descends life; this life enters the lower plane, converts, by subtle union of the two planes, the lower into the higher manifestation; this work is done by spirit lifting and transforming. A lower manifestation rises unto a higher by the aid of the higher.

Now it is the work of man in earthly life to come into his birthright—spiritual consciousness. If he would awaken all powers within he would perceive his destiny. Man alone desires this birth into other planes of existence, and only when this desire is aroused can spiritual discernment be attained; it is not of the physical world a part, and only when man in full realization of his possibilities can lay hold of spiritual realities does he come into full being on this new plane. Life is a series of births into consciousness on new planes of being—not only is it birth—it is likewise growth.

Deceive not yourself by thinking spiritual growth comes without effort; as in the world of earthly conditions effort is necessary to success, so in the world of spiritual conditions; therefore devote some portion of each day to spiritual development. When man, aroused to a sense of his potentialities, works throughout his earthly life to gain spiritual being, a new and better existence will open to him.

Out of the vicissitudes of earthly life arise a wonderful impetus toward another life—a life not subject to earthly change and conflict; for at the best earthly good does not satisfy the soul which ever yearns for perfect realization. Set your affection on spiritual good,—then naught that life can bring of misfortune or disaster can disturb the serenity of your existence. Be conscious of the divine origin and destiny of man. Regard earthly life as a privilege—an opportunity to develop your own being and to aid in the upbuilding of the Kingdom Spiritual, where all shall dwell. Consciously fulfill the law of love—of consecrated service. Realize the unity of all life and rejoice in the majesty, the glory of existence.



SUNRISE AT OSCAWANA.

A hush there came at dawning, that mystic hour of morn,
When all the earth seemed waiting to know a new day born.
A dewy, dreamy twilight o'er vale and river lay,
And the hills stood hushed and silent, for the coming of the day.
The drowsy song-birds twittered their matins, low and sweet,
And flower-buds shyly opened, the rosy God to greet.
Heaven's curtains slowly parting, let the glad radiance in;
The sun peeped round the purple to see where night had been.
And the yesterday of failure, that weary day just told,
Is it lurking in the shadows, or laved, fate-free in the gold?
The gold of a new day's sunshine—the wealth of a new day's
strength,
The light of a new day's promise, flooding a gray life's length?

H. ESTELLE DUDLEY.



ALL nature, with one voice, with one glory, is set to teach you reverence for the life communicated to you from the Father of spirits.—*John Ruskin.*

THE EPHEMERAL NATURE OF EVIL.

BY NORA BATCHELOR.

As we ponder the subject of individual growth and development nothing becomes more apparent than that we are short-sighted mortals, applying the terms "good" and "evil" to things the real nature, purpose and result of which we are as ignorant as the child in the cradle; that we are indeed but "children of a larger growth" and do not always know what is best for us and what is not; that it is well for us that a power above our own will directs the current of our lives, often in opposition to our own wishes and inclinations.

Notwithstanding our boasted enlightenment, we are still in an undeveloped state mentally and spiritually. Our vision reaches but a short distance beyond us. Things to us often appear wholly evil, when in truth they are wholly good. A few of us are wise enough to see, after the lapse of years, the beneficent results of an experience which, when it came to us, we shrank from with dread and fear. But few indeed are they who can say in the dark hour of suffering, "This is but a temporary condition, it will soon pass away. This bitter experience cannot harm me. It can work no real evil: it can bring no permanent result. Only good will come out of it. I shall be the better for it." No, it requires years of experience to rightly estimate the value of so-called evil happenings and events. It requires the habit of deep thinking before that state of poise is acquired, that state of dependence upon and trust in the underlying principle of things, which carries one serenely through all trials, hardships and seeming calamities.

Nothing is more certain than that we suffer unnecessarily through our ignorance. When the years go by and we contem-

plate a bitter past experience from the vantage ground of riper years and added wisdom, how often do we wonder at the pain it caused us, and think within ourselves, "If I had only seen it then as I see it now, how much suffering I might have been saved!" We look back and find that the supposed evil, whatever it was, never harmed us in the least, that it brought us only good; that the apparent harm was in the outer material world only, and has long since disappeared, while the spiritual benefits which have flowed from that experience have been of lasting good and incalculable value. We would not part with them for the world. We are glad now and thankful that events transpired as they did. We would not have things otherwise if we could. We have found that the pain and suffering attending that circumstance in our life were all unnecessary, due wholly to our lack of vision, to our inability to see the permanent spiritual good behind the temporary evil.

To one who places spiritual development above material welfare, who prizes the gifts of the spiritual life above aught else, the path he has trod is luminous with such experiences as these—dark on the one side but bright and shining on this. And he learns to greet these threatening, low-hanging clouds on his present pathway with less of fear and trembling, with more of equanimity, if not with calm and smiling serenity. He knows they are not nearly so ominous as they look. He has climbed the rugged mountain slope before, up through the mist and clouds, where all was dark around and above, only to pass unharmed into the blessed sunlight at last, and, looking back at the clouds below, found them all turned to light and glory.

How foolish to mourn to-day regarding that over which we shall rejoice to-morrow! If only we could have to-day the insight, the knowledge, the understanding which the morrow will bring! But day by day adds a little to our store. Experience must be added to experience, lesson after lesson in the

school of life be conned, until the years bring wisdom and the philosophic mind. By and by we see the folly of grief, of sorrow and of suffering. We find that the ills of life are very small after all, when they are passed; that we passed through them all untouched and unscathed, without so much as a scratch or a scar on our spiritual, real selves; that nothing has been taken from us; that the whole spiritual universe is ours just as it ever has been and ever will be. We have simply gained a little wisdom, a little development—that is all. We have climbed a little higher on the scale of unending progress. And we see now how foolish it is to tread this pathway which leads ever onward and upward, with doubts, fears, forebodings, a heavy heart and constantly falling tears.

Not only does supposed evil disappear as times passes, but the memory of pain and suffering is itself evanescent. It, too, fades away. The most intense feeling, whether of mental or physical agony, cannot be revived in consciousness after a lapse of time. We remember that we suffered, but the memory is more like that of a dream than of reality. And the question arises, "Was it reality? Did we actually suffer, or did we only think we suffered? Was it not after all a delusion, a horrible phantasm of a disordered imagination?" Who has not asked himself these and similar questions after the passing of a bitter experience? Strange that such experiences always leave one with the sense of unreality, with the feeling that they belong to an illusory world and have no foundation in actual existence.

When we reach the high calm atmosphere of the spiritual life, we find that all the seeming ills of this mortal journey *are* in the illusory world, in the outer ephemeral world; that they do not touch the spirit; that they fall away and leave no trace; that the spirit goes on its destined way, through all events and things—through sorrow, loss, affliction, misfortune—unimpeded and unharmed.

In this thought we rest. Herein we rejoice in a serene, eternal peace, and learn to say with Whittier, "No harm can come to me on ocean or on shore."

And this exalted state of mind, which can view catastrophes in the outer world with equanimity, which declares that "All is good," "Whatever is, is right," is not one of blind faith, but of knowledge,—knowledge that is gained by long searching and deep thinking, by careful study of life's experiences, after the scientific method; by adding fact to fact, joining experience to experience, gathering, arranging, classifying; mounting from generalization to generalization, until at last the truth long sought for burst upon the vision—a faint flickering, wavering light at first, it may be, but unmistakably a light, and one which grows ever stronger and brighter as the student pursues his task. He works on slowly from point to point, feeling his way and keeping ever the solid ground beneath his feet. Year by year he builds his philosophy of life, basing his conclusions upon facts drawn from his own experience.

And what better foundation can one desire than one of solid facts? What better method of procedure than that of the laborious, painstaking scientist? Yet these students and thinkers who have delved deep into the human mind, who have grasped the law of spiritual unfoldment, who have glimpsed the fair vision of Truth itself—these advocates of the New Thought who proclaim that evil is only a temporary condition, that it has no real, abiding existence, that whatever is, is good,—these men and women are classed as "visionaries," "dreamers," "impractical idealists!" Not so! They are the deepest thinkers and philosophers the world has known.

True, there may be, and doubtless are, many would-be leaders in the New Thought movement who have seized upon the generalizations in this philosophy of life, without investigating as thoroughly as might be the foundation facts upon which they

are based. But it is safe to say that the vast majority of the real leaders in the movement have wrought out their conclusions, not from a study of others' ideas, but of their own experiences, from facts in their own lives.

They have come to see that so-called evil is an ephemeral condition, that it quickly passes away; that good alone is permanent; that much of what we consider hardship and misfortune, is so only in the seeming, because in our shortsightedness and our erroneous thinking we invest it with a nature and character that are not its own; that much, if not all of our suffering springs from our inability to perceive the permanent good behind the temporary evil; that with increasing experience, wider knowledge, and clearer spiritual perception, so-called evil will lose its dark and threatening aspect, and be seen as it really is, a part of the All-embracing Good. To quote the words of Swami Vivekananda, they have found that "All the evil, all the error, all the disease, all the suffering, all the fears, all the forebodings of life, are on the side of the physical, the material, the transient; while all the peace, all the joy, all the happiness, all the growth, all the life, all the wide, exulting, abounding life, is on the side of the spiritual, the ever-increasing, the eternal, that never changes, that has no end."



HE who has always been successful in his ambitions has yet to learn whether or not he has sufficient breadth of character to lose nobly.—*H. C. Morse.*



EACH man must seek and find truth for himself and in his own way, and only that truth which he finds and makes his own has any value to him or affects his character. Mere assent or unwilling consent to what others believe to be truth is utterly valueless to him.—*William D. Little.*

THE IDEAL'S MODE OF MOTION.

BY ELIZABETH STRUBLE.

If man be, as Hugo expressed it, "an infinite little copy of God," and "God is the Whole," then indeed is man the Microcosm. In this truth lies the cause of the fact that man, in seeking to know himself instinctively accepts analogy as the best proof of the existence within himself of any given power.

So the New Scientist compasses land and sea and "things that never were on land or sea," material science and immaterial religion, fact and fiction, for analogies which shall aid him and others in gaining a true concept of himself as the Son of Omnipotence. First, the picture, then the perception. Afterward apperception and concept.

One of the latest discoveries in the scientific field so nearly borders upon the domain of New Thought that an analogy will aid us in assimilating its meaning.

Dr. Ribot, of the great hospital La Salpetriere, in the course of his investigations with "human microscopes," sensitives in a state of hypnosis, has been able to watch the birth and growth of ideas. The sensitives, many in number, agree in their reports. They claim to observe a "gray mist" which rises in the cerebrum, circulating thence downward through the cerebellum and spinal cord, branching off with the nerves and making the circuit of the body; after which it returns with *added power* to the cerebrum, from whence it begins another circuit of the body, and so on, each time with *accreted force*, until, while at first it seemed to make little impression upon the thought atoms with which it came in contact, it eventually dominated them, moving at its own will. Each idea thus goes into all the microcosmic world to preach its gospel, gaining converts as it goes,

until it finally is strong and mighty—may it not be Almighty—enough to rule. From a “gray mist” to a mighty river of power, bearing all Life upon its bosom.

Imagine the great city of New York with its teeming millions, each person representing a thought and each *class* of persons an idea. Let money-getting represent the idea of the largest or ruling class. Many persons and classes of persons represent other ideas and may try to rebel, but money-getting is king and others must submit.

Somewhere in the great city there is formed a class—a “gray misty” class indeed—from within the city’s self or coming from without—a class representing another idea, the idea of money-giving, apparently diametrically opposed to the money-getting idea. This very misty little band goes on an evangelizing tour with its new gospel and does not make much impression, but still a number of converts join its ranks, and again they circulate and still again until the “gray mist” becomes a great stream *compelling* finally all other streams to become its *tributaries*. A new king is crowned.

Just as the new dominant class will reorganize the whole city, never resting until “every knee shall bow and every tongue confess” its power, so in the human organism Ideas will go into all its highways and byways, palaces and hovels, cracks and crannies, preaching their own particular gospel—“goodspel,” or “*badspel*”—making converts of all other molecules of thought until the whole is dominated, the fittest surviving here as in the visible world. Someone has spoken of the “expulsive power of a new affection”—behold its “mode of motion.”

Thus is the New Science doubly scientific in its use of statements of truth. Whatever “*badspel*” of weakness and deformity and disease has been preached and has dominated in our bodies, it can surely be naturalized and “*chemicalized*” and *converted* by preaching the “goodspel” of wholeness until every

thought molecule is either converted or else killed off with the rest of the "Hittites and the Hivites and Jebusites" and all the other *ites* that will not obey the law of Good.

The Idea of Omnipotence held in thought will bring into visibility the "new heavens and the new earth." The length of time required will depend upon the faithfulness with which we encourage the "gray mist" to circulate. Once started it *will accomplish*. But suppose we send out a little "gray mist" of wholeness once a week or once a day, will our kingdom of Good come into manifestation as soon as our brothers', who send theirs out fifty, a hundred, a thousand times a day—"without ceasing"?

Let us not send out the "badspel" of discouragement because we do not demonstrate as readily as others, nor yet doubt our power; but let us redouble that *confident* vigilance which is the price of our liberty and see that *all* our "gray mist" is the *Good* kind, remembering that all our missionaries are faithful to their own particular message, working away and accomplishing their mission despite present appearances. "God worketh in us both to will and to do" and shall He not accomplish?



REALIZATION.

Soul-gladdening promise this, of greater light to be:
Morning's perfect glory, through dream-lit sky is won;
Through evanescent mists of unreality,
Truth transcendent gleams—as the all-radiant Sun.

M. H. JACKSON.



FIND God everywhere in the circling eddy, in the rising mist, in the opening flower petal, in the closing seed pod, in singing bird, in swimming fish, in scudding cloud.—*Augusta T. Webster.*

MAN'S DOMINION.

BY C. C. GIFFORD.

In this paper I offer you the Philosopher's Stone, for which the old alchemists searched so many years in vain. If I were to choose a text from which to speak to you of the way to transmute the baser metals of natural knowledge into the gold of spiritual knowledge, and thus at the same time prove the immortality of man, I would ask you to recall the fourth verse of the eighth Psalm—"What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" and the assertion in the sixth verse, which is the somewhat indirect answer as to what man is—"Thou hast made him to have dominion over the work of Thy hands, Thou hast put all under his feet."

Perhaps the first question for us to ask is, Who is this "Thou" to whom the words of the Psalm are addressed? We know that the Psalmist is speaking to God, and the same Book, which is our outward guide in life, answers, "God is Spirit." The North American Indians showed that they possessed a remnant of a spiritual perception of truth when they called God the "Great Spirit," for that is what He is; not merely a mighty King or Judge, not an almost human Creator, or Father, stooping to make a material world or worlds, and then occupying himself with peopling them with physical beings over whose affairs he keeps an arbitrarily governing hand, as later conceptions of him have pictured to us our God, but the Great Sun of the spiritual world, the Source of all life, —Spirit, Life Itself! With so grand a conception of the Infinite, Divine Creator, can we still look upon Him as our loving Heavenly Father? Yes; but not without an entirely new comprehension of His creation, including that of ourselves.

All the sin, all the trouble in the world has come from man's inability to answer the question, "What is man?"

Starting with wrong premises in his attempt to account for himself all his efforts could but result in wrong conclusions. Having lost the perception of themselves as spiritual beings, sons of God, which they must have originally possessed in the Golden Age which Swedenborg calls that of the Most Ancient Church, and only gradually emerging from what we are pleased to call the barbarism into which they had fallen, men came to look upon their Bible, when it was given them, as a book teaching literal history, and took the first chapters of Genesis to be an account of the creation of a material world, called into being simply by a fiat of God and prepared for man's abode before he was placed upon it. For ages after this men lived in a wholly simple, childish state, scarcely asking why they lived, or by what laws anything existed.

Then, as what we call the natural, or mortal, minds developed and there arose such men as Copernicus and Galileo, who started a new theory of the order of the universe, and they were followed by other natural thinkers, there grew up the modern natural science whose boasted knowledge of our surroundings as a material planet has succeeded in making us an almost wholly material people.

If you listen to the conversation which goes on around you, whether among the ignorant masses of the people, or among the most learned upholders of the theory of evolution, you will be struck with the thought of what utterly helpless, over-ridden, deplorable creatures we are. There is so much talk of this ailment and that ailment, this trouble and that trouble, that it seems as if no one was well and no one happy. We seem to be in the grasp of some monstrous Power for Evil. And the worst of it is, that we seem perfectly satisfied to have it so! Things have come to such a pass that we have acquired a sort

of pride in our experiences of illness and other troubles. It must be an unconscious feeling, but it really seems as if pity was something so to be desired that no one likes to have escaped participation in any prevailing disease or disaster, and each person who tells you of his illness, or his trouble, whatever it may have been, will try to impress you with the fact that it was a great deal worse than yours. "Oh, yes; you had a fearful cold, but mine was so terrible I could scarcely breathe," and so on. Indeed, there has actually come to be a fashion in *disease*, and I am almost as much ashamed to tell you that I haven't had "the grippe" or "appendicitis" as I would be to tell you that I haven't had a new bonnet!

This is all because we believe that we are so beholden to a material world for our existence, so bound to and governed by the material or natural laws of that world, that we *must* be poor and sick and miserable. There is no help for us.

Alas! at present the world is like one great blind asylum. We sometimes feel impatient with people for being so foolish as to stand in their own light, so foolish as to be weak when they might be strong, so foolish as to live on husks when they might have bread, so foolish sometimes as to act like animals when they might be men—but ought we not rather to be overwhelmed with compassion for their unfortunate condition? How can the blind help groping and tottering and sometimes falling? What almost superhuman strength and courage and trust it must take to walk uprightly, firmly and unfalteringly, all in the dark! Surely it is more wonderful that there are so many upright, noble characters than that there are also so many more stumbling ones. But the pity of it is that so long as men have no real comprehension of what they are and what their birthright is, so long as "men *love* darkness rather than light," the blindness and the stumbling, the erring and the suffering must prevail. For *material men there is no help*.

True, some learned men have seemed to *feel* a flaw in the marvelous system of the material universe now believed in, for Kant is said to have taught "that Space and Time are forms of the intellect,—*a priori* laws or conditions of the conscious mind,' " and Herbert Spencer says, that "Space, Time, Matter, Motion and Force are relative realities indicating to us an Unknown Absolute Reality by which they are produced." And yet so many and so great are the apparent proofs of the truth of this modern system of science that men cling to their belief in matter as an absolute reality, and in the consequent power of the properties of matter. If they are right in thus clinging to the materialistic conception of existence, if it is true that we are material bodies merely endowed in some mysterious way with an inward life which is not meant to have, and doesn't have, much effect in governing *us*, or our condition, they are also quite right to talk as if we were irrevocably subject to all evils, to the disorder, disease and decay which seem to exist in the lower orders of creation around us. But are they right in this interpretation of the nature of this universe, and their conceptions of life?

If they are, the only cause of man's suffering lies between his ignorance of natural laws and his failure to observe the merely moral laws, and the work of the Ethical Culture Societies and the efforts for reform and education made by our philanthropists are the only efforts that are needed for the amelioration of the race. Doubtless all these efforts are most useful preparations for the teaching of truth, as it is not possible to pour water into tumblers that are upside down; but surely there is a surer way of reversing the tumblers. Surely the conclusions of modern scientists are not truths, but most misleading conceptions.

Of this system of natural science a spiritual thinker said about fifty years ago, "By the absorption of mind in Matter,

Time, Space and quantity, each one considered as extraneous to the thinking Being, and existing independently of him, fallacious appearances of all kinds have been taken for Truths. . . . The external World, with its Space and its Time, is a purely hypothetical World. And yet who can doubt the existence of such a world when his senses every hour seem to assure him of the fact?"

This writer, Charles Augustus Tulk, goes on to say, "Now there cannot be a truth more certain than this; that all this mighty array of specious conclusions in which man is said to have a history of creation incapable of deceiving him, is nothing more than one monstrous fallacy, altogether unreal because it is not at all such as it appears to the natural mind. . . .

"But in what terms does that same structure speak to the spiritual mind? . . . In the heat and light of the natural sun he sees the representative effects of the Divine Love and Wisdom such as they are to the unregenerated natural man; and in the stratification of the earth and the fossil remains of vegetable and animal forms, he traces the progressive development of the mind through all its changes.

"For all natural conclusions are founded on a belief in the distinct externity of matter, whereas the truth is there is no such distinct externity; the fallacy having arisen in every mind from its mistaking the sensation of space for space, such as it is supposed to be itself, and the sensation of time for an external progression distinct from the mind to which the sensations of space and time, and the sensations only, are presented.

"The recognition of this universal truth, that the objects of the senses do not inflow into the mind, but are themselves the outbirths of the mind, is pregnant with consequences the most important to the right course and development of all human knowledge."

We see that this knowledge that space and time, with all their appearances, are the outbirths of thought, that all the objects of space are thus "truths in appearance," is indeed fraught with most momentous consequences, for it teaches man what he is—that he is wholly a spiritual being, occupying a world that in its degree, or on its own plane, is as much a spiritual world as any he will ever know hereafter; that he is, in fact, the prime factor in the formation of his own world—the chief arbiter, collectively, of his own fate.

Is not this plausible? Nay, is it not a self-evident truth, when we open the eyes of our understanding, and *really think*?

As God is Spirit, all the life which flows from Him must be spiritual life, and His only creation must be a spiritual one. As He is the "light of life," the Center and Beginning of all existence, and we live only from Him, He is our Father as what we call the Sun of the natural world is the father of every ray of light which proceeds from that sun.

If men will now study the Bible so far as to see that it is a Book with a spiritual meaning, teaching symbolically spiritual truth, and not a history of any material earth or any material men, they will see that it agrees with the testimony of truth in their own hearts, the revelation of Himself which God makes to each one who will listen to Him, and they will see that there are no natural laws, that there is only one law, God's spiritual law of order and harmony, that they are right who say, "there is no matter," for as there is nothing in Spirit out of which to create matter, our thought of what we call matter is merely a misconception, a naturalizing, from the lowest degree of our minds, of what are really spiritual substances. They will agree with Henry Drummond when he says, "philosophy does well in proving that matter is a non-entity. The reality is alone the Spiritual."

When they have gained this tremendous advantage in learn-

ing to use the philosopher's stone, the knowledge that only the spiritual is real, they will see that there is truly no more reality in evil than there is in matter,—that poverty, or illness, or suffering, discord of any kind, indicates merely an absence of Life, a disorderly disconnection between the branch and the Vine, between the hand and the Brain. And possessed of this understanding of the nature or cause of disease we will be as much ashamed to confess to being ill as we will be to admit that we have done wrong.

We *should* be ashamed of being in wrong conditions, for as sons of God, outflowings of His Life, we ought to have control of our circumstances and surroundings. Our Father gives us *dominion* over all these things, because they are outbirths of our states of life, are governed, that is, by the degree of life which we receive, or transmit, from Him. Let me repeat: all the objects by which we are surrounded exist because they are correspondences of, that is, really arise from, our states of life,—love of God and the neighbor, all true love, producing good and beautiful things; all self-love and hatred of good, producing evil and hateful things.

So, if we have more of seeming evil in life than we have of good, it is our own fault, not perhaps individually, but the fault of the mind of the race, as the Divine Mind can work only through the hearts and minds of His children.

The recognition that the love behind the thought is the great creative force, because the Infinite Love which is over and in all is the only Life, is the Truth which "shall make us free" from all discord and suffering; for in our gratitude for the opening of our eyes, we shall not be able to keep our hearts closed to the influx of the Divine Love. And when Love rules "the desert shall blossom as the rose."

If in our present state those who apparently have every blessing are frequently not happy, and the discipline of suf-

fering seems necessary to bring us to God, it is because man has been for so many ages under errors of belief, and consequently in wrong conditions, that he is born with his true nature inverted, and therefore with propensities to evil which do not belong to his *real self*, and which need restraint and repression for which, if he were in the true order of his life, there would be no occasion. It is because, being inheritors of perverted states of life, those of us who are free from trial are trying to live of ourselves, independent of God, not acknowledging our blessings as received from Him, and therefore we have to have the trouble which ought not to be necessary, to teach us that there is no happiness, because no real life, apart from the Source of Life.

The only way to have health, wealth, happiness, *life*, is to *keep close* to this Source of Life, and because men try to live without doing this, the whole world is upsidedown, and *everything* is in disorder.

God did not make men with any tendencies toward evil, but in the age described in the Bible as the fall of man, when he ate of the fruit of the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil," man fell into self-love, into a belief in his own self-derived intelligence, and other delusive beliefs, which have separated him from God, and caused him to lose the knowledge that for spiritual beings there can be no order, and hence no happiness and peace except in the keeping of spiritual law and living of spiritual life.

But the very fact that man's chief longing is for happiness, that he not only claims, with Aristotle, that happiness is the *summum bonum* in life, but seems to feel that he has a *right* to be happy, is proof of his innate perception that happiness *must be* the birthright of every child of a Father who is Good Itself, if he will only put himself into an orderly attitude toward his Father.

When all men recognize this unconscious perception which makes them so dissatisfied with their present position and attainments, they will say with Carlyle, "Man's unhappiness comes of his greatness. It is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning, he cannot bury under the finite." Then they will not creep off into holes and corners, and yield to the evil tendencies of their own acquiring, which make the evil circumstances that punish them, but come out into the light, saying joyfully, In giving us dominion and putting all under our feet, the Great Spirit of Good does not make us any arbitrary gift, but simply endows us with our right as spiritual beings, for, in so far as he accepts the Divine Essence, and he cannot help accepting it in some degree, Man is a Son of God.



TWILIGHT AT OSCAWANA.

The day dies slowly westward, its radiant, dying smile
 The hovering clouds reflecting, as shadows grow, the while;
 The tree-tops rustle softly, there's a drone of homing bees,
 And the fragrance of the clover is heavy on the breeze.
 The lullaby of nestlings, the cricket's note of cheer,
 And the fire-fly's fitful candle, all tell that night is near.
 The blossoms, incense-laden, quaff deep the grateful dew,
 Then softly furl their petals, and dream the darkness through.
 All Nature greets her guerdon, and fearless sinks to rest;
 Sounds there no echoed promise within the human breast?

H. ESTELLE DUDLEY.



If thou wouldst know who loves thee best;
 'Tis he most pleased at thy success.

—H. C. Morse.

THE LAW OF LIFE.

BY T. SHELLEY SUTTON.

The Sea, the Sod, the Sunlight, and the Stars!
That Mind which makes and rules them, never mars.
All-perfect is Creation:—evil, then,
The Discord of Delusion, wrought by men.

The God in You, the You in Me, the Me
Which lives in Mind, eternal, vast, must be;
And—being so—this ego Mind hath made
Must e'er survive the sexton's cruel spade.

There is eternal Action—endless strife—
In things we term “immutable,” for Life
Makes flesh of sand, and sinew of the earth
From which we come, like mushrooms, into birth.
It creates blood of water, for the sea
Has drop by drop once coursed in You and Me:
It moulds the Man from atoms—gives strange form
To these vague particles which 'round us swarm;
It creates beings from the dust of death,
And robs the grave of ages with its breath;
It makes the clod to palpitate—the stone

To move with passion and go forth—alone!
All earth is like a Phoenix, for the Life
With which to-day it blossoms and is rife,
To-morrow shall be hidden. So the rust
Of Time and Death reduces all to dust;
But from that dust the Soul immortal soars
To solve the Problem o'er which now it pores.

God—Spirit—Mind—the You which is in Me—
Imbues our universe. This Life we see
Is but that God made manifest—the Mind
Made visible in what itself designed.
It animates, sustains and guides each thing—
Be it the beast of burden, bird of wing,
Or man, or fish, or serpent. We are One,
And to that Mind as sunlight to the sun.
One Pow'r, one Mind, one all-creating Force,
Supplies, sustains, all beings in their course.
Each is a leaf upon the Tree of Life—
A passing wave upon the Sea of Strife—
A grain of sand upon the Shore of Time,
A part essential in a Plan Sublime!
One Tree, one Shore, one Ocean, one vast All
From out whose clasp one part no pow'r could call.

The Law of Life!—how wondrous is that Law
Which earth's last need with its first being saw!
How wondrous is that Mind, which gives to me
An individual reign o'er all I see—
And yet forbids me, tho' supreme my might,
To once o'erstep the sacred bounds of Right!—
Allows me strength and glory—makes me King,
And gives me Mind's omnipotence, to bring
All things unto me, while, in turn, I must
Inflict upon myself—if prone to lust—
The woes of my own making—fanning here
In my own heart the conscience-fires of Fear;
Myself must punish and myself must damn
Should I *forget* myself, or what I am;
Myself must curse, should I, with selfish aim,
Pursue the dreaded paths of sin and shame;

Myself must punish—starve my hung'ring soul—
Should I up-hoard my brother's needed gold;
Myself must hate, should I not love, thro' life,
The poor who here support me by their strife—
For what were I did Labor's mighty hand
Not rear this realm of beauty where I stand?
To earth's co-operation do I owe
The bread I eat, the fruits which 'round me grow,
The clothes I wear, the myriad joys which lie
In life's bright path-way. So it is that I
Must work with God—with Universal Mind—
To help maintain the kingdom here designed:
So must all men co-operate with God
To cultivate their souls and till the sod,
And plant a garden in the human breast
To glorify the beauty here expressed.
The mind and muscle must alike expand—
Weeds grow in hearts, as well as in the land!

Man is the moulding of his Maker, Mind,
And is, himself, a Thought with course defined—
A Thought incarnate, to insinuate
Himself through earthly channels, meeting Fate
With entity invulnerable, and pow'r
To make that serpent—Sin—before him cower.
He winds his way—a true and living Thought,
With strength to master and a Purpose brought
From that great Mind external—till at last
His mission has been done, and life is passed:—
Where once he stood, the very earth is made
More beautiful from that grand Thought, portrayed
In monumental deed or firm design
Which shall be left for me, or thee, or thine.

So doth he come, and when his work is done
 The Thought reverts to that great Mind—the One
 In which all thoughts find being. So, he dies,—
 But from his grave posterity shall rise.
 The dust returns to dust, and mind to Mind;
 The Thought—his soul—lives on, to One confined;
 For he, himself, all that he was, were naught
 But God's incarnate, manifested Thought:
 And Thoughts are Things—ethereal tho' they be
 They are a subtle *something*. 'Tis for me
 To keep my soul—God's Thought—in pure accord
 With that high Mind, and by each deed and word
 Assert my strength, maintain within my mind
 The glory there imparted—so, may find
 The peace, and joy, and plenty, which shall grow
 Where falls the weed beneath our Virtue's hoe.



WE owe it to our fellows to show such hope as is in us.
 Courage many men are capable of who are not capable of hope.
 "Hope evermore, O man; for e'en as thy thought is, so are the
 things that thou seest."—*Atlantic Monthly*.



IN all Nature's vocabulary there is no such word as stagnation.
 There is progression and there is retrogression, and each
 is a movement. She knows no other road, and on either of
 these two paths all creation moves.—*W. D. Little*.



IT is the province of character to adapt circumstance to
 noble results, though God is more merciful to us than we often
 are to ourselves. We help others so much more when we do
 not disconcert them by our own ills, which grow small when
 we do not worry over them.—*Kate Gannett Wells*.

RELIGION AND LAW.

BY MARCIA DAVIES.

The inconsistent views held by the majority of people in regard to the meaning of religious and of secular laws are of the most conflicting and contradictory nature. It is possible to make a clear distinction in the mind as to the difference between these two kinds of law which are recognized as a necessity for the preservation of peace in civilized communities, and for the construction of a set of rules for the guidance of human conduct; but, while such a distinction can be made, it is plain that the majority, while relatively agreeing that there must be religion and there must be law, confuse the principles and purposes of the two. The popular opinions entertained about law are vastly different from those held by our soundest and most disinterested thinkers, and so with the law of religion, we are conscious that it differs greatly in the minds of its advocates as well as of its followers. Broadly considered, it is safe to say that the laws of religion are regarded as a collection of impossible sentiments absolutely impracticable for use in the business affairs of life. In order to realize the truth of this assertion we can ask ourselves some such questions as these: "Do men and women value the precepts propounded from the pulpits and carry them into daily effect? Which is considered of most consequence in the affairs of life, the laws outlined by the legal fraternity, the statutes of the state, or the laws of God as framed in the Christian Bible? Against which would the generality of people most readily infringe? Would not the advice of a lawyer or a man of affairs be asked in regard to any great question of life in preference to that of the man who has made it the business of his days to teach the differences

between right and wrong?" It would seem from this, if we answer these questions fairly, that the law of the land is a much more practical and actual thing than the law of religion, and since men and women as a class are eminently practical, their conduct in this respect is entirely consistent. Yet while we may agree to the truth of this statement and the fact that men relatively conform to the opinions of law in a secular, rather than in a religious sense, we know very well that these ideas about such matters are not generally recognized and would, in fact, be indignantly denied. The impression prevails that we go to church to hear disquisitions on a high standard of conduct, which we put into effect in the daily affairs of life. This is, of course, the accepted idea of the use and purpose of going to church.

But while this is the current idea we know very well that it is not carried into effect. Between the avowed purpose of Christianity, on the one hand, and the practical application of its principles, on the other, there is, indeed, a wide gulf. The fact that large numbers of people attend religious services is the outward and visible sign that they respect such services; but it is plain that they do not consider either the laws or the sentiments of religion seriously, since they do not pretend to put them into practical use.

If this is the real attitude of the majority of persons who frequent the churches, why, it may be asked, do people go to church at all? How does religion extend its force and influence, if those who support its interests feel such indifference for its precepts and doctrine? This question goes to the heart of the matter, and the answer to it is that the actualities of religion are so immeasurably greater than the sum of its aggregated faults that it lives and prospers because it is the most vital force on earth, and because men, while they treat it with indifference, always intend to take its precepts seriously at last.

It is also claimed, in support of its theoretical assumptions, that men "cannot make money by practising Christian principles in the business affairs of life."

Viewed from this standpoint it is easily possible to understand the paradoxical condition of those men who disregard such principles in order to make money to support their families, but who yet give large sums of the same money, cheerfully, for the maintenance and propagation of these religious laws which they outwardly appear to respect, but which they declare to be impracticable in their relation to human life.

Can anything be more inconsistent than this? If men really believe that the law of Christianity is absolutely impracticable in its application to daily life, why should they willingly give large sums of money to support a system whose policy they consider is sentimental and misleading?

If thoughtful men really entertain these opinions of Christianity, is not their conduct in supporting such a system not only unreasonable but morally wrong?

Such considerations as these, however, show plainly that men deceive themselves in regard to their real attitude toward religion. The man who goes to church to "please his wife," he who believes "religious instruction is good for his children," and he who declares the church is a Divine Institution, although he cannot subscribe to its various dogmas, all feel the reality of some great claim. Each man will respect the religious views of his wife—will allow his children to be taught that such views are correct, at all events to be received with faith, and when he himself comes to die, he will have the ministrations and prayers of that system he has declared sentimental and impracticable, but to whose support, nevertheless, he has largely contributed.

Viewed as an inspired organization, or as a useful code of morality, the use and purpose of religious law are made clear,

and for those reasons the churches are supported by men, whatever may be their views about doctrine or dogma.

We will agree, then, that the conduct of men collectively is very much more consistent toward religion than their talk about it, that their interest in it is a real thing, and that the illogical and absurdly confused thought prevailing about religion is the natural result of the false interpretation we have of Christian law.

What, let us ask ourselves, is the province of the Christian pulpit? Is it to teach men law in its actual relation to life? No. Does it discourse of justice as applicable to human conduct? Certainly not.

It teaches the duty to one's neighbor perhaps? Not in its literal sense, since this would involve discussion of both law and justice. It surely explains that man is his brother's keeper, that he who tempts is a responsible agent in the great drama of existence and self determines his course of conduct, and thus creates the conditions of his future life?

It must be admitted that such ideas are not generally taught. And, in fact, when our religious teachers preach upon great questions of an intellectual, political, philosophical, or scientific nature, the dogmatic as well as the orthodox Christian people become highly indignant. It is not considered that questions of this description belong *in any sense to the realm of religion at all*. Moreover, if the views advanced by the liberal pulpit reflect upon the laws of the land, or have any tendency to practically affect conduct, the newspapers immediately take up the subject and wide discussion ensues as to the propriety of "teachers of Christianity presuming to enlighten or influence men on the vital subject of law," and grief and disappointment are expressed that "good and worthy men" who profess to teach the doctrine of a Merciful Christ, should concern themselves with questions outside of the jurisdiction of the church, and

which can only be satisfactorily arranged by "practical" men. Surely this is a peculiar sophistry which reduces Christianity to a school of theology! And we perceive that while one class of men abuse the system as sentimental and misleading in its relation to the conduct of life, the moment religion takes a declarative stand, another class leaves nothing undone to strangle or ridicule its utterance. On the one hand is the cry for "Muscular Christianity" and "sound thinking," on the other we are assured that "nothing could be more fatal for the interests of religion."

It will be seen from this that the actualities of religious law cannot even yet be expounded in a practical way from the pulpit, and that its legitimate field for discussion is still largely confined to theological dogmas and the validity of these speculations.

But as certainly as the object of Christianity is to teach men the plain meaning of Christian law—the difference between right and wrong—as certainly has its object been defeated by Christians who have done as much to frustrate the cause of religion as the active sinfulness of its opponents.

Broadly speaking, few persons find it difficult to understand the difference between right and wrong, but the majority of men find it not only difficult, but impossible to believe in the truth of these various forms of speculative belief which are declared to be of such consequence to the theologian. Those who maintain for such points of belief will tell us positively that such beliefs are necessary for the salvation of the soul, but we perceive that the tenets of religious beliefs are constantly changing, and we realize that these things about which we hear or have heard such exciting talk cannot be essential for salvation since they are subject to reconstruction or a different interpretation. To deny that the theological opinions held to-day are not very different from those taught and believed in as

articles of faith fifty years ago would be to proclaim one's self a very ignorant person. It is reasonable, then, to suppose that many of the opinions now held to be absolute will also be reconstructed or receive a new interpretation. For no matter what is said to the contrary, the opinion of science has revolutionized theology.

At the beginning of the present century the opinions of the pulpit exercised a mighty influence on the thought and destinies of men, and, as we know, such opinions were regarded with veneration and awe. At this period the press was by no means the important and independent power it is to-day. The newspaper is now the great educational factor of the age. Undeniedly the press is the foremost power of our civilization.

It is needless to review the causes which have led up to the conditions with which we are familiar. We will agree that the press "is liberal," but its liberality is largely due to the opinions of science. It must also be admitted that since Christianity has been called to order by the impartial views of men, since it has been defined as "a doctrine of Mercy," it has been much more useful and pacific in its policy, and less hostile in its attitude. For science has taught it to be humane, and the agnostic has made it think.

But is it really true that Christianity is a system of mercy alone? We know that it is classified as such, and it seems to please many good people to imagine that it is so, but it is impossible for a thoughtful person to seriously entertain such a view. A system of absolute mercy would demoralize the world.

In this, as in other respects, the prevailing mode of thinking is entirely inconsistent. If God is a just God, how can His religion be a system of unqualified mercy? Unquestionably the vital principle of religion is obedience to law. If, then, we cannot formulate law without justice we cannot imagine religion without law.

It is understood, however, that Christianity cannot teach the principles of religious law in relation to the practical affairs of life. Yet in its highest and best aspect law, in a secular sense, defines to man his duty towards his neighbor. Christianity assumes to do the same thing. It is true the process is different, but the object both have in view is identical. It requires a nice distinction, in fact, to separate the object of Christian religion and the object of secular law, since the aim of both, in the highest and most ideal sense, is to define the conditions of right and wrong and teach man to live peaceably and fairly with his neighbor. It is clear that when man has ceased to oppress his neighbor and lives peaceably in a community and deals fairly with its members he has assimilated the principles that both religion and law portray. It is obvious, then, that if he fulfils the conditions of human life fairly, he is obeying the law of God.

Looked at largely, the actuality of religion and the idealities of law are essentially the same thing. So when we maintain that Christianity is a system of mercy alone, we rob it of its very bone and sinew, and relegate it to an inferior plane as an ethical system for the guidance of human conduct, and when we eliminate the same principle from jurisprudence, we subtract the Christianizing spirit of humanity. That chaos and confusion so widely prevail as to the real purpose and meaning of religious law, is of course referable to the prejudices of the earlier teachers of the system, who have afflicted humanity with such distorted ideas of right and wrong. Indeed, much of our confused thinking is coincident with the fact that while we deny that our religion is a system of justice, we tacitly admit to ourselves that it is so. We unfairly blame Christianity because men have failed to properly interpret its meaning.

It is not difficult to understand how Christianity has been called upon to suffer for the senseless fanaticism of its mem-

bers. The birthright of this great power was taken from her because she was false to her trust. She betrayed men and they deserted her. She could not exercise justice or be humane, still less impartial; and therefore the jurisdiction of law was absolutely denied. Is it to be wondered at that with the record of her frightful impositions the sword of justice was wrested from Christianity and that men in all lands called upon her to stand and deliver? If then we agree that religion has been dictated to by force outside of the churches, that science has liberalized theology, and that the press has become the great educational factor in our civilization, if we say the sword of justice has been wrested from Christianity because the system, in a dogmatic sense, was so intolerant, we must recognize the significant fact that there is a great opinionated power in the world, above the churches, outside of ecclesiastical courts and of theological jurisdiction, but just and impartial in its dictates, and it is to this court—which has no outlined form of religious ethics and no dogmatic decrees—that the best thought of the century continually appeals.

That the world has this power existing, and that the conditions mentioned have been established without any visible plan of organization, is plain enough to any thoughtful mind, and that it is referable to a law of religious growth is equally clear. It is, in fact, the natural instinctive religious expression of man, fostered and shaped by the ideal principles of Christian law, irrespective of dogma. It is this power—called “godless” by the churches—that has so enormously advanced the progress of civilization, and yet men of investigating nature and concise habits of thought are still considered the enemies of religion, notwithstanding the potent fact that their unflagging labors have revolutionized different departments of thought and materially elevated the standard of life and conduct.

If science has so greatly benefited man on the physical and

material plane, if in its humanitarian attitude it has so enormously alleviated the suffering and woe of the world, we cannot regard this great power other than as a system of religious law. Nor is it too much to say that during the past fifty years science has done more to equalize the conditions of men and elevate the human race than the churches have been able to accomplish since the beginning of the Christian Era.

This only emphasizes the fact that the laws of Christianity have been falsely interpreted. Science had to separate from religion in order to demonstrate its principles. Now that its theories have been proved, we perceive that it is impossible for man to intelligently understand his brother man unless he knows something of physical law.

Was not Christ the Great Physician—the Great Humanitarian?

Such reflections as these clearly show us that the different powers of men are absolutely necessary for an intelligent comprehension and proper understanding of the laws of God.

The Agnostic Spirit commands our respect for the reason that it is not only honest and sincere in its methods of attaining truth, but because the results of its investigations are so essentially useful to mankind. If the Agnostic is not "a seeker after God" according to orthodox opinion, he is undeniably a conformer to God's method of law inasmuch as the character of his work is largely disinterested and directly benefits mankind. We perceive, then, that the evolution of religion, *i.e.*, Christian law, is working out the redemption of the world in ways very different from those considered orthodox. The variousness of man's intellectual capacity is needed for the development of different departments of thought. Knowing the limitations of man and his incapacity for perceiving truth as a whole, the Great Lawgiver established this precedent nearly two thousand years ago.

It is impossible to imagine a group of men more dissimilar in character than the Apostles. When we give attention to the flawless and consistent character of Christ, his adherence and conformity to the law of the land, his respect for individual personality and his penetrating knowledge of the ignorance and prejudices of men, we in some sense comprehend the great wisdom of that design, which included in its plan men of completely opposite natures to carry the Light into the world.

Surely it was not by accident that the apostles were men of such diverse and pronounced characteristics. The emotionalism of St. Peter, the intellectual nature of St. Paul, the scientific, or agnostic attitude of St. Thomas, the exalted spiritual faith of St. John, the humanitarianism of St. Luke, the literary attainments of St. Mark, the merciful attributes of St. Barnabas, the "Son of Consolation," and the law abiding proclivities of St. James are familiar to us all.

It does not require any close study of the apostles to perceive these very patent characteristics which are so plainly shown in the Gospels. If in a few of the twelve we notice this diversity of temperament we must reasonably conclude that, as the apostles of the church of the first century were equal one with another, as to authority for teaching, and went in different directions to spread the truth, the fact of their dissimilar characteristics would necessarily become identified with the religious teaching they propagated, that each man would to a certain extent color the truth of the religion he expressed with the positive characteristics of his individuality.

Whether this conclusion is true or not, there seems good reason to believe this was the intention of the Great Law-giver. Such a plan is comprehensive only to a mind of extraordinary intuition. It shows the very highest intellectuality and is consistent with the most lofty conception of a universal religion whose principles could be applied to all classes and conditions.

For when men found a school or wish to propagate a system of philosophy they invariably select men of kindred mind to disseminate the principles of such a school or system. "The Divine Man" formulated a plan directly opposite to this, by giving to a number of men absolutely unlike Himself those few simple principles which were to revolutionize the world. He selected men whose minds were open to impressions and relatively in a natural state, but who, nevertheless, had pronounced views and positive natures, and who possessed in common with Himself one strongly marked characteristic.

We might discourse at length upon the different natures of the twelve who were selected to Christianize the world. Highly educated men, we know, could not have carried out such a plan, for nothing is more difficult to the educated man than to assume the attitude of a reformer. And again, men accustomed to the scholastic reasoning of that age would have found the Christian faith—so devoid of ritual—impossible to propagate. They must have added to its simplicity, and this takes the vital principle of its strength. The very bareness of the new faith would have disarmed men accustomed to the pomp and splendor of the Jewish religion; while those reflective and critical qualities engendered by the process of an education, subservient to forms, would have been fatal attributes to the early exponents of Christianity.

Still we know that the apostles themselves differed about the opinions they taught, but notwithstanding their faith rose above dissensions, and in spite of differences they remained united in the work they had chosen. The love they felt for The Master was strong enough to endure the friction of divisions. It is not so surprising, then, that men to-day should be unable to agree as to the precise meaning of dogmatic religious decrees. It is noticeable, however, that men, then as now, differed, not about what Christ actually said or taught,

but about what they imagined he meant or would have taught. And from such controversy as this have arisen vast systems of oppressive ecclesiasticism, whose distorted ideas of truth have made the history of the world such a repelling record of injustice.

But when we think of the triumphs of Christianity and forget the revolting features impressed upon the system by the ignorance and fanaticism of its members, we cannot too much admire its large universality, when we see how readily its fundamental principles can be applied. Formerly, as we know, all knowledge was disseminated by the churches, but now all departments of thought are independent of religious jurisdiction except the one plane which relates to the spiritual life and a future condition. Yet we see that many kinds of knowledge are absolutely necessary for the proper development of man, that he is subject to many conditions and that all of these conditions are correlations of law, and, in their right aspect, related to the fundamental principle of religion. The ignorance and shortsighted folly of men separated the minor laws from the major laws of religion. So when we ask ourselves what is religion and what is law we find ourselves confusing terms and making distinctions that are not in any sense satisfactory; for any close consideration of the subject shows us that every department of spiritual, intellectual and physical thought includes conformity to law. Nor can the statement be too often repeated that the Christian doctrine is an ethical system of absolute law. The sense of law as a principle should not conflict with the sense of law as religion, for all law is the recognition of fair conditions—the intuitive expression of justice in the heart of man. And proportionally as man is able to understand the different forms of law, he is also able to control the conditions of his life or environment.

Our confused thought and inconsistent talk are the natural

results of reforms accomplished by violence and without any coherent plan of design. They bear witness to the incompleteness of our wisdom and the blind strength of prejudice.

But with the diffusion of ideas, and the facility for obtaining knowledge now so prevalent, the thought of our age must be largely contemporaneous. In times past men stepped up singly into the realms of knowledge, but the intellectual and spiritual leaders of to-day need not pine for disciples, for, as they rise, they are accompanied by a mighty host of followers. And as certainly as men are uplifted to better conditions of thought as certainly do these modes of thought affect existing phases of mentality.

When we realize that the different powers of men are absolutely essential for the interpretation of the different laws of God we must acknowledge the necessary law of dissimilarity. The medieval church denied this law of dissimilarity, so Christianity was torn into fragments. But the enormous elasticity of Christianity stretches with the development of the powers of men. It progresses as man progresses through the ages. Its principles do not change, of course, but man applies them more intelligently when he desires to be intellectually honest, when he thinks as well as feels. If we agree that science has made religion humane, we see that this force, so far from being the enemy of Christianity, is really the most powerful factor in the development of religious law. For if science teaches one great lesson it teaches the value of personal goodness—the fundamental principle of material law—that while the individual may seem inconsequent, he is immeasurably greater than the limitations of his life. Religion, we know, teaches the same truth precisely, though in a very different way. Thus we come again to a primary agreement from entirely opposite points of view, and see that the object of science and the object of religion are to teach men the fact of personal goodness.

The power of one is spiritual and of the other physical, but we cannot separate the two natures of man, nor can we positively declare which sort of instructions is most useful for his development. If we agree that man is better spiritually and lives a larger life when he knows something of natural law and the conditions which govern his environment, we cannot avoid the conclusion that sound thinking is a form of religion, as right conduct is a form of law.

And if it is shown that different kinds of knowledge make man more intellectual and more largely useful, and we admit that the different powers of men are necessary for the understanding of different kinds of law, we cannot ignore the fact that man becomes much more intelligently religious as he is able to assimilate the various principles of law.

So when we think of the ideal religion we feel it must include the best known methods of developing the dissimilar forces of men. To separate man's spiritual nature, and to educate that alone, despising the physical, has proved the most disastrous failure in human history. To comprehend man in an intelligent sense, religion must regard him as a whole, and not divide him into fragments or attempt to educate him in parts.

With the altruistic ideas so widely prevailing of making the world a better place, while the best thought of the age is seeking a solution for these problems which will alleviate the suffering and wretchedness of humanity, the imagination can forecast a time when religion will be large enough to teach that sound character of thinking which is the basis of true religion, as it is of ideal law; when the inconsistencies of dogmatic faiths, which have occasioned such discord and misery in the world, will have obliterated their antagonisms in a Divine System of Christian Jurisprudence, when law will show the idealities of religion, and religion teach the actualities of law.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

BY MARIETTA PARSHLEY.

Not long ago I heard the following story told, which left a deep impression upon me. A ship's crew had no water. They were almost dying of thirst. A vessel appearing in sight, the thirsty sailors signalled for water. The response was, "Let down your buckets where you are." Again they signalled, thinking they had been misunderstood. Once again came the response, "Let down your buckets where you are." Wondering, they lowered their buckets, and brought them up full of sparkling, fresh water from the mouth of the Amazon. All about them was the pure, life-giving water, and yet they were perishing with thirst until they lowered their buckets to be filled.

So within each one of us are all things that make for health, strength, happiness and success. Yet, as the ship's crew were thirsting for water, so are we often thirsting for things that we might have in abundance if we would let down our buckets where we are.

A child passes much of his time in a world of his own thoughts and fancies. For him the fields and glens are peopled with a fairy folk, the flowers and grasses whisper to him their secrets, and running brooks babble wondrous stories. As he grows older he still lives in his own thought world, but childish fancies have given place to youth's ideals and life's realities.

The young boy and girl for a time work out their daily tasks with untiring energy, being spurred on always by the vision of their ideals. Will they ever attain them? If they only knew that they would have health, strength, and all things needed for success! A day of disappointment comes, and they go in vari-

ous directions for help and for sympathy. Perhaps they even go to God, their Father, yet with a feeling expressed in the words of a prayer that I heard not long ago, "O God, wilt Thou condescend to come to Thy waiting children." I would that every young man and woman could learn with their full significance these words, "Know thyself."

Most of us are not acquainted with ourselves. To gain a knowledge of Self requires no hunting for faults and failures, no unhealthy dwelling upon sin and evil, no gloomy introspection. It is rather with deep feelings of joy that we learn to know ourselves, for are we not all sons of God? With this truth another must go hand in hand—"All things are yours." "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

What possibilities are inherent in every human being? What possibilities! We are God's children. Does that mean anything? Surely, a spark of the divine life within means either nothing or everything.

Do we think of God as all love, all power, all strength, in short, as a perfect life? "There is no separation between our own souls and that spirit in whom, in the most literal sense, we live, and move, and have our being."

I want to emphasize the words "no separation." Throughout all the ages there has existed the idea of separateness instead of oneness. Man has thought himself separate from God and separate from his fellow-man. I well remember the old limited idea of the Fatherhood of God, and then the idea, so cold and repelling, of God as Principle, merely. But now we are learning that every living soul in all God's universe is a center to radiate the life within, and we know that we cannot be separated from God or from our fellow-man. The God within is manifest through the kind thought, the loving deed, the holy desire. It is all divine life struggling for outward expression.

Do you really want the things needed to make life a success? Look not for help to a God who is without yourself. For what is desire? "Desire in the heart is always God tapping at the door of your consciousness with His infinite supply." It is God's desire before it becomes our own. He wants us to know of His infinite supply and of His desire to make it ours, and the only way in which He can do this is to push into our being more and more of His own desire. We would have rested content, had He not pushed at the very center of our being first.

"Remember this. Desire in the heart for any thing is God's sure promise sent beforehand to indicate that it is yours already in the limitless realm of supply." Whatever you want you may have for the taking. "Let down your buckets where you are."



A REVERIE.

I ever loved the sea and mountains high,
The blazing sun that traverses the sky;
The bird which soars the forest grandly tall,
I thought that somehow God was in them all.
In all that lives—though dimly understood—
I've felt the magic tie of brotherhood.
I'm thinking now that if this very night
I should retire to rest till morning light,
And my body rise not again to earth;
But I become conscious of a new birth
Into a vivid life, a broader plane,
Where my freed self might flit from star to star
And back to visit this dear earth again,
Would I then grieve that I'd not hoarded gold
Or gems or bonds or land to have and hold?
Would it not be a satisfaction then
To have the angel write, "He loved his fellow-men"?

E. N. D.

BROTHERHOOD VERSUS CREED.

BY ELIZABETH E. KANE.

Whether or not Episcopal dogma will split upon the rock of divorce, or the Doctrine of Election will rend asunder the ranks of Presbyterianism, are questions of great import among the promulgators of so-called religion. When these questions have for a time been settled by the select few who have arrogated to themselves the right to formulate certain prescribed articles of faith, that only by ostentatious protestations of belief in which can benighted humanity steer clear of the shoals of eternal destruction, a proclamation will doubtless be sent forth to acquaint the faithful with the new shibboleth that is to serve as the only efficacious open sesame at the gates of paradise.

Then will be established another bulwark of ecclesiastical authority—that off-spring of power-thirst and self-love—that shall serve to affright the simple-minded and embellish with the effulgence of superior wisdom the brow of the wiseacre.

Many centuries have come and gone and we, looking back from this boasted age of progress, may easily discern the numerous blood-stained trails, which, stretching over the years, mark the rise and course of the various religions, each of which, as they pass on toward authority and power, fiercely claim the distinction of being branded with the only true and original trade-mark of Christianity.

Yet, what is Christianity? What creed or dogma, what theology or formulary did the gentle Christ teach? In what way does the record of his tender mercy toward the erring, his compassionate pity for human frailty, and his tireless efforts to ameliorate the condition of the human race by personifying in his own life the pure and simple principles of charity, self-

sacrifice and brotherhood, sanction the establishment of arrogant authority in self-constituted redemptionists, who for two thousand years have been manifestly misinterpreting and corrupting His teachings? In what way does His ineffable love and tender persuasion warrant the fierce denunciations and merciless persecutions of such leaders as Calvin, Knox, Beza, Ridley, Cranmer, or many others of their ilk, the echoes of whose harsh and bigoted anathemas reverberate with jarring discord from generation to generation?

The first creed ever formulated claims no authority for itself; it is merely a record of the principal events in the life of Jesus Christ; but from time to time it became enlarged and amended to admit of certain modifications according as the promulgators of authoritative religion advanced in power and self-confidence, until finally an anathema was affixed against those who denied its infallibility.

Then began an age of domination of the many by the few; then great questions of nations, as well as of life and conscience, were transferred from tribunals of reason and common sense to the questionable court of ecclesiastical authority. Then began the branding and persecution as heretics of all who had the courage to prefer their own honest convictions, and the truth dominant within themselves, to ready-made theological standards proclaimed by a clerical conclave. Millions of heroic men and women submitted, therefore, to most horrible sufferings and death, rather than live a lie in luxurious comfort.

Thus were the beautiful teachings of Christ eclipsed, for the purposes of church supremacy, by biblical interpretations expounded by clerical councils, and established by papal decree.

It is true that the church contended, in defense of its system of persecuting and exterminating heretics, that no one could abjure belief in the creed without a corresponding repudiation of good morals and right living. There are many people of

reputed intelligence to-day who hold the same opinion, notwithstanding the fact that history teems with recitals of the martyrdom on account of openly confessed heresy, of vast numbers of noble men and women, whose good morals were incontestable and whose irreproachable characters were like adamant in the cause of truth.

But whatever excuse the original established church might advance in defense of its lamentable persecutions in an age of superstition and comparative ignorance, Protestantism, which claims to have sprung from a more intelligent era, can have none. The Catholic church, being first and oldest, had maintained its power and supremacy for centuries; it had issued its edicts to the rulers of the earth, and had long been accustomed to receiving absolute obedience; it had fostered learning and art, and had given to the world vast treasures from its granaries of knowledge. It claimed Christ as its founder, and His apostles as its pillars, and believed that to deny its teachings or interfere with its power was to retard the accomplishment of God's work for the advancement of the human race. But Protestantism had not a single extenuating plea to offer in defense of the atrocities it committed in the name of religion.

History teems with legends of fraud, tortures, rapine, violence and bloodshed perpetrated for the promulgation of favorite creeds, purported to be the only reliable brand of salvation, while on the other hand, for religion's sake, innocence has suffered ignominy, martyrs have given their lives, and nations have fallen.

As an example of the inconsistencies of self-sufficient religionists, let us glance at the much-lauded Puritans as they emerge from out the gloom of unrelenting oppression and cruelty exercised by the bishops and others in authority in the Anglican church of England. We are told that their severe exteriors bore marked indications of sterling integrity and rig-

orous consciences. Fleeing from persecution in England they took refuge for awhile in Holland, and in the midst of that free, liberty-loving people their independency grew and thrived. Later when many of their band settled at Plymouth in America, they forgot the hospitable treatment and the lessons of brotherhood taught them in Holland, and denied to others not of their creed both friendly refuge and liberty of conscience. We are also told that they were men of strong character and high courage; that they were staunch to one another and true to their convictions; but notwithstanding all these attributes, and all they had suffered for the right to believe as they wished at home, they no sooner became established in the new world than they inaugurated a system of creed intolerance and oppression, persecuting and banishing all who differed from their point of view.

It is true that these people aimed to do right, but they viewed that mighty principle by the flickering light of a feeble taper which had been ignited in the gloom of a nation's unholy persecution, and nourished by the putrid oil of self-righteousness. That "they left unstained what there they found, freedom to worship God" is not borne out by historical facts. On the contrary, they welded together church and state, refusing to permit anyone a voice in their councils who was not a subscriber to their creed, thus paving the way for the exercise of that narrow and bigoted policy which obtained there for many years, and which stained the fair pages of our beloved country's early history with many a record of shameful injustice and indefensible political crime.

"Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In humanity's cause, if our creeds disagree?
Shall I give up the friend I have chosen and tried,
Because he kneels not before the same altar with me?"

Of what use, in the light of our knowledge of church history, is creed and dogma, formulary, symbol and pomp, since

all are but the emanation of poor finite brains fevered with power thirst? Of what benefit to the struggling human soul in search of the light, is the bishop's trailing royal robes, embellished with gold and ermine? In what way is true religion promulgated by the eager strife of its so-called teachers for supremacy, self-aggrandizement and authority, or the administration of the myriad empirics who represent themselves as Doctors of Divinity while loudly expounding the gospel of Self and corrupting the teachings of the Master? Do any of these bring us any nearer the Fountain of Truth for which we are athirst? In all the gorgeous pomp and display of modern religion, is it possible to discern the gentle spirit of the Nazarine, whose only decoration was humility, and whose one prayer embraced all the gaping needs of the human family, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors"? That is the harmonious key-note of brotherly love, for as we forgive the offenses of others toward us, in the same measure do we ask forgiveness from the Father for our own offenses. Therefore, each of us is the arbiter of his own returns; for, inasmuch as we ask that our own portion be measured by that which we give to those who have wronged us, upon ourselves alone depends the richness of our harvest of pardon and love.

Hence, had the terms of the Lord's Prayer, as given us by Christ, been honestly complied with, persecution, hatred and revenge would never have obtained among those who daily repeated that prayer (and what creed-promoter can or ever could continue in business without a free application of it?) as there would have been no wrangling sects, no usurpation of authority, and no unctuous, hypocritical leaders.

Let us then aim toward the establishment of brotherhood in this human family, and live up to the highest that is in us, evidencing by our actions the nobility of our thoughts, for true religion is the inner life; it cannot be changed like a garment

to flatter the self-love of every creed-promoter who with ostensible gratuity exploits the "only reliable" brand of salvation.

In our deepest consciousness the seeds of religious thought are quickened to life by our earliest breath, and with the passing years the roots branch out, gradually but surely embracing new territory of thought. Each individual must establish his own relations with God—no one can do that for him—and to Him alone is he responsible for the conditions and maintenance of those relations. As we reserve this right for ourselves, let us yield the same right to our neighbors. Then will be consigned to the ruins of desuetude the blood-smirched vultures of creed and dogma, whose dark wings have so long obscured the glorious sunlight of Christ's religion of love.



TO A STAR.

Star, that gleamest through the night, shore within the spatial
sea;

Star, that burnest in my soul what I am and what would be;

Island in the far-off space,

Cradle of some happy race,

I would reach thee. Something in me yearneth upward unto
thee.

Planet, on thy sister world, glowing with thee round the sun,
I am but an insect living for a day and then am done;

Yet thy little point of light

Fills me with the Infinite,

Till my dreams go on forever—even to the primal ONE.

We see darkly; grope in feeling to a truth we cannot see;

We strive upward and yearn blindly, as my spirit unto thee;

While the Unattainable

Throws upon our souls a spell,

Till we dream of that we know not, which we name Infinity.

J. A. EDGERTON.

CHARACTER.

BY S. M. TALBOT.

For every man born into the world there is a volume of white pages upon which the Angel of his Life shall write the story of his days. It is his Book of Character, wherein is engraved that which he grows to be with the rising and setting of the suns.

Whether the record shall be a sublime epic of lofty endeavor and grand achievement, or the sad tragedy of opportunities neglected at the tide, and of evils yielded to without "hearts of controversy," it is for every son of man to determine.

What the keystone is to the arch, Character is to a man. It is the result of all his deeds. "Each action rests on the foregoing." It is at first the tiny seed holding in its cell the promise of life. In time it is the mighty tree in whose branches the birds sing and in whose great shadow are rest and refreshment. It is the touchstone by which the value of a man is tried. "He is a man of Character." What a world of meaning in the expression! It means that his fellows may rely upon him, "though the heathen may rage and the people imagine a vain thing." It means that the leaves of his Life-book bear no record of perjury, nor intrigue, nor base dealing, but rather brilliant illustrations of ideals represented to perfection, of paths of Honor followed by whatsoever arduous ways, with undeviating steps.

To be a man of character means such men as Regulus, the Roman consul, whose heroism thrills us through more than twenty centuries, a supreme exemplar of lofty courage and integrity, who preferred a death of torture to a life rendered ignominious by the breaking of his plighted word.

It means an Abraham Lincoln, a man unique in his sublime

self-poise and limpid clearness of character, who freed a race from bondage and saved the Union baptized by the blood of patriot sires, by his wise moderation and unswerving adherence to the right as seen by his inspired vision. He knew to steer between the Scylla of a too lenient condonation of the would-be destroyers of our united country and the Charybdis of popular fanaticism raging for red-handed vengeance on rebels, with a wisdom and keen-sightedness unsurpassed in the world's history of victor and vanquished.

Character inspired the wisdom of the poet old in the days of Plato, who prayed: "King Jove, give us what is good whether we pray for it or not; and ward off what is dangerous even though we pray for it."

Surely this is a petition savoring more of wisdom than that of our seventeenth century Pope, who in his Universal Prayer stipulates without reservation that:

"This day be bread and peace my lot;"

whimsically adding:

"*All else beneath the sun,*"

"Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;"

graciously consenting in conclusion:

"And let Thy Will be done."

All along the path of human progress are the wayside crosses erected in memory of men of character. Yet the heroes are not all dead. They are the Titans of to-day ready to deal the giant blows in Life's every emergency, men of high degree and men of low degree alike, teaching, compelling, guiding, exemplifying how best may be achieved "the resembling of man to God," as Plato puts it.

"Every one of us has to fight his Marathon and Thermopylæ; every one meets the Sphinx sitting by the road he has to pass."

Whether we conquer like Miltiades, or die gloriously like

Leonidas and his Spartans, it is equally victory for us, if only we battle bravely. We can, every one of us, give some solution to the Sphinx riddles.

Our late lamented President, the martyred McKinley, was preëminently a man of character. Unmurmuring he descended from the loftiest pinnacle of earthly greatness, the chieftaincy of the world's greatest Republic, to follow unflinching the beckoning of the August Presence into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. His dying words: "God knows best; His will be done," reveal a nature strong in all manly virtues, dauntless and unafraid."

The people forgot all affiliations of politics, party or faction, and stood in sorrowful amaze to see how a great man could die. It was verily a Pan-American mourning; not for the President, but for the man; greater than all circumstance; exemplifying the truth of the poet's words, that,

"A Christian is the highest style of man."

Let us turn a leaf in the humble life-book of a young miner in a mountain camp of Colorado; and if we see not there written large, in letters illuminated from on high, the word *Character*, then language has lost its meaning and men their hearts for noble deeds. His name was "Jim." He needed no patronymic to identify him further among the miners, who always met him with a smile; or among the women and children, who one and all loved him. "Jim" and sunshine were synonymous. "Jim" and the helping hand went together.

One morning "Jim" started down the shaft in the bucket to his usual daily task, whistling gayly as he disappeared from view. All went smoothly for a time—and then, something happened! The rope got kinked—the bucket tipped—the boy fell. Dashing down to certain death, "Jim" shouted to his comrades at the bottom of the dizzy shaft:

"LOOK OUT BELOW!"

Brave boy! Unexcelled utterance in all the lexicon of noble last words!

The simple slab that marks "Jim's" grave needs but the trinity of letters forming his name, in all the length and breadth of the mines of that district, to win for the brave youth's memory the tear that shames not the manhood of the manliest, and to chronicle a dying abnegation of Self never surpassed. All else is written on fleshly tablets of human hearts, where "Jim" lived and wrought.

Cases like his are so common that we almost forget to wonder at the daily records of the heroism of firemen or pilot or engineer, who through flood and flame and mortal stress, rises to the measure of that mighty force within him, impelling to be true and brave—Character.

There is in every mother's son of us an element of hero-worship. We may seem to care for baser things when breezes blow fair and the sun is shining; as wealth and the pride of place and the triumphs of Art and literary achievement; but let the crucial time arrive and we go mad with the enthusiasm of noble deeds. It fills our throats with loud huzzas over a hero like young Hobson, whose brilliant daring made the dash of the Merrimac for country and flag, though old Morro's batteries thundered and he, with his intrepid six, must leap into the night through shot and shell and torpedoes' blight, for their small chance of life, from their self-wrecked boat.

It is such men as left their barefoot bloodmarks along the paths of the American Revolution who stir us to a spirit of noble emulation. It is a Livingstone in darkest Africa; a Peary piercing polar icebergs in his bold quest; an Andrée sailing with the eagles among the clouds; a Damien giving his life to a looming, loathsome death on the leper island of Molokai.

It is an Edison, the monarch of the world of invention; a Marconi speaking across the unspanned spaces. It is the men

of all ages and races untrammelled by the limitations of mortality. They annihilate time and distance. They dredge our harbors, plant and water our deserts, lay bare the secrets of ravaging diseases—ceasing never from their high endeavors and leaving their monuments on every shore and their trails in every forest, seeking the advancement of the race.

Such are men of Character. It is not intellect that counts most in the long run. It is not a Bacon, that “brightest, wisest, meanest of mankind,” but a Sidney whom we would point out to our sons as an exemplar of lofty manhood. Not the meteoric statesman and genius, but the man “sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,” the perfect flower of chivalry and honor, the gentleman of unsullied character, who, wounded and famishing for water, could refuse the proffered cup to give it to a dying soldier, with the deathless words: “Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.”

It is not the learned Elizabeth nor the enchanting Mary Queen of Scots, but the gentle, womanly Victoria to whom we would point our daughters as stars of guidance.

The world is fond of pageantry and stands agog oftentimes before the ostentations of wealth and power; yet, when all is said and done, we are the children of one Father, even God; and down in our hearts, as in a deep well, is the Truth. The crowds may hurrah for awhile, yet none know better the unsubstantiality of all this glitter and show.

They behold a monarch reaching his hand for the greatest crown in Christendom, and, the bauble almost within his grasp, stricken like any ordinary mortal, with death staring him in the face and no refuge save the surgeon’s knife. They see the melting away of untold millions lavished for the show denied a king, and the clamor of joy and festivity from the four quarters of the globe changed in a moment into the silence and suspense and agony of the chamber of suffering.

It is doubtful if King Edward had sat upon the stone of Scone on June 26th, at Westminster Abbey, surrounded by pageantries planned on a greater scale of magnificence than the world ever saw, if he would have found so tender a place in the hearts of his people as manifested itself over his preservation from death in the lighting of bonfires of joy on a thousand hilltops of England.

Heart speaks to heart with surest speech through the sympathies of our common brotherhood.

We arrive at last at the primal emotions. The artificial is but skin deep. There is that in every mortal man of us answering to the good, the brave, the true; and it is with men of character that we would have speech concerning these things. They speak the language of the immortals translated into every dialect of earth. With them are discussed the things that matter. All else passes.



GLEAMING SANDS.

I wander'd lonely where the waters play'd
 A sad and solemn requiem on the strand.
 Around me the wild winds echoing said:
 See how God writes His wonders in the sand.

Each tiny grain that sparkles in the sun
 Once helped some mighty boulder's pride to form.
 Each joyous wave that up the strand doth run,
 Lived in the clouds and revelled in the storm.

In change of form and place, of death and birth,
 Life's rich experience in the Master's hands,
 Through gradual growth, shall perfect all the earth,
 And make it pure as are the gleaming sands.

JESSIE MAY LANGDON.

ALONE WITH GOOD. .

BY RUTH D. HAMILTON.

Doubtless every reader knows, from experience, of the wonderful sweetness of music when heard in the deep stillness of the night—knows how delightful it is to awaken and hear the notes of some sweet-toned instrument on the still night air. Just such an experience came to me not long ago. It was late at night, and I had been asleep for about an hour, when the deep hush of the senses was broken by the most beautiful strains I had ever heard—they were perfectly entrancing. I listened, enraptured, as the liquid notes rippled into sweetest melody, and felt that I could listen on forever and not wish for added joy.

Presently the lovely music ceased—and yet there lingered with me a feeling of intense delight. The charming strains seemed repeating themselves in my ear, although I was conscious that they had ceased. It was an enchanting memory. And as I feasted on it, wondering why such pleasure should be mine, there seemed to come a whisper in my ear, as though to explain the situation, and which said to me, distinctly, yet in softest, sweetest accent, "*Good is all there is,*" and over and over, as though to reassure me, came the sweetly whispered words, "*Good is all there is.*" I do not associate those whispered words with the music, yet it occurred just as I am relating it. The voice was as sweet as the melody to which I had been listening. O'er and o'er it was repeated, and then I seemed to find myself in the outer world, though perfectly conscious that I still lay in bed. Apparently I was meeting, in rapid succession, those whom I knew in daily life, and, to my great surprise, none I met seemed less than perfect, although in the past I had seemed to see in many of them much that was

not good. I could not understand—in these same people now there appeared no suggestion of the slightest fault. I was puzzled, and yet greatly pleased—and ever and anon, as though in answer to my questioning thought concerning the changed condition about me, the sweet whispering was repeated, "*Good is all there is.*" And so it really seemed. Look where I might, there was naught but good. The world, once to me so full of fault, now appeared transformed. I wondered how everyone could have grown so good. Not that I would have changed them back as they once had seemed to be. Oh, no. It was most pleasant to have them as they now appeared. But what had changed them so? Though delighted beyond expression, I was anxious for an explanation. Then suddenly, it seemed to dawn upon me that no change had taken place in *them*—the change was in myself. I seemed to discover that I had lost the power of seeing aught but *Good*—all consciousness of evil had disappeared. This experience, so strange, so sweet, must have been measured by space of time most brief, yet as I have pondered it since—recalling that I was not asleep—it has seemed that for those few moments I must have been within the very vestibule of heaven. Prior to that time the faults of others had always appeared to me to be very great, and while "good" has not since seemed "all there is," yet I have noticed that the "bad" is not nearly so conspicuous in those I daily meet—the world seems far brighter and better than before—and I am wondering, now, if much of the fault I thought I saw in others was not simply a picture—a reflection of my own.

Referring again to the music I heard in the deep stillness of that night, I have learned that it was entitled "Solitude." I know nothing of its author—nothing of the thought that gave birth to those sweet notes—yet I feel that I would not do violence to his muse, nor to the title of his sweet refrain, if I should interpret it, in its relation to my experience that night, to mean "*Alone with good.*"

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE UNITY OF THE FAITH.

IN times past both individuals and religious organizations have rather sought to accentuate the differences in their respective viewpoints. Especially, indeed, has this been true of the various sects claiming the leadership of Jesus of Nazareth.

But now a new era in thought is opening up a wider, truer view of the religious horizon, and already many are questioning as to whether apparent differences do not exist mainly because of a misunderstanding of the basic principles or a confusion in nomenclature. Now we no longer see the so-called orthodox bodies of Christianity worrying among themselves over the non-essentials of religious life. There is coming, too, a kindlier feeling between Protestant and Catholic, Gentile and Jew—even the faiths of the far-away Orient are now popularly and intelligently considered with much less of prejudice than once animated the minds of Western people.

The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Humanity have a more intimate, personal, vital value for every thinking man and woman than ever before in the history of the world. Everywhere people are asking themselves the question: "If God is one, if mankind is one, must not religion be also one?" Someone has defined religion as "the homing instinct of the soul." Have we not, each and all of us, a ray of what in reality constitutes one great and universal religion, and can we not, indeed, increase our own store of truth through a candid understanding of another's standpoint? Has not the time come for

us to put aside differences and seek diligently and earnestly for truth wherever it may be found? Might not such a search, for instance, on the part of the Unitarian, in Trinitarianism, make more complete his own concept? And again may not the Trinitarian reach a higher understanding of God and life through an honest insight into the truth of Unitarianism?

New Thought declares that all life is one and in that respect is Unitarian in concept. But New Thought is Trinitarian in that it claims this one life to be three-fold and made manifest through father, mother, child.

Take also the ideas of predestination and free-will. May they not be the halves of one fundamentally indivisible truth? Is not, indeed, the postulate that God has predestined whatsoever shall come to pass amply upheld in the subjection of everything in the universe to universal law—the law that is written indelibly in the very constitution of all things—its inevitable unfoldment instinct in the fiber of each? Yet looking at the matter from the other point of view, as Tennyson says:

“Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours to make them thine.”

The free-will consists in consciously owing allegiance to the law—bringing our wills into accord with the divine will, entering into and becoming one with the true freedom of universal law.

It is the writer's firm belief that any great idea conceived by the minds of men, believed in and held to by sincere souls, must of necessity contain within itself the germ of truth. As Phillips Brooks said: “We would fain believe without question what seems so true to a brother man that his life is held light in the balance.” Unless a faith possesses a germ of vital truth it cannot survive. When a faith which seems directly contrary to another faith enters the minds of men and is espoused with equal earnestness and intelligence, adhered to with equal

persistence—then would it not seem as though it could only be through the union of the two, or through the more perfect understanding of each that the whole truth could be discovered?

I know that this is not in accord with the tenets of yesterday. Nevertheless I believe that the time will come when the reasonableness, the inevitableness of this will be apparent to every thoughtful mind sincere in its effort to find truth for its own sake, and caring nothing about the patching of threadbare creeds—the bolstering up of preconceived ideas. The word of the seer-soul is: “First find out truth; and then although she lead from beaten paths of men

To ways unknown, rough, dark or desertwise—
Follow her heading straight
And bide thy fate!”

Take again the idea of socialism and individualism. In a superficial examination one would think them as fundamentally unlike as any two systems of thought could well be, and yet they are in reality but the two poles of one grand spherical truth. The individual must learn to bring his life into harmony with universal law through his own effort; he must work out his own salvation; he must find the law of God written in his own life and learn to obey it as an individual. Later on, through the knowledge thus acquired he becomes a social being and so gives of himself for the good of the many. He loses his individual life in order that he may find it in the universal life—his life becomes merged in the life of humanity. The thought, then, of the individualist and the socialist becomes at last one truth.

Again, between extreme materialism on one side and extreme spiritualism on the other, it would seem as though there must indeed be a great gulf fixed. But some day that gulf will be bridged. Some day, when we come to understand clearly the relation of the unseen to the seen, there will no longer be two

seemingly irreconcilable truths, but one all-including verity of the universal life.

And so we might enumerate indefinitely the seemingly contradictory conditions in life, always with the same results. It looks as though there was a design in God's law, these seeming contradictions of thought—actual, indeed, in a way—like the centripetal and centrifugal forces, tend only toward the general balance, toward keeping things from going off on too great a tangent. Wherever one extreme is found the other inevitably manifests itself, and somewhere between the two is to be realized the golden mean of simple truth.

All intelligence is seeking to realize Oneness, all life to express Oneness; and people everywhere are feeling after the unity of the faith—are reaching out instinctively to come into vital touch with God and each other. There is no religion, Christian or Pagan, Hebrew or Mohammedan, but that the earnest seeker after truth may find in it many things with which he can enter into perfect agreement. In so far as he is able to do this with any one of all, he is at one with it. There may be perhaps many other things which he cannot accept, sometimes because of his failure to understand the underlying spirit of the sacred word or symbol, or, again, the unacceptable tenet itself may not be a thing in any way germane to the truth of the religion. Often, indeed, the spirit symbolized has been at last lost sight of in insistence upon certain forms, until the symbol itself becomes a dead thing and of no value. For the symbol has no value except as it truly represents the living spirit. But man is so constituted that he is loath to relinquish his hold upon anything once held in veneration, and he clings tenaciously to the forms of things long after they have lost all real significance for him. As a matter of fact the unity of religion, one might even say the universal religion, is yet hidden largely because of these devitalized symbols, these antiquated creeds and beliefs.

We are not willing to let the dead bury their dead, to leave the things of the past and press forward to those that are before. We retard our own search after truth by allowing ourselves to be weighted down and encumbered with these lifeless things. As some one expresses it, "the dust of yesterday's skeleton clogs the nostrils of to-day's new man."

The Son of Man is not Lord over the Sabbath alone, but over all things, and he must exercise his dominion in making all things subject to him in order that he himself may be subject only to the law of God.

Man's salvation is not wrought out by any of the external things of life, but rather through the spiritual uses of these things as an aid to its own full and complete expression. All creeds, forms, symbols, are only man's outer word—the expression of his thought of God and of himself. And they must all, of necessity, change as he comes into a deeper realization of his divine nature. The unity of the faith is not to be obtained through blind obedience to any creed or conformity to any form, but rather through the realization of the Spirit of God in the life of the individual, and then the recognition of this same spirit operative in the lives of others. The word of the spirit is one, to Christian or Hebrew, Mohammedan or Buddhist, and the summing up of it all is the acknowledging of the beautiful and the good wherever found, and in loving service to humanity.



THE NEW THOUGHT CONVENTION—OCTOBER 25TH-28TH.

All necessary preparations for holding the Convention are well under way, and there is every prospect of a successful gathering at St. Louis in October. Already over twenty prom-

inent New Thought representatives have accepted invitations to speak at the Convention, and as soon as positive replies are received from a few who are yet uncertain as to their attendance, the program will be arranged in detail.

With the view of giving definite aim and purpose to the proceedings of the Convention, it is intended to conform generally to a "Plan of Program" in reference to the various addresses to be given. The "Plan" is as follows: "I. Outline of the New Thought—Its Scope and Purpose—What It Is Theoretically, and What It Accomplishes When Applied Practically. II. Relation of the New Thought to: Denominational Religion—Social and Economic Life—Modern Science. III. The Therapeutic Value of the New Thought; Theory and Practise—Curing and Healing—The Law of Correspondence—Methods and Results—Vibration and Breathing. IV. The New Thought in Its Relation to: Parents and Children—Business Men—Teachers—Arts and Sciences—Treatment of the Insane and Vicious. V. Summary.

It may be necessary to assign special subjects to some of the speakers, in order to preserve the symmetry and completeness of the program, but it is hoped that each speaker will be able to choose and discuss the topic in which he is most vitally interested.

The arrangement of the Program is in the hands of the Executive Committee, and all communications in reference thereto should be addressed to the Secretary, Eugene Del Mar, P. O. Box 20 M.S., New York City. Other details of the Convention are under the direction of the Assistant Secretary, John D. Perrin, 4606 Morgan St., St. Louis. All who expect to be at the Convention are requested to advise Mr. Perrin as soon as possible, that he may form some idea of the number and needs of those who will be in attendance.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER.

FOR THE PARENTS.

THE IRON HAND.

If you enter Central Park (New York) at the West Seventy-second Street entrance, and go northward a distance equal to three or four city blocks, you will find a huge statue of Daniel Webster. It is larger than most of them to be found there, and is mounted upon a base of granite. He is standing, overlooking this playground (the breathing-place for the masses, and a place to drive through, and be bored in, for the rich), his face toward the South, the attitude as of one addressing a multitude, with right hand within his tightly buttoned coat, the left at his side, fingers partly closed.

The site chosen for this memorial of our great statesman is at the intersection of carriageways, and many paths for pedestrians, which parallel them; and, as if to render an approach by water, as well as by land, the lake is but a few yards distant, so that one cannot fail to reach the place, by whatsoever means he chooses.

I had just seated myself upon one of the benches that face the statue, when a wee miss, running as if to outstrip someone, stopped suddenly, and climbed to a seat beside me. She glanced coyly into my face, as she settled back to rest. I did not speak, well knowing we glean the best from children by a seeming retreat, which entices their advances, and gives them courage

to be themselves; whereas, too much attention, or flood of positive (dynamic) thought toward the sensitive ones, causes them to indraw, and shyly peek at you in silence.

But a moment had passed, when my little seatmate was joined by one who proved to be her father, and she, happy that she had outpaced him to the seat, put up her hands and urged him to the one beside her.

Quickly rested, she became restless, and, discovering behind her the ducks from the lake, was soon busy throwing to them bits of cracker from her luncheon. A squirrel was tempted to come near, and sat upright begging for something to eat; but park squirrels are very particular, and finding no nuts upon this menu, ran to other children whose pockets (it seemed to know) were bulging with peanuts.

Suddenly Eleanor's attention was attracted to a pony and children which were passing between her and the statue, and, raising her eyes to the latter she exclaimed: "Oh, Daddy, see that big, big iron man up there" (for the bronze is dark in color); "isn't he 'nornous? Who is he?"

But before her father could reply she jumped to her feet, and gleefully added: "See, see, Daddy, in his hand the *birdies have built a nest!* There is grass and things sticking out, and I just saw the mamma bird fly in." Becoming thoughtful for a moment, she continued most seriously, "But I should think they would be afraid of such a big man, and to think of it! they go right into *his* big hand. Why! they won't even come into my little soft hand—and I tell them I won't hurt them. It is so strange, I don't understand it. Do tell me *why* it is?"

The father had not spoken since he first greeted her at the bench. There appeared less need of words between those two than with most people; they just seemed to understand each other, as if they, each the other, had known long before she began to call him "father," and he her, "my child."

The question evidently involved a topic of interest to him, as it had just become to her, and his first words in reply were :

"Because, my Eleanor, the statue has no life (as life is ordinarily understood). You have, and most birds fear that blessed thing, *Life*."

"But, Daddy, dear," she said, "I don't know what you mean."

"It is difficult for any of us to learn *why*, my child," he answered; "but it seems to me that somehow, somewhere, sometime, men stopped protecting and caring for the life of things beneath them, such as the birds, and that men of all nations became slayers, not only of birds and beasts, but of their fellow-men as well. And everything that had life became afraid of every other live thing; the stronger ones destroying, whenever they could, the weaker ones, unless these could fly or run away."

Eleanor, who had listened quietly, here asked him :

"When was all this, Daddy? We can go everywhere now, and not be hurt by the big men. Anyway, the policeman wouldn't let them."

"Fortunately, yes," replied her father; "things are better now. But you must remember that the world is very, very old, and men were very wild and, I might say, untamed, many years ago. But the improvement came slowly, and they first found that it was better to agree to live together in little groups, as this protected their babies and the babies' mammas. It was from this start they learned that men could be friends and help each other. It went on this way for a long, long time, and though they thought it was right to take care of their friends, they also considered it right to kill their enemies. It is difficult for us to realize it now, but they thought lives were of no value. Then came a command which was, 'Thou shalt not kill.'"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Eleanor; "I remember, we learned that in Sunday School."

"It is the one I mean," said her father, and continued: "After the command, men gradually began to obey, and there would be peace for a time, and they were punished for killing any other man, slowly growing better and better, until now, as you know, the worst thing anyone can do is to take the life of a human being.

Pausing a moment, he then resumed: "It has always seemed to me that a great part of the commandment was lost, or the people did not notice it, for they went right on killing everything else."

"Yes, I know nothing was said about it, in your Sunday school, but" (and I thought I detected a little irony in his voice), "you must remember, you were also not taught in kindergarten all that you are now learning in school. You will now recall, I think, that it did not say we must 'not kill *man only*.'"

"But, Daddy," she again interrupted, "what would people do for meat?"

"I realize that," he answered, "but there are some people who think sheep and cattle should not be killed, even for meat. They say it is not necessary, and never eat it, claiming they find all they need growing in the ground; and you know how good some of your things are, with rich cream upon them, and then all the berries and fruits, a great many if you will count them. These people also say, that the more they love and spare *every* live thing, the happier they are; and, for reasons I cannot explain to you now, it brings back peace and comfort to them.

"Of course, it will be a long time before everybody will do this, but as I have told you, it took thousands of years for men to care for human life, and no little girl or great man can make everyone good and kind; but God is doing it, though it seems slow to us, through his boys and girls. He always wants and

needs their help. You can begin by never killing anything, unless you find you can't avoid it; let your whole *desire* be to protect, and not to take, life. The little buzzing fly can be let out at your window, the worm can be stepped *over* if you see him. Life is very dear to them, and to Him who gave it. He plans it all out, and wants some life to appear that way; so, surely, you don't want to 'snuff it out,' as you do your candle.

"Some day, in the far-off time to come, your little let-live thoughts and deeds will show their purpose; for others will help, and the whole world round will be alive with birds that will nestle in the hands of children, whom they will love and trust, knowing them to be their friends. For then love—not force—will rule all, and though it be ever so distant, the light of Great Peace already casts rays into the world's discord; and I want my little girl to be one of the beginners, always remembering to *let live*, and, living, love. Be thankful, my child, that you are here while everything is safe for people, and help render it safe for all God's creatures."

"Yes, Daddy, dear, I will always try," she said, and rising to her feet added, "but I must forget my kitties; they must be hungry."

To the kittens, over the hill, I saw them go, and, added to my loneliness was the regret, as I turned to the birds, that they must fly *from* soft hands because of iron hearts, knowing themselves more secure within the iron hand of an iron statue.

FREDERIC GILLMUR.

WE should be as careful of our words as of our actions, and as far from speaking ill as from doing ill.—*Cicero*.

THERE is little pleasure in the world that is true and sincere beside the pleasure of doing our duty and doing good.—*J. Tillotson*.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

A CHILD'S FANCIES.

Upon the tender green I lie
 And rest, and dream and dream.
 The fleecy clouds go floating by,
 Like wee, white lambs they seem.

The waving blades of grasses long
 Bend o'er, and kiss my face.
 The summer wind breathes low a song,
 Then sweeps away apace.

O nodding bloom, still wet with dew,
 I love thee—love thee so;
 Wilt tell to me thy secrets true,
 Whilst I am lying low?

M. CECILY DOYLE.

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 YOUTH'S QUESTION.

"Kind sir," questioned Youth, "canst thou tell me the greatest teaching of the Man of Galilee?"

"Ah, thou asketh much, my young friend," replied Wisdom; "'tis a hard task to set aside one gem from a crown of jewels."

"But," persisted Youth, "art thou not Wisdom? Thou shouldst be able to tell me. I have long desired to know."

"Art thou acquainted with the Master's Word?"

"From the beginning to the end."

"What, then, are some of His teachings? Canst thou tell me?"

"To love supremely the Supremely Good," began Youth.

"Well said; and another?"

"To love thy neighbor as one's self."

"Aye, and another?"

"That the evil thought defiles and that only a good tree can bear good fruit.'"

"Thou rememberest well. Canst thou continue?"

"He taught us that God loveth us and seeks us."

"Thou art right, but are there no more?"

"There are *many* more which He taught us by holy example."

"True, indeed! But is there not one which thou hast forgotten?"

"Ah," hastened Youth, "did I not come to thee for that very reason; to learn that one?"

"No, indeed; thou camest to learn the *greatest* of His teachings. Thou declared to know them all. If thou hast not forgotten, the answer is in thine own heart."

A tear stole down Youth's cheek. He was sore ashamed to have passed the greatest one by. But he thought deeply and suddenly a wondrous light shone in his eyes.

"Thou hast found it?" queried Wisdom.

Youth opened his mouth and spake: "He taught us to call God our Father and to love and trust and obey Him as children," said he.

Wisdom smiled.

"That is the Great One, is it not?" said Youth.

"Follow it and thou shalt see," replied Wisdom. And Youth departed with gladness in his face. JAC LOWELL.



SUMMERTIME.

Oh, the velvet rose is swinging,
And breathing rare perfume.
The birds to each are singing,
For the world is all a-bloom.
'Tis sweet to lie upon the green
And quite at rest to be,

And gaze o'erhead, the leaves between,
A patch of sky to see.

White clouds are slowly drifting,
Like fairy boats along.

The breeze long grass is lifting
The while it hums a song.

Then soft wind blow, and sweet bird trill
Thy song of melody,

And cricket play thy fiddle shrill;
For the world is full of glee.

M. CECILY DOYLE.



UNCLE BEN AND THE BOYS.

Friday afternoon, school out, and as the boys were on their way home, Harry said to his brother James: "Wasn't that good, what the teacher was telling us? But I wish she had had time to tell us more about them. I don't see how they live for seventeen years in the ground. How do they know when to come out?"

"I don't know," said James, "but we will hurry home, for you know that Uncle Ben is coming this afternoon to make us a visit, and we will ask him; he is always full of stories; he ought to know."

The subject in question, which the two boys were talking about, was the seventeen year cicada. Their school teacher, on every Friday afternoon would talk to the scholars about some interesting subject; this week it had been on the cicada, which the two boys were quite interested in, and as they walked along, Harry said: "Let's see if we can't find one, so as to show to Uncle Ben."

As he stopped to look up in a tree where Mr. Cicada was singing, he exclaimed: "James, quick! what is it?"

As his brother looked where he was pointing, there was something like a beetle, only it was an empty shell.

"Why," said James, "that is the cicada, or rather he was in there before he came out. Don't you remember the teacher saying that they come out of shells?"

"O! take it home," said Harry, "and we will ask Uncle Ben about it; he will tell us all about the life of Mr. Cicada."

As the boys reached their home, they found Uncle Ben there, and were so delighted to see him that they could hardly wait until the proper time came to show him the empty shell and ask him about it.

At last Harry could wait no longer, and, holding the "bug-shell" as he called it in his open hand, said, "O, Uncle Ben! please tell us about this. You must know, for the teacher said that there were lots of them out West, and you must have them on your farm."

As Uncle Ben took the shell from the boy, quite pleased to see him interested in small life, he said: "Why, my boy, that is where the seventeen-year cicada was; he was in that when he came out of the ground, and if you boys will come out on the porch, I will tell you all about them."

The boys brought an easy chair for their uncle, and, seating themselves beside him, impatiently waited for the story.

"Well, boys," said Uncle Ben, "the seventeen year cicada—many people call him *locust*, but that is not his right name—passes four weeks on earth and seventeen years underground. The grub hatches out of the egg in five days, walks down the tree and buries himself two feet in the ground. There he makes himself a comfortable home, and he occupies it for seventeen years. At the end of that time he walks out, shakes off his skin, and becomes a sort of beetle.

"The little bug that hides in the ground, keeps track of the time exactly seventeen years, and then creeps up the nearest tree, cracks her shell, crawls out, sharpens a saw in her

nose, cuts holes in the bark, lays the eggs which will make the next crop just seventeen years hence—and then dies.

"But, unfortunately, boys, the tree that she selects for this operation is usually a fruit tree, and I have had to replant quite a number on that account.

"You see, boys, she lays from 400 to 600 eggs, which makes her very weak and soon ends her life. In five to seven days the eggs in the tree hatch out, and the young grub can be seen walking down the tree for the ground where they burrow down, from one to two feet, looking for a home for the next seventeen years. Each one finds a good spot, a site on a sound, juicy tree-root, to take nourishment from; and, when this becomes exhausted, he moves upward, or, if the root dies, to some other place."

"And then you have to plant a new tree, don't you, Uncle Ben?" asked Harry.

"Yes, my boy, if the tree is a young one."

"And there he lives," continued Uncle Ben, "for seventeen years without light or air or any society. He does not see any of his brothers or sisters or cousins. He lives on the roots, for he knows that some day, seventeen years hence, he will be a high flyer."

Just then the supper bell rang, and, after a pleasant meal, which included stories of travels from Uncle Ben, the boys brought him back to the porch for the rest of the cicada history.

"What makes him stay in the ground for seventeen years?" asked James, of his uncle after they were seated.

"Why, he stays in the ground until he has attained a certain high degree of development, or, until he has grown up; and it takes seventeen years for him to grow. He knows exactly when this time has arrived, and feels himself fit for out-door life."

"But I don't see," said Harry, "how he knows when to come out?"

"Well," said Uncle Ben, "sometimes he does make a mistake in the month; that is to say, he starts to come out of the ground in March or April. As they have no calendar they sometimes get ahead of time. Then they build a house on the ground, of clay, to the height of five or six inches, with a hollow space in the center. He brings the clay from below and carefully puts it in place with his claws. If one of these houses is destroyed, he soon builds another one."

"But when is the right time for them to come out?" asked James.

"The proper time," said their uncle, "is the last week in May, but some linger on well into June before they come out.* Feeling strong and fat, the full-grown grub, covered with his tight jacket, walks quickly up his tunnel, pushes his way out into the daylight, and makes a 'bee-line' for the nearest tree.

"He is a creamy white in color, with heavy black eyebrows, at first; but he soon changes to black and orange.

"Having crawled up the tree, he settles down on the trunk with a serious and business-like air. Then, boys, an astonishing thing happens."

"O, I know what happens!" exclaimed Harry.

"What is it, my boy?" said Uncle Ben.

"Why, his back opens and he comes out, and that was his 'jacket' that I found and showed to you," replied the boy almost in one breath, pleased to think he knew so much about the cicada.

"That is right," replied Uncle Ben, and he showed the jacket to the boys, saying: "You see, after he settles on the tree, a slight quiver shakes his bulky form and a crack opens down his back. Slowly the split widens, and a broad and massive

*I have found them coming out of the ground the latter part of July.
—F. P.

head, adorned with two big shining eyes, pushes up through the opening; and that is the birth of the seventeen-year cicada."

"Do they both sing?" asked James.

"No," replied Uncle Ben, "only the male sings. Four or five weeks only does the cicada enjoy his life. The female spends her time in laying eggs, and the male is singing songs to soothe and please her. He appears to be a much more cheerful insect than his wife, but lives a shorter time."

"But tell us, Uncle," asked one of the boys, "how he sings?"

"Why you see, boys, his musical apparatus is a pair of small shell-like inflated drums on the under side of him, near the waist line. He makes these vibrate by the action of very powerful muscles which snap the drum in and out, just as one does the bottom of an oil can, but with a faster motion.

"There, boys, I have told you all of the history of Mr. and them you can tell what you know."

Both boys agreed that they would be able to answer all questions, and Harry thought he would be able to tell the other boys something about the cicada that they did not know.

As the boys bade their uncle good night, and thanked him for the interesting tale, both wished it was morning so they could find more "jackets" and show them to their teacher, as she was pleased to have any of her scholars show such a love of Nature in the Friday afternoon talks.

ARTHUR LESLIE SMITH.



DUCKY'S MOTHER.

Ducky's mother lived in an apple tree—a great, gnarled, low, accommodating old tree which seemed to have just grown to fit her and her small family. Her real name was Ruth; and her family was made up of a crippled china doll, a little fuzzy black and white kitten, and a great awkward duck that had once

been a beautiful little gosling; but he had long ago outgrown his babyhood and his creamy white frock of down. As he grew older he not only grew ugly, but he became very saucy and disobedient, and even offered to nip Ruth's little bare ankles sometimes. But for all that she loved him, petted and cared for him as a fond mother should, and that was why her teasing sister Ethel called her "Ducky's Mother."

Ducky had just chased one of Ethel's little visitors across the street, screaming with fright and pain from a vicious pinch; so Ruth had rescued him from her angry sister and climbed into her nest in the tree for safety, leaving the kitten and her dolly napping together on the cushion in the grass below. Her heart ached to-day, and she felt very lonely and forgotten as she watched her sister and her little friends in their games and lively romping, and wished that she could be like them once; but she could not forget that Ethel had ridiculed her "stringy hair" and "cat eyes," and laughed very loud and long when she had discovered her in the attic reciting, "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," to herself.

Ethel was very handsome, bright, and lively, and had many admirers among her little schoolmates; but when they came to play with Ethel, Ruth always ran away to some hiding-place of her own because she was afraid they would notice how plain and awkward she was, and perhaps even make fun of her.

While Ruth sat watching them at their play the old ache in her heart was forgotten and a new one came to take its place, for she could hear the pitiful moaning cry of the neighbor's baby, worn out with fretting and loneliness; so she forgot her own unhappiness, and, tucking Ducky under her arm, slipped down the trunk of the tree to the ground, shut him in his coop with a pan of cool water to splash in, and hurried across to where the baby lay crying.

When she entered the door, Mrs. Wilson, the baby's mother,

gave her such a glad sweet smile that she felt happy, but could not think why. The baby stopped crying and cooed with delight when he saw her and fairly leaped into her outstretched arms. She carried him out into the shade of the house and rolled him over and over in the cool sweet clover until he was tired from screaming with joy; then she put him on a rug Mrs. Wilson brought out to them and lay down beside him, patting and tumbling him a little every now and then to keep him merry.

Presently two ladies, whom Ruth thought very beautiful indeed, called to examine the work Mrs. Wilson had been hurrying to finish, and they smiled at her and the baby as they passed. After a while she could hear their voices at the window. Mrs. Wilson was saying, "Yes, indeed, she is a lovely child—a neighbor's little girl," and Ruth thought, with pride, "They must have seen Ethel as they passed"; but she had to catch baby's hand and loosen his fingers from her hair and forgot it until after a while the same voice said:

"The reason that Ruth is so lovely is because she is lovely and good inside and all her feelings shine out through her eyes."

This startled her so that it seemed as if something had swept right through her and made her tingle and quiver all over, for a minute; then, remembering that it was not nice to listen to them when they did not know that she heard what they were saying, she held her hands tight over her ears and sat up in front of the baby, cooing at him so happily that it seemed as if her heart would burst with joy.

She had never thought before that all the things she felt shone out through her eyes, but if that were true she was sure, very sure, that she could grow to be beautiful, perhaps even as beautiful as the ladies who had smiled at her as they passed her on their way to the house.

ELLA W. PRICE.

A HANDFUL OF CLOVER AND TROUBLE.

You have all heard, no doubt, the nursery rhyme, "Ding dong bell, Pussie's in the well." That was bad enough, but not half so bad as a cow in the well! And that is what I am going to tell you about, for it is a true story and very real.

Out on one of our Western farms there were a great many cattle kept. One night after they had been milked, and were wandering aimlessly in the barn lot, a girl passing by threw them a handful of clover—just a handful. It wasn't a taste for even *one* cow, but a dozen or more ran up to get it, for sometimes cows are greedy as well as people. Then they all began fighting for that little green morsel. Just over the fence, which was low, was a well, though there was no water in it, for it was only ten feet deep and not four feet across. The opening was covered with light boards.

In the midst of the fighting we heard an awful crash, and someone cried, "A cow's in the well!"

The men jumped over the fence and looked into the well, and, sure enough, there she was at the very bottom, with her head bent under her! The big dairyman looked very troubled when he saw her, and said:

"There's nothing to do for her; she is dead."

But presently she moved, and then tried to get her head around, and finally she lifted it up and looked right at us, and said, "Moo, Moo," very softly, which meant, "Can't you get me out?" But the dairyman knew he could not help her, for she was a big cow. He must go to the town, more than a mile away, for help. So he started as fast as his horse could carry him.

But it seemed a long time to the poor cow, for she was so cramped she could not move. But at last he came back

and brought six men with him and yards and yards of rope and a windlass, too.

Two men were let down in the well and they fastened the ropes round and round the cow. Outside there were four horses turning the windlass to draw her up, but the ropes *would* slip off, and some times they broke, while the horses upon the ground pulled and pulled. They could not get her up.

Three long hours the horses and men worked. It was in July, and oh, such a hot night! The men were almost smothered in the well, and those outside pulled and pushed and perspired until there was not a dry thread on them. It was getting quite late—after midnight—and they were all tired and losing their courage. The dairyman was so tired and worried that he said to the men:

“Let’s give it up; we cannot get her out.”

But there was one sturdy neighbor boy among them, who replied:

“No, we won’t give up; let’s try again.”

So once more they bound the ropes around her, and the men and horses began straining every muscle. Slowly the windlass turned over and over, the ropes did not break, and they were raising her up, little at a time, nearer and nearer the ground.

How they all strained and worked, and how they hoped the ropes would hold out just a few feet more! Another turn, and up she came. Then what a mighty shout the men gave! and still another, when they unbound her, for she walked off as if nothing had happened at all.

Then the tired but happy men went back to their homes, for the rest and sleep they had so well earned.

GRACE ADA BLANCHARD.

MINNA AND THE LILY-ANGEL.

Minna lives in a pretty little cottage at the top of a hill. Nature has terraced all the land about in those parts and at the foot of the lowest terrace the river passes by. Boats sail slowly up and down on its surface and do their loading and unloading at a place called "Lilies' Retreat." Minna knows the place well. Often does she go there, and in the season of the year when lilies are in bloom, she sits by the hour together and looks at the queenly flowers, her blue eyes open wide with wonder and delight.

One warm afternoon, in the pleasant springtime, as the little girl sat and gazed at the lilies, and listened to the ripple of the river as it whispered to the shore, her wide eyes softly closed and she was, "No, not asleep," murmured Minna, as unconsciously she slipped into Dreamland.

Yes, it certainly was so. Minna saw the cup of the largest stateliest lily open wide, and there slowly floated out from its golden heart an Angel.

The Angel took the little girl by the hand, and together they went to the beds of sleeping children; and always the children smiled as the beautiful Angel touched them. To the homes of the sick they went, and to those who were sad, and always did the Angel leave behind her comfort and healing.

"My name is Love," said the Angel.

Minna opened her eyes, and gazed at the largest and stateliest of the lilies. She no longer saw the Angel, but she felt its presence. All the lilies were nodding their sweet heads toward her in the evening breeze. "Love is the greatest thing in the world," they all seemed to say, and the little girl believed them.

LILLIAN FOSTER COLBY.



No principle is more noble, as there is none more holy, than that of a true obedience.—*Henry Giles.*

FUNNY AND WISE.

Oh, our Hired Man is the funniest chap
That ever I 'spect to see!
He says that "ev'ryone's face is a map
Of wicked or good"—dear me!
An' he says we can make our maps all good,
If always we try an' smile,
So I said I'd do as well as I could,
An' maybe after a while
My face will be like the prettiest map—
But, really, I've got to tell
Another thing that that comical chap
Was saying to sister Nell;
He was mowing the lawn, an' he up an' said,
When children are off at school,
I'm cuttin' the hair on the old Earth's head,
An' making him nice an' cool!"

JAC LOWELL.



GERTRUDE'S LETTER TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Isn't this summer-time a beautiful time, with the lovely sunshine making the earth so warm, that we can live out of doors all day and be happy with the birds and flowers and lovely green trees? Have you ever thought of the hundreds of thousands of living creatures that have their homes in the trees and flowers and grasses? If you go in the garden or parks you can discover such a number of other living beings besides yourself: birds and insects, reptiles and animals by the hundreds. Try and count how many living things you see next time you go to the park and let me know.

I was at a park near my home yesterday, and was so interested in watching the chipmunks; they are little reddish-brown animals with long, bushy tails and very large bright eyes. They jump from bough to bough and from tree to tree, making a peculiar sound to imitate which one would have to be a chipmunk; and I thought, as I watched them, how I would love to be a chipmunk and live in the trees and lead their active, happy little life for a while. Don't you think it is cruel to catch these lively little animals and keep them in cages? I saw one in a cage a few days ago in a fruit store, and I seemed to see in its big bright eyes a longing to be free and active once more and spring and jump from tree to tree in the bright sunshine. Wouldn't a boy or a girl just hate to be kept in a cage even if they had all the fruit they could eat? Wouldn't they just long to get out and have a real good game of tag or baseball or go for a bicycle spin when the sun shone brightly? And I believe our *little* brothers, such as chipmunks and birds, feel about the same.

You know we are all children of the great all-Father-Mother, although some have progressed further along the Path of Life than others. I believe it would be a fine thing for us and for our little brothers, in the lower animal world, if we studied their feelings and their natural habits a little more; if we love any animal so much that we want it "for keeps," let us not be selfish and fasten it up in a box or cage for the rest of its life. Let us go more into the parks and the fields and enter into the life and purpose of our "little brothers," and our love for them will outgrow the selfishness of possession; and, as Love has eyes, we shall see such a lot of wonders in Nature that will surprise us. We shall be able to say then, that

"Every little blade of grass,
Every flower and tree,

Tells a story of the good
And beautiful to me."

I hope the flowers and grasses, trees and animals will tell
you many stories this summer and that you will soon know
that God and you and Nature are a Loving, Living Whole.

I remain,

Your loving big sister,

GERTRUDE.



THE CHANGELINGS.

Whilst wand'ring forth one gladsome morn
I met three merry lads at play;
Green ruffles did their necks adorn,
Ah, ne'er were seen such dandies gay!
Their golden hair shone in the sun
As if from fairy cobwebs spun.

Again I stepped across the green,
Dew-wet; and what was my surprise!
Instead of lads with heads a-gleam,
Three staid old men with looks most wise.
Their sunny hair had turned snow-white
In less than one short day and night.

Ho! dancing dandelions, take care
How saucy, little heads you show.
I'll pluck you ere you are aware,
And hold you to my mouth, and blow
Your hair away upon the breeze
To make fluff-balls for bumble bees!

M. CECILY DOYLE.

LITTLE LADY BLUE EYES.

Once upon a time there lived at the foot of a great mountain a beautiful little girl with such blue eyes that she was called Lady Blue Eyes. She was the only child of an old shepherd, and oftentimes she would go and watch her father tend his great herd of sheep that grazed on the mountain side.

One morning, when the sun shone so bright that the little buttercups sparkled like beautiful diamonds in the bright sunshine, and the red roses opened their mouths and drank the sweet fragrance from the air, little Lady Blue Eyes started up the mountain-path toward the old tree where she knew her father often sat and watched his sheep. She was singing softly to herself when she came to where the little buttercups grew in their innocence. Her gentle song entered their hearts. So soft and sweet was the music to their souls that they lifted their drooping heads and swayed to and fro, keeping perfect time with her song. Lady Blue Eyes stopped when she saw the buttercups dancing, and sang her song louder and sweeter, while the flowers nodded backward and forward until their little heads nearly touched the ground.

"O Lady Blue Eyes, teach us your song!" the flowers cried all in one voice, "and we will show you the land where the buttercups bloom."

So Lady Blue Eyes taught her song to the flowers, and they learned so fast that soon they knew the song by heart, and could sing it nearly as beautifully as Lady Blue Eyes herself. After they had learned the sweet song, the tallest of the flowers, in gratitude, gave Lady Blue Eyes a petal from her bloom and said:

"If you eat this petal, dear little child, you will see the land where the buttercups bloom."

Lady Blue Eyes thanked the flowers, and, taking her petal,

started up the mountain-path softly singing her sweet song. When she came to where the wild roses grew, they, too, cried out in one joyful voice :

“O Lady Blue Eyes, teach us your song and we will show you the land where the red roses bloom.”

So she taught her song to the red roses, and the most beautiful rose gave her a petal from his bloom, saying :

“If you eat this petal, dear little child, you will see the land where the red roses bloom.”

She thanked the roses and went on her way up the mountain-path until she came to the old tree, but her father was not there, and his sheep were nowhere to be seen. Blue Eyes seated herself beneath the tree to wait until her father came, as she knew that he was superstitious, and believed that if he did not sit beneath the tree some time during the day that on the day following a sheep would die. So, every day for two years he had sat there and not a sheep had he lost. She laid the petal of the buttercup and the petal of the red rose in her kerchief and placed them carefully in her lap, not knowing which to eat first, so she said :

“The one I think of first I will eat.”

She closed her eyes and rested her fair head against the trunk of the great tree to see which she would think of first ; but while she was thinking a wicked fairy who lived in the tree crept out of her home and stole the petals, placing two evil ones in their place. In the mean time Lady Blue Eyes had thought, “I saw the buttercup first ;” then she clapped her hands, crying, “I thought first of the buttercup, so I will eat it.”

Little Lady Blue Eyes gently took the buttercup’s petal from her handkerchief and was about to place it in her mouth when a great rush of wind suddenly blew it from her hand, and the evil fairy’s wicked petal went sailing high into the air, soon disappearing from sight.

Blue Eyes felt very sad when the petal was gone, but she did not know that a good fairy had made the wind blow the evil fairy's wicked charm from her hand. As little Lady Blue Eyes went to take the petal of the red rose from her 'kerchief, lo! a little fairy no larger than her finger stepped forth smiling.

"Lady Blue Eyes," said the good fairy, "you are so good, and have never harmed a fly nor robbed a flower of its pure sweet life. Your heart is as gentle as the coo of a dove. Your soul is as tender as a mother to her child. You are so good and kind that I will give you back the petals of the flowers."

"Oh, kind fairy," said little Lady Blue Eyes, "I have the petal of the red rose in my handkerchief." But lo! when she looked, the petal was gone.

The good fairy told her how the evil fairy had changed the petals into evil charms, and had she eaten them she would have been wicked and cruel ever afterward.

Lady Blue Eyes felt very sad at heart, but when the fairy had given her the two real petals, and told her that if she ate them the evil fairy would be compelled to leave the tree and wander aimlessly over the world, and that her father's sheep would never die should he miss sitting beneath the tree, and that she would see the land where the buttercups and the red roses bloomed, she again felt happy. The good little fairy bade her good-bye, and Blue Eyes ate the buttercup's petal and saw the land where the buttercup bloomed. Then she ate the red rose's petal and saw the land where the red rose bloomed.

Shortly after little Lady Blue Eyes had seen the two beautiful countries, where all things were good, her father returned from a long chase of getting his sheep together. She told him all she had seen, but he only laughed and said:

"You have dreamed, dear child, a sweet dream about God's beautiful country, where good little girls go when they die."

BERT W. WENRICH.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

THE FOUNDATION OF ALL REFORM. By Otto Carque. Price 50 cents. 66 pages. Kosmos Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.

"It is not too much to assert that the solution of all the great social and economic problems of to-day would be greatly and speedily promoted by attention to the question of food," declares the author of "The Foundation of All Reform," in behalf of the vegetarian movement. In support of his premise he cites teachers from Plato to the present, and as practitioners "the world's most successful athletes and such tremendous mental and physical workers as Thomas Edison and Nikola Tesla." "The reason," he continues, "why so many who have struck animal food from their bill of fare fail, nevertheless, to get satisfactory results is because they have no real physiological knowledge of the constituent elements of the various vegetables and fruits, and therefore do not secure adequate quantities of fat and the organic salts." To assist in this he appends a carefully revised table with detailed directions. He quotes Prof. Loeb, of Chicago University, to the effect that "the basis of the fuel value of foodstuffs and the action of the heart, etc., is not alone the production of heat, but equally the chemical energy in electrically charged molecules." In the Professor's own words, "Evidently the chief rôle of food is not to be digested and 'burned' in the muscles and organs, as present-day physiology assumes, but to supply electrical 'ions.'

"The heat developed is a by-product. The important result is the production of electricity. The body is in some sort a dynamo. Food, then, is of value according to the amount and kind of electricity it affords." The author bewails the unwisdom, the total lack of thought evidenced in the average person's

diet, and cites in some illustration of this the fact that "the annual per capita consumption of sugar in the United States has increased 300 per cent. (from 23 to 69 pounds) in the last fifty years, and the American people spend over \$80,000,000 for candy every twelve months." "It has been estimated," continues the writer, "that a given area of well-cultivated fruit land can sustain at least twenty times as many people by its crops than could be nourished on the meat of cattle pastured on the same piece of ground, and it was discovered recently in connection with a large slaughter-house in Cincinnati that the oat-meal used in fattening the pigs would have gone nearly four times as far in feeding people as would the pork produced." In speaking of the "Fruit Culture Colony Eden," in Oranienburg, Prussia, the author says it furnishes a convincing example of his assertions. "There in the course of a few years and under the most unfavorable circumstances and climatic conditions by a handful of energetic and intelligent men and women, a sandy desert has been converted into valuable fruit land which now produces enough, not only to furnish the colony with ample nourishment, but also to supply a number of stores in Berlin, while the members of the settlement themselves enjoy the acme of health."

FIRST LESSONS IN THE NEW THOUGHT. By J. W. Winkley, M.D. 77 pages. Price 60 cents. Published by James H. West Company, Boston.

It is a matter of not a little significance that so simple and forceful a plea as this, so clear and compelling an argument for the reasonableness and efficacy of Mental Healing should be given by a medical doctor. Dr. Winkley does not stand alone, for the truth of the New Thought premise and methods is slowly but surely gaining ground in medical fastnesses, but his experience and age of necessity gives this treatise of his a

peculiar value. For the honest doubter "First Lessons" is especially well adopted, as it points step by step the path of the sincere truth seeker and draws fearlessly and forcibly the inevitable conclusions. The admission by one of their own ranks that "the doctors had long ago known and testified that this" (the almost limitless power of the mind over the body) "is true, though they took little advantage of it for good," is certainly suggestive.

Dr. Winkley argues that if the spirit is the life of the body (and who can deny this?) it surely is also its health, the lesser being of necessity included in the greater. "Our trouble has been," he continues, speaking for the medical fraternity, "that we heretofore have not given our attention and thoughts to these simple but all-important truths which are in reality worth more than very much of the knowledge we spend years to acquire." And then in referring to the structure and mechanism of the human body, the author exclaimed quite as if he saw it all for the first time, "How wonderful it is! Its marvelousness has never been fully known or appreciated, and never can be except in the light of this new truth." Dr. Winkley refers to the characterization of the new concept of God as the discovery of God, and continues that, in the light of the New Thought, man, too, may be said to have been newly discovered—"the worthy child of this infinitely good God!"

In his eighth chapter the doctor makes out a very convincing argument for "original righteousness" as opposed to "original sin," and concludes with a characterization of "this Gospel of Health as mental and moral therapeutics as well, its primary elements, religion itself—part and parcel of the Christianity of Christ the Great Physician." Dr. Winkley gives his personal experience with the efficacy of the new-old healing art and closes with the citation of a number of other instances no less interesting and remarkable.

TELEPATHY. By R. Dimsdale Stocker. 72 pages. Published by Fowler & Wells Company, New York and London.

The author quotes Prof. Houston to the effect that "cerebral radiations are disseminated by every sentient brain, such waves passing off into the space around the brain," and endeavors to locate the physical organ of the telepathic faculty. Quoting Dr. Hollander's "Scientific Phrenology"—"all the fundamental kinds of psychical activity are carried on in more or less distinct parts of the cerebral hemispheres. The essential differences obtaining in the encephalic structure correspond to decided differences in its functions, and the complexity of the structure is proportionate to the number of aptitudes and propensities displayed," he seeks to convince the reader that the forward portion of the top-head, just above the forehead so to speak, is the seat of the psychic or spiritual faculties now gradually unfolding, of which telepathy is the forerunner. "Mind action, whatever it may actually be, functions in etheric matter and thought waves will be just as demonstrable as sound waves, and thought pulsation felt by as many persons as are attuned to their particular vibrations." The book will doubtless prove of interest and assistance to those who have previously given no thought or study to the matter.

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Vol. XIV
No. 3

SEPTEMBER, 1904

{ 25c. Monthly
\$2.50 Yearly

Editors:

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON
JOHN MILTON SCOTT

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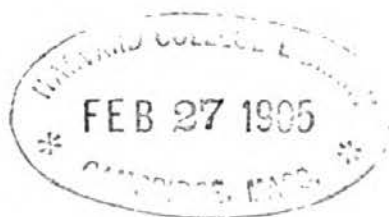
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—EMERSON.



VOL. XIV ★ SEPTEMBER, 1904 ★ No. 3

THE INFLUENCE OF THE EAST ON RELIGION.

BY R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D.

The "gate that looketh toward the East," of which Ezekiel wrote, has been to many others than the prophet the observatory whence is seen the oncoming glory of The Eternal. A very old and very wide-spread instinct is that which leads man, on entering his chamber for communion with God, to throw open the window whose prospect is toward the East. Orientation has a deeper meaning than our ecclesiastics fancy. The noblest form of Nature worship was that whose traces we may find on many a hill of England, where our fathers gathered in the dawn of day to hail with sacred song the coming of the Sun. As needs must be in a cosmos—a beautiful order, the core and center of whose physical system is a moral order—the cosmical truth enshrines an ethical truth, and the symbolism of Nature becomes a sacrament of Spirit. Of the Light which is "oncoming into the world," as St. John says, it is true that "His go-

ings forth are as the morning"—the pathway of Divine progress in humanity, an ascension of the Sun of Righteousness toward the zenith. The history of man repeats the story of the natural order, and, "Westward the star of Empire takes its way;" civilization and religion arising in the East, and moving thence in successive effluences toward the West. Whither the Spirit of the Eternal led the soul of Ezekiel, thither the same Divine Spirit has led other human souls in different lands and at different critical epochs, to watch for signs of fresh light; and they who have come down to their fellows with the glow of a new day on their faces have, whether in Babylon, or Rome, or London, told the same story—"He brought me to the gate, even the gate that looketh toward the East; and behold the glory of the God of Israel came from the way of the East."

Once more, if men cry to the Watchers—"Watchmen, what of the night?" the answer floats down—"The morning cometh;" and the wise, in a profounder ritual than that of men, face toward the East.

That a new flood of spiritual life must be soon due, he feels sure who has marked well the movements of the tides of history, and guessed the cycles of the stars. The ebbing of the tide of materialistic speculation is felt beneath the feet of them that reason well; and the sucking undertow of the social waters, in a new wave of ethical enthusiasm, a fresh force of justice and brotherliness, is heard by those whose ears are close to the sands of the shore. Whence is the new tide coming, on whose floods we are to float across the shallows of the age? In every direction we see in society the evils of an excessive development of the tendencies which are peculiar to our Western civilization. The elements which form our strength in the realms of thought, of feeling, and of action, have been pushed beyond the golden mean; and the result is, as in all disproportion, error and evil. If our human therapeutics at all

shadow the divine dealings, we might expect the correction of these disorders by the supply of the lacking elements in our own blood. The qualities which the Western world lacks, the Eastern world holds in excess. We might then look for the ordering by Providence of an infusion of the essence of the East; the balm of Gilead for the wounds of England, the cordial of India for the tire of America.

Singular, indeed, to him who believes in no Destiny that shapes our ends, is the rediscovery of the East by our century; the bringing of its mystic lands from out the darkness; the establishing of close connections between the two hemispheres; the unsealing of the sacred books of the East for the study of the West.

Some years ago, when, being younger, I thought in my folly that I held a private patent of expectation, I heard one of our wisest teachers of religion in this city give me back my own dream, saying to me—"I look for a new religious impulse from the East." And then it seemed that everyone who thought was saying with Tyndall—"Light will come again from the East." We find ourselves, as by common instinct, standing in "the gate that looketh toward the East," where rise, on our impatient eyes, the streakings of a new and holy light, and we whisper—"Behold the glory of the God of Israel cometh from the way of the East."

Some over-hasty souls, like our famous American theosophists, not content to stand with the seer in the gate, have gone out into the East, to find there the religion of the future. They are finding, I fancy, that which a friend told me he had found for himself; when, driven away from the traditional Christianity, he had in the old world mastered the *Pali* tongue, that he might search among the sources of Buddhism for the higher light—only to come home again with the conclusion that, at least, there was nothing there higher than the truth which is

found in Christianity. What we may reasonably expect is not the coming of a new religion from the East to supersede Christianity, but the coming of influences from the East to renew and restore Christianity. Our lamps burn low, but we need not cast them away; we should simply open them to the sacred oil from the East, which the High Priest of the Temple is even now pouring in upon the wicks—when, lo! a new flame in which we shall see and rejoice. Those who heard the dark-skinned Hindu Mozoomdar speak and pray in our churches, or who have more lately heard Swami Vivekananda or Swami Abbedananda lecture must feel, as in no other way they could have felt, that if our Western faith had aught to give them and their countrymen, as we all believe, they have somewhat to give us in return.

I.

The Eastern's thought of Nature may greatly help us of the West. Do we think, in our egotism, that we have for the first time in the history of man studied Nature? We may draw a just rebuke from our rapidly increasing knowledge of those wise men who, in Egypt, and Chaldea, and India, observed and pondered, and laid the foundations of the noblest of our physical knowledges. If we fancy that we alone of the children of earth have divined the secret order of creation, we may learn humility as we acquaint ourselves with the wonderful divination by which they anticipated the greatest of our later guesses. And so coming to appreciate the patient brooding thought over the problem of the cosmic, the slow, sure following of the trail of Nature on the part of these dark-skinned sages, we shall be prepared to allow, more modestly, that there may be something in their view of Nature which we may need, as we know that there is much in our view of Nature which they need. Our Western mind is analytic, logical; breaks up Nature into bits; conquers in the sign of the test-tube and the crucible; deals

with phenomena; pursues the sequences of physical processes; familiarizes itself with the action of forces and the methods of laws; and, in so doing, does wisely and wins our wonderfully widening knowledge. But our very development of power is, as always, in the parsimony of Mother Nature, at the cost of other powers. Contrast our study of Nature with that of the son of the East. His mind is sympathetic, constructive, intuitive; he sees the unity under all diversity; the whole in every part. He is fascinated by the conception of the substance, the reality lying under all phenomena. He passes without interest through the surface-fields of law and force, and faces this eternal mystery of being, on which all phenomena of existence play, as the bubbles thrown up for a moment upon the surface of the everlasting stream. We call him an idealist, a dreamer. He calls us sense-blinded materialists. His limitations are plain to us, and our limitations are as plain to him. Each sees through one eye. Man needs both eyes focusing on Nature to get the true light. We may learn to credit his vision as revealing an essential part of truth, as we find his vision to be that of the profoundest thinkers of our Western world, from Plato down to Hegel. We will never probably turn away from our scientific vision. That is true, as far as it goes. But we may open the other eye and correct its one-sidedness, and see that which it alone failed to reveal. Then all our present miserable notion of a conflict of science and religion will vanish like a ghost of the night. It will be seen to be a spectre of the twilight. The East knew of our theory of Evolution centuries before Spencer established it scientifically, or Darwin applied it to man's story, or Huxley bore down with it so aggressively on faith. It was the cardinal doctrine of the sages in India. But those calm minds, sitting beneath the palm trees by the sacred rivers, thought through the problem in whose outer meshes our hastier minds are too easily

detained. Their vision of Evolution only deepened the mystery of the universe. The fact of an orderly and gradual development of life, through the stages of creation, held nothing of the secret of life itself. Such a process could be only the manner of the unfolding of the "somewhat" charged with all these marvelous potencies. That "somewhat"—the substance or reality standing under all phenomena—was the Infinite Mystery, to know which was to know the secret of being. No investigation of the materialist could discover the secret of being which gave substance to our mental forms in their subtle phantasmagoria. Mind alone, which pondered over this mystery, could image its being. It was mind, intelligence.

"Out of thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose in upper air."

Confirmed idealist as was the Hindu philosopher (I speak of the dominant school of philosophy, that which permanently characterized India), he could speak of the material world only in terms of mind. Evolution became the doctrine of the progressive unfolding of life through the action of an Infinite and Eternal Spirit. It was, it is, the history of the Divine Being. It was, it is, a religion. And this Eastern wisdom our Western world cannot reject as an alien conception when, not alone, idealist philosophers like Berkeley hold it, but *savants* like Huxley confess that, as between the two conceptions of idealism and materialism, they would have to take the first theory. True, they talk of a possible third conception, the conciliation of both; of which it will be time to speak when the shadow of any such thought looms above the horizon.

Our Western world, gone daft over the fascinating theories of evolution, and fancying that in it is solved the problem of being in terms of matter, may turn to the sages who had divined our pet theory centuries ago, and to whom it had be-

come a translucent symbol of the Divine Presence and action. Our own poets who drink of the Castalian springs of Western philosophy are those who, like Emerson, are interpreting for us the real significance of our scientific theories and showing us how to worship where we only thought to study. Standing in the gate that looketh to the East, these seers behold the glory of the Lord coming upon our wisdom of Nature by the way of the East gate.

II.

This insistent idealism in philosophy, which the East may have again to teach the world, lays the basis for religion, deep and broad and firm. Resting upon this basis, the Eastern mind, through its peculiar spiritual sense, opens the world in which the soul of man communes with God. The Oriental seems to have developed a sense which is lacking in most of us children of the West. One sees about him in our society hosts of men, excellent, admirable, noble, upright and conscientious, faithful in every relation of life, who appear to have no sense by which to apprehend God. He is an abstraction to them—a reality in which they themselves believe, but of whom they have no personal consciousness; with whom they feel themselves to stand in no actual relation. The story of spiritual experiences comes to them in an unknown tongue. Their conclusion concerning such matters is fairly expressed in the common account they give of those who speak of such experiences—"You are peculiarly constituted; you are spiritually organized." Now, the Eastern, whatever else he possesses, has the sense of God. Religion's home is in the East. Its power there is almost tyrannous. That power never fails. It ebbs, but rises again, fresh and inexhaustible. The Eastern walks amid the forms of force of which we talk so glibly, and feels God. In the sun and the wind, in the river's ceaseless flow and the waving of the forest's

tops, he is sensible of an awful yet gracious Presence. He hears whispers, and catches the light of glorious garments trailing by. As in Macdonald's charming story, he is ever surprising the gods at play. Those who have listened to Babu Mozoomdar, must have felt a singularly sweet devoutness breathing through the rich eloquence of the speaker. Without prearrangement, as though it were to him the natural conclusion of his talk with man, he is wont to finish his address with a simple, child-like prayer to "Our Father who art in heaven." At family prayer, in my house one morning, sitting, after the custom of his people, in his chair, he talked to God in such a way as hushed our hearts into a new feeling of the Presence of Him in whom we live and move and have our being. There were no petitions, but an exhalation, so to speak, of his consciousness of the All Father, an aroma in the spiritual atmosphere, as when the morning sun draws from the flowers of the field the fresh fragrance in which their life streams up toward their source. I realized then what I had been told of him—"he lives in God." The words of Chunder Sen concerning the Hindu gift of the Yoga, the faculty of apprehending and communing with the Divine Presence, came to my mind; and I perceived how truly there was active in this race a spiritual sense which seems numbed and dormant in our Western peoples. That evening I turned, as he had asked me to do, to the Upanishads, where, said he, breathes the early and deep Hindu consciousness of God—and I knew afresh what a revelation there may be to us, who have so much religion and so little living sense of God. As the Hindu spirit breathes in our spirits, we, too, shall find quickening in us this blessed sense of God. So was I brought to "the gate that looketh toward the East," and I beheld "the glory of the God of Israel coming from the way of the East."

III.

The East will help us, through its insistent idealism and its deep abiding sense of God, to a freshened feeling of the true nature of man. As with Nature so with man, our Western thought tends to play upon the surface of the problem. We are intensely busy with our studies of man's nature, and are learning wonderful things about his organization; truths full of value to the race, for the lack of which the world has lain so long in sickness of body and in superstition of mind. We are coming to know the elements out of which we are composed, the laws of their combination, and the methods of the working of the mysterious forces which fashion us. The human anatomy is laid bare to our eye, and the wonders of physiology are coming out into the light. The puzzle of the convolutions of gray tissue which make the brain of man is fascinating our wise men, and they cherish swelling hopes of yet guessing the secret of the relations of mind to matter. We have traced so far the broken links of the story of the coming into being of the human race, that we have already titled the future history of man, one day to be written, and announced duly to the world the forthcoming book of Genesis. We have analyzed the moral nature of man, and resolved it into its several elements. We have shown how our ideals of goodness have slowly formed through man's social necessities and clothed themselves with impressive sanctions, until at length they stand so awfully sacred in the inner shrine of the soul, that we bow before them in worship. And having done all this invaluable work, we think that we have solved the problem of man; so that he can be expressed in a chemical formula, and labelled in the Museum of Natural History. Having done all which, the East smiles in acquiescence, her eye as in a vision fixed upon a "somewhat" within this chemical compound, and whispers—"And God (the Eternal) formed man out of the dust of the

ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." That which we miss in the focus of our microscopes, which casts no weight in our balances and slips away in the fires of our crucibles, the Eastern discerns, even as he sees through Nature to its substance, and he knows that man is, in essence—spirit, mind. He will quite humbly receive our Western knowledge concerning the physical constitution and the historic development of man, but then he will return to us that deeper wisdom which reveals the inner and essential being of man. Our crude fancies about an automaton-man will disappear, in the acute sense quickened within us of that spiritual being which is free to will and responsible for its action, as becometh the child made in the image of the Eternal Spirit, the Father of our human spirits. There will come to us the true significance and the deep reality of that ancient belief that in the human spirit speaketh the Divine Spirit; that, as our Hindu-American seer tells us, we are "always spoken to from behind;" that truth is, as the ancient Hebrew said—the voice of God. Inspiration will then be no theory of the scholar, but the consciousness of the faithful soul. So again we find that "the glory of the Lord" cometh by the way of the gate whose prospect is toward the East.

IV.

The East will help us to a better view of Christ. Whatever the object of the vision, the image of it on the human retina will be largely determined by the nature and condition of the retina itself. Christianity has seen Christ, not as he really was, but as he has appeared to its eyes. Our Western eyes have seen him westernized, distorted in the lenses of Grecian speculation, of Roman institutionalism, of Mediæval scholasticism. To German and Scotchman, and Englishman and American, he necessarily shapes himself as best is possible upon their natures.

How grievously the image of Jesus has suffered in this transference, scholars know right well. The image of Jesus which the Christian Church has framed in its theologies is far from a counterpart of the original and real Jesus; so far that were most Christians carried back into the age when he was upon earth and set down in his own Galilee, He might pass them, never known or recognized. How can we ever get back to that far off age and see Him as He was? Simply by getting over into the position of those who to-day reproduce the life and spirit of His day. In the East, time is not. To-day is as yesterday, and our century as eighteen centuries earlier. As the East now reads Him, coming to Him in a free and natural manner—that we may be sure is the nearest approach which we can get to a true image of Him. For Jesus was an Oriental, and only by the Orientals can He be interpreted. A foretaste of what is before us in this recovered view of Jesus we have already, in that touching book of our Hindu preacher—"The Oriental Christ." At every touch of the Eastern hand the familiar incidents take on fresh lights, and the story stands forth in a new and vivid realism. Renan told us, years ago, that in Judea the story of Jesus became strangely real, and, writing in the East, his book became, with all its faults, a revelation of the actual man who walked the land of Galilee, eighteen centuries ago. We shall gain a new sense of the veritable actuality of the Man of Nazareth, and we shall never doubt that He was an historic personality. We shall form, as by a new sense opened in us, a perception of what was really the meaning of the words of Him who spake as never man spake. Luther, disputing with Zwingli, his finger on the text—"this is my body," closing thus every appeal of the reason against the dogma of transubstantiation, will no longer be possible, when the East reads for us those words. The poetic utterance of the consciousness of the man who felt

Himself so completely one with the Father that His own consciousness was, as it were, the consciousness of God, will cease to be a hard prosaic proposition for the metaphysic of the schoolmen, and will become the plastic, palpitating words to the Eastern mystic; whose thoughts are feelings, and whose words must therefore needs be poems. When the Oriental comes to them he knows what was meant by them, and we must learn of him. We may thus lose the form which we thought was our Christ—though without the Eastern touch that is fading fast enough from our eyes—but we shall gain a figure which we shall know to be the true Christ. And that will be an image sweet and gracious, holy and in the deepest sense divine; before which, in new passion of reasonable reverence, we shall bow most worshipfully, and from whose touch our lives shall flame anew in sacred passion of most loyal love.

One cannot read that "Oriental Christ" without a fresh sense of Jesus and of His good-spell upon the soul.

Thus, I believe, Jesus will come again to us of the Western world, and we shall all follow Him with new abandonment of love. Let us each ask, as this Hindu asked—"Not that I might speculate about Jesus but that I might learn to do as He bids me." Thus as we stand in "the gate that looketh toward the East" the "glory of the Lord" cometh "from the way of the East."

V.

The East will help us in many ways to better general conditions for the religious life. Our occupation amid external activities keeps us aloof from the deep inner life of the spirit. The multiplicity of outward affairs distracts our minds and exhausts our energies. We are too hurried to "wait upon the Lord." God may be in the wayside bush speaking to us, but

what can we hear as we thunder past in the "Lightning Express?" How shall we catch the low whispers of the still, small voice, amid the babel tongues of the Exchange? How, in our chronic tire, shall we climb the heights of contemplation, where our tryst is appointed with The Eternal? We need somewhat of the peace and quiet of those calm Easterns, who have time to pray and leisure to think, and who know the way within the innermost recesses of the soul, where is the Holy Place of God.

We are oppressed with the multitudinous miseries of earth, the wretchedness and woe of this weary world, and we turn the forces of our religious life out upon the work of bettering society. We cannot do otherwise in our Western world, to which Providence has given the powers for the righting of these disorders. The establishment of the divine order in human society, the creation of the proper social conditions for the kingdom of God, is of co-equal importance with the inspiration of the inner personal life. But our ideals suffer in this constraint of work that is upon us. Philanthropy and piety would together form a heavenly pattern for our aspirations. But philanthropy without piety, philanthropy as a substitute for inward experience, for the life hid in God—this can but fashion a maimed and mutilated image. We measure men by their charities, not by their holiness, and find the notes of the true church in the number of their benevolent societies, rather than in the saintly beauty of the lives which they nourish. We condone the faults of him, who subscribes freely to our schemes of reform. We gauge the river of life proceeding from beneath the throne of God by the power which it supplies to our mills of reform, and value it because of the wheels it turns. Thus doing comes to dispense with being. We think Christ came to found a society for the organization of soup-houses and hospitals. Ah! we greatly need the spirit of these child-like peo-

ples, who stand confused amid the whirl of our vast social mechanism, valuing somewhat lightly our great charities and our brilliant reforms, and dreaming that the kingdom of God is to come without observation; that outward institutions and laws are to crystallize upon a society breathing the spirit of brotherliness and love; that the world is to be lifted into righteousness under the spell of lives all luminously good, and saved from sin by the touch of men in whom is felt the living God. Our Western races are called to the development of earth's resources, and, under the ancient command, to master the earth and "have dominion over it." Thus, as we see, is the wealth produced in whose division all may ultimately share, and the store-houses filled from which the poorest may draw in the time of need. Only thus is society so far advanced already beyond the civilization of the East that the famines which there sweep off human beings like flies at the touch of frost are impossible in Christendom. But in thus being "not slothful in business" we find it hard to be "serving the Lord;" and before we are well aware of it we find our devotedness to business has become a real devotion, a worship of the Power once known as Mammon, whose altars are in our homes and our exchanges, and on which we offer—ourselves. As every careful, honest student of society sees and tells us, our real religion is a worship of wealth; from which fearful apostasy our wise men see not well how to rescue us; but from which infidelity we would soon be delivered if the higher Eastern spirit breathed upon us its simplicity, its indifference to material possessions, its disregard of riches and the goods that they can buy, its respect for poverty, its sublime upliftedness above the hunger that eats the heart out of our life, its ideals which seem to us as those of some other world, where the question "what is he worth?" cannot be answered by inspecting a man's bank-book, or opening his coupon-box in the Safe Deposit. The Political economy

which expresses our ideals of civilization finds it hard to fit into its order that Son of Man who had "not where to lay his head." His ideals it finds unreasonable; his aspirations wild, quixotic dreams. We are told that it is impossible to live a Christian life, that to pattern our lives upon the Master's story would be to undo society. And thus, our finest impulses and our most generous aspirations we are taught to smother, and our received theories rally to the aid of our native selfishness, until the language of our Communion Consecration becomes a bitter mockery, which I am sure the disciples of Christ often shrink from repeating—"And here we offer and present unto thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies; to be a reasonable, holy, and living sacrifice unto thee." An Order of "The Consecrated" has been formed in the Brahmo Somaj; an order whose members, continuing in their daily vocations, consecrate most of their gains to God. As we Christians hear of Hindus doing this, we may well look around us, in the Christian Church, to see where are "the consecrated" among us who follow the Christ.

Oh! for one generation of the climate of the soul in which were born all the great enthusiasms of self-consecration; the contempt of the world which filled the desert with anchorites and the monasteries with men vowed to poverty; the hunger for sacrifice which inspired a Buddha, and the greater than a Buddha—Jesus Christ Our Lord. We could safely trust our Western world to set bounds of moderation to this passion of devotion; to keep the altar on which these heavenly fires were lighted from burning up. But oh! for the flame coming down from heaven upon our altars!

Matthew Arnold has told us the story of the past, in which we are to read the vision of the future, which comes to us as we stand "in the gate that looketh toward the East," and be-

hold "the glory of the Lord" coming from "the way of the East."

"Well nigh two thousand years have brought
Their load, and gone away,
Since last on earth there lived and wrought
A world like ours to-day.

"Like ours it look'd in outward air!
Its head was clear and true,
Sumptuous its clothing, rich its fare,
No pause its action knew;

"Stout was its arm, each thew and bone
Seem'd puissant and alive—
But, ah! its heart was stone,
And so it could not thrive.

"On that hard Pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell;
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell.

"In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay;
He drove abroad, in furious guise,
Along the Appian way.

"He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crown'd his hair with flowers—
No easier nor no quicker pass'd
The impracticable hours.

"The brooding East with awe beheld
Her impious younger world.
The Roman tempest swell'd and swell'd,
And on her head was hurled.

"The East bow'd low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain;
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.

"So while she mused, a morning broke
Across her spirit gray.
A conquering, new-born joy awoke,
And fill'd her life with dav.

"'Poor world,' she cried, 'so deep accurst!
That runn'st from pole to pole
To seek a draught to slake thy thirst—
Go, seek it in thy soul!'

"She heard it, the victorious West,
In crown and sword array'd!
She felt the void which mined her breast,
She shiver'd and obey'd.

"She veil'd her eagles, snapp'd her sword,
And laid her sceptre down;
Her stately purple she abhorr'd,
And her imperial crown;

"She broke her flutes, she stopp'd her sports,
Her artists could not please;
She tore her books, she shut her courts,
She fled her palaces.

"Lust of the eye and pride of life
She left it all behind—
And hurried, torn with inward strife,
The wilderness to find.

"Tears wash'd the trouble from her face!
She changed into a child!
'Mid weeds and wrecks she stood—a place
Of ruin—but she smiled!"



EVEN God cannot make the past not to have been; there will always be a past. If your present past is not satisfactory, aim to make your future past more to your liking.—*H. C. Morse.*



THE reformers of the world are its men of mighty purpose. They are men with the courage of individual conviction, men who dare run counter to the criticism of inferiors, men who voluntarily bear crosses for what they accept as right, even without the guarantee of a crown. They are men who gladly go down into the depths of silence, darkness and oblivion, but only to emerge like divers—with pearls in their hands.—*William George Jordan.*

A PHILOSOPHY OF BEAUTY.

BY RICHARD ARTHUR.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."—*Keats*.

"To look on noble forms
Makes noble through the sensuous organism
That which is higher."—*Tennyson*.

The human mind has never been, and probably never will be, content to adopt wholly and finally any one of the many doctrines of the meaning and purpose of life which have been evolved by the intellectual ingenuity of a thousand generations. Neither can it renounce the attempt to solve those problems by the application of new knowledge and the formulation of fresh doctrines. Philosophy, the religion of the reason, ministers to our double need of believing and hoping, and responds to a profound instinct of human nature. Systems may grow old and disappear; but as long as there is an intelligent soul in the universe, philosophy cannot perish. From time to time, however, the intellects of men, seem, in this relation, to come to a standard. Baffled by the impossibility of thinking anything that has not been thought and written, and by the feeling that it is utterly futile to attempt to explain or affirm anything whatever, they agree, temporarily, at any rate, with Goethe's saying that "All has been thought already; we can only try to think it over once more," and with that other dictum of his, "Man was not born to solve the problems of the universe, but to find out where the problem begins and then to restrain himself within the limits of the comprehensible." During these periods there is a cessation of system-making, and philosophy confines itself to criticism and exposition. We have just had

such an interval. Since Nietzsche promulgated his startling theories of the Overman, no new or original body of philosophic doctrine of much importance, I think, has been advanced. But this interval has just been broken by a brilliant Frenchman, M. F. Roussel-Despieres, who has published in that admirable library of modern thought, *La Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine*, a volume to which he has given the title of "*L'Idéal Esthétique*"—the Aesthetic Ideal—and the modest sub-title, "Sketch of a Philosophy of Beauty." Both terms suggest a treatise on the science of æsthetics. But the book is of far wider scope than that, being, indeed, nothing short of a constructive system of philosophy and morals founded on the idea of beauty—a full statement of the author's theory that beauty is the supreme fact of life, the only stable and enduring human end and ideal, and the eternal basis of true morality.

The work is a distinguished piece of philosophical analysis and synthesis. The author's thought is lucid, bold and original; it is animated by the noblest aspiration; it is rich in suggestion, humane in tendency, and altogether optimistic. For these reasons, the book deserves particular attention, and as it is not at present available in English, an attempt is here made to give an exposition of its central ideas and general conclusions. I say an attempt, because the work, on account of its close and subtle reasoning, and the variety of elusive facts and aspects presented, is almost as difficult to summarize adequately as, say, an essay of Emerson's.

That M. Roussel-Despieres's conception of the use of philosophy and the rôle of the philosopher is a high and worthy one may be gathered at the outset. "Philosophy," he says, "is henceforth the creator and guardian of the Ideal. It must therefore change its language and habits, and be simple, clear and popular, seeing that at last it must become universal. The

true rôle of the philosopher is to be the doctor of souls, and his first task is to understand the souls of his time. To act on the masses by the written and the spoken word, to 'minister to the mind diseased' and fortify it with hope, is his holy mission." It is evident that we have here what an Italian writer has called "a philosopher with the heart of a poet."

He begins his work by stating the need in which mankind always stands of an Ideal upon which to fix its eyes and towards which to shape its ends and bend its efforts.

The thinking, moral being, the individual, no longer subjugated to supernatural constraint, having acquired a definitive autonomy, is beginning to search in personal experience for the principle of his opinions, and in his own desire of good for the law of his conduct. The first need of his liberated intelligence is a worthy ideal. M. Roussel-Despieres believes that beauty is the ideal for which humanity is anxiously looking. He believes it to be the one necessary truth, as it is the purest form of morality, and he unifies his philosophy by fixing it in the close alliance of the principle of individual autonomy and the æsthetic ideal. Upon this alliance he is convinced that a social philosophy may be founded which will succeed to what he terms the haughty and sterile despotism of Science and Industry.

But one of the most marked characteristics of the present age is its lack of ideals. The old ideals have declined and fallen and there is a prevailing doubt and hesitancy about establishing new ones. The great influences which formerly acted on the mass of mankind are now more or less impotent. There is now no strong social directing impetus, no unquestioned religious or metaphysical faith, no moral conviction, and not yet any scientific certitude. Never was the human soul so bereft of guidance. There are no ideals, and no ideal means no hope. The arid soul is given up to the low whims and instincts

of nature. The moving social force of to-day is the fury of worldly success. The passion for honors, for power, for wealth has taken the place of the old disinterested ambitions. Money responds to everything, suffices for everything. Life has neither a moral significance nor an ideal impetus. Money is God. But this corrupting religion of money generates a world of ugliness, moral as well as physical: the vice within is reflected without, and the hideousness of the surrounding world is shadowed on the mind, which is gradually losing the habit of imagining and aspiring to noble things. And yet our century, rich with a young science and a vast fund of human experience, would be, if it had an ideal, the most moral of the centuries, and the happiest. But we suffer from living in an anguish of darkness. Humanity, taken as a whole, is afraid to think, but needs to act. But to do a deed is to perform an act of faith. Man can do without reasoning: he cannot do without beliefs. Doubt paralyses action and is the negation of life. The doctrine of the universal vanity of things would have extinguished humanity—if it had convinced it. Nature and life impose confidence on us. The soul cannot remain a desert; it has insistent need of a faith, of an ideal, of a will. And if a dogmatic faith, philosophic or religious, is no longer tenable, the will of the ideal, which is a certitude since it is an active element of reality, constitutes all the certitude that is necessary; it is far more indispensable than faith. It is the duty of philosophy to come to the aid of all who are unable to conceive an ideal. Any ideal is better than a sceptical materialism. However chimerical it may be, it is not false if it consoles and lifts up the mind and increases the sum of terrestrial good and happiness. Besides, the truth of to-day is that which was a chimera yesterday, and history is a long series of chimeras that have been realized. What higher, holier work could there be than that of restoring the Ideal? But such a

work, to be durable, must be the result of a great collective effort. Innumerable thinkers must take part in it: to reestablish its diminished glory, philosophers, poets, artists, men of high aims must unite their hopes and their labors, believing with all their soul in the legitimate sovereignty of the Ideal.

M. Roussel-Despierres defines the different methods by which a system of philosophy may be constructed. He submits his theory—that Beauty is the one true Ideal and the fundamental principle of morality—to the test of three different methods. The first method is the affirmation of the certitude of whatever appears to us as the best, the most just, the most beautiful. The second is the method of scepticism, the denial of the right of any authority to impose on the mind of an individual a dogma which is not absolutely proved. The third is the experimental method, in which the science of psychology is used to demonstrate the characteristics and action of beauty in relation to the mind. A body of very subtle evidence is adduced, and the author maintains that every road, every method leads to one double conclusion—the complete emancipation of the individual, and the indefinite ascension of humanity towards Beauty. This double conclusion he sums up in the formula: the æsthetic ideal realized in liberty. The system is therefore both individualist and æsthetic, and its unity results from the essential harmony of these two principles. A human being loves his independence, his liberty, as he loves to live. Liberty is the pleasure of living, of exercising one's powers and faculties; it is the joy of thinking and willing. Individualism is synonymous with liberty, and, even in a measure, with existence. But liberty is not an ideal. It is not even an end, not even an activity. It is only a form, a condition of activity, a means to an end, a guarantee of the Ideal. The Ideal alone is an end, and it is perhaps the object of individual activity. What is the ideal of the free individual? The highest he is

capable of conceiving. And the root of our conceptions and of our will is really nothing other than desire, or rather love. The dreams our imaginations voluntarily conceive and cherish are dreams of the things we love, and what we love we will to possess; not to will in this way is impossible. The ideal therefore imposes itself on the will through desire. It would be contradictory to deny that a man's ideal is the highest he is capable of conceiving, because the illusion and torment of perfection are inherent in the human mind, and the dream of the greatest imaginable good is inevitable. We all aspire, from afar, to this great good, and if we do not dare pursue it, we go on hoping confusedly for a sort of miracle which will realize it. Even waiting for this miracle is an ideal. To pursue one's dream it is only necessary to understand the henceforth incontestable fact that will, and even conception, are action, for they begin to be realized as soon as they are formulated and affirmed. Born of desire and love, the voluntary ideal will have the smiling seduction of beauty. Every man who is free to choose his ideal will be an optimist, because he will tend towards good, and he will believe in it because he tends toward it. Our ideal is the highest we are able to conceive, and we can conceive nothing higher than the moral ideal: we hope for its realization: we will to realize it: we feel we shall owe our happiness to it, because it will render our whole conscious being strong and serene. When humanity has become truly moral, it will be happy also, because there will then be neither war nor discord upon the earth: the sweetness of virtue will have pacified all hatred, healed all wounds, and cured all misery. And we cannot possibly renounce this moral ideal after having once conceived it, because it is contradictory to imagine a better, happier world and not wish for and strive toward its realization. And just as liberty is a need for all men, so the moral ideal is a universal ideal. But perhaps the pure idea of good

lacks an essential element of influence over the human soul. Though it is not possible to imagine good and not wish for its accomplishment, there are wishes which are inert and sterile. Without enthusiasm, the will is never fruitful. The power and value of an ideal are therefore to be measured by the enthusiasm, by the zealous passion which it generates and nourishes. But passion lives on dreams, and the foundation of every dream is beauty. Everything we are attached to—love, virtue, nature, thought, the arts, luxury—everything has its beauty. There is no taste and no desire which has not an æsthetic side. Beauty really moves the world through desire. In order that the moral ideal may acquire its full force, it must therefore be clothed in all the seductions of the æsthetic ideal and become absorbed in it. Is this impossible? Assuredly not, since it is necessary. But up to the present, all attempts at the fusion or *rapprochement* of the Good and the Beautiful have failed, because moralists, faithful to the cult of pure ideas and absolute morality, have stripped beauty of its plastic and sensuous grace, and because artists, treating lightly the quality of the moral virtues, have made of tangible beauty the supreme virtue. But there is no higher beauty than moral action, and the perfection of the æsthetic life implies absolute morality.

The moral ascension is accomplished in three stages: from the love of plastic beauty the mind rises to the knowledge and cult of ideas; thence it attains its ultimate end in moral action or creation. To the man who is accustomed to observing the æsthetic character of things, and who has shaped his soul and his life like a work of art, moral action will appear as a new and purer beauty, and morality will thus become the smiling attraction, the radiant charm of existence. Virtue will be perfect joy, and the universal dream of beauty, filling the human soul, will become, without losing anything of its seduction and power, an infinite dream of purity, charity and love. "Such,"

says the author, "is the ideal which I dare affirm the surest because it is the noblest, the most beautiful, the most elevated it is possible for me to conceive. By this affirmation, I create it; with the will to realize it, I create a reality; and thus I attain the Ideal by the simplest of processes."

To the objection that moral conceptions will always differ in individuals and that the purest wills are thus liable to cause profound disorder in the world, the author replies that the social law will be a sufficient obstacle to any brutal conflict of wills. The diversity of moral aspirations, on the contrary, will have the advantage of guarding the extreme diversity of human needs, and the still greater advantage of offering to all temperaments and all souls, together with an ideal conformable to their particular faculties, an opportunity to exercise all the energy of a zealous will. Far from being a danger, moral independence is the essential condition of an infinite development of morality.

Æsthetic intuition will always be truer than scientific knowledge, because it is founded on the qualities of things, whose general relations and cohesion the mind seizes with precision, whereas scientific analysis, incapable of reaching the complete elements of things, yields but a fragmentary knowledge, illogical and deceptive. But psychology is capable of showing us in Beauty the highest degree of pleasure and desire. Beauty is the foundation of the human soul. When we try to conceive the signification of the infinite desires which move the world, beauty appears as the supreme aspiration of universal existence.

Thus the æsthetic ideal symbolizes the end to which the universe mysteriously tends. It resolves, at least, the enigma of human destiny. If there exists for us any infallibly certain principle, it is that of the harmony between our end and our means. The æsthetic basis of our mentality assigns to us an

æsthetic end. We may doubt that our presence in the world is connected with any preconceived final cause; but when we seek for an object in our existence and interrogate our consciousness, we see clearly that, if we can imagine nothing higher than to enjoy sensuous beauty and realize in ourselves moral beauty, it is just this dream that our essential faculties permit and, in a measure, constrain us to pursue.

Perhaps every beautiful thing has a moral value, if only because it is educational, because, adding something to the culture of the mind, it exercises some influence in the æsthetic preparation for the moral life. At any rate it is incontestable that every good action is beautiful. Thus beauty is the basis of morals. Can it be doubted that if human souls were perfectly beautiful, men would be perfectly good? Evil passions are ugly and from them come all the ills of life. The extinction of ugliness would be the extinction of evil.

M. Roussel-Despierres discusses, in one of his chapters, the many different conceptions of the Ideal which men hold or have held. He divides these conceptions into three general categories. The first comprises naturalistic, materialistic conceptions, which tend, through both egoism and altruism, towards the satisfaction of terrestrial interests, and in which the optimistic principle is affirmed. These place the golden age in the future and are based on the idea of progress. The second group comprises the pessimistic conceptions, generally supernatural, whether they are associated with a religion or with a spiritualistic philosophy. In the third class are grouped those systems which are founded on the pure idea of morals: these are disposed, for the most part, to a disgust of or disdain for real life, which they share with the religions. The many aims and ends proposed by these conceptions—such as progress, the expansion of life, pleasure, happiness, the conquest of truth, altruism, humanism, and the objects of the different

religions and philosophies—the author analyzes and criticizes with great skill and penetration. He finds them all wanting, all incapable of furnishing a satisfactory, worthy, and durable human ideal. There is no better way, he claims, of proving the superiority of the æsthetic ideal over all others than by exposing the imperfection of the other conceptions of destiny and demonstrating that the æsthetic ideal, by fulfilling the double condition of being at the same time an attractive, optimistic ideal and a very pure moral ideal, is the only one worthy of mankind.

Having thus cleared the way, M. Roussel-Despieres proceeds to discuss with greater precision his conception of the Ideal. Truly universal, the æsthetic ideal dominates morals, education, practical life, and even politics, the first object of which is to put no obstacle in the way of the reign of the Ideal. Beauty radiates out into the smallest corners of nature: the æsthetic sense is exercised in the smallest things of life. There is always a manner of conduct better than the common way; art is not restricted to the productions of the mind; there is an art of living; there is an art of doing, of moving and thinking. Form and foundation, existence may be all beauty.

But what is beauty? Not one of the great objects to which human energy is devoted can be defined with indisputable precision. Justice, Good, Duty, Right, all have very different meanings, according to latitudes and environment, and even according to individuals. They have no fixed limits. And this lack of precision is a grave difficulty. How, for instance, can we live justly if we do not know with certainty what it is just to do or not to do? The beautiful is not more definable than the just. But a definition of it is not necessary. The beautiful derives its value from feeling; it has no other criterion. Some thinkers claim to give an absolute and infallible formula for Right and for Duty: Beauty needs none. Every man has a

feeling for beauty, and the beauty he finds in things is beyond dispute. Nothing is more doubtful than Right; but the reality of the beautiful is complete as soon as it is reflected in the individual consciousness. Reason hesitates to determine the Just and the True. Where beauty is concerned, a man cannot doubt the feeling aroused in him; and this feeling gives him an unrivalled certainty.

But if Beauty is indefinable it has its laws and they may be recognized. Assuredly, the beautiful has no common measure; each individual sees in things only the kind and amount of beauty he is susceptible to, and his whole being—senses and intelligence—takes part in this discovery; the feeling of beauty is altogether personal; a certain object awakens it in one man and leaves it untouched in another; in æsthetic matters education, as well as natural disposition, creates infinite differences between individuals; but for the rest, the doctrine of the relativity of the beautiful is false. Search for the reasons of the æsthetic sentiment in primitive beings, in children and peasants. They do not discuss the beautiful, and yet they continually give themselves up to its attraction. In the child, the sensation of the beautiful results mainly from physiological impressions, such as those caused by the play of lights and colors; the peasant associates beauty with prosperity: he speaks of beautiful fields and fine crops. Beauty, as Stendhal said, is a promise of happiness. Thus the æsthetic sense is acted on all at once or in turn by physical sensation and by sentimental or intellectual emotion. The imagination loves to surpass reality; it is continually creating the unreal, and this unreal is often turned into reality. The great practical superiority of the idea of the beautiful over other directing ideas of the human mind consists in the fact that it needs neither definitions nor limits. Beauty is a fact of unequalled value in active life because it is of the order of feeling; and the more intense the

feeling is, the more fruitful is its practical energy. The æsthetic ideal, therefore, derives its force from passion, and the æsthetic philosophy may be summed up as the art of exalting and utilizing passion. For this reason it pre-supposes the moral autonomy of the individual.

In the section of the book specially devoted to the æsthetic system of morals, M. Roussel-Despieres examines the existing code of morals and finds it not wholly bad. It has rendered great service to humanity and may possibly go on doing so. But the human soul is becoming more exacting. It aspires to a higher and more fruitful morality, and the existing order cannot satisfy the new needs. The author states its weaknesses and advocates the strength and sufficiency of æsthetic morality. The latter breaks away from the traditional order in introducing into the direction of human life a new conception of the Ideal, and in substituting for the old method of rule and constraint the principle of the independence of conduct and the sovereignty of feeling and passion. It rejects as incompatible with moral sentiment all idea of terrestrial or divine sanction. Further, the æsthetic idea breathes a new spirit into morals. Modern society, in which a man is deemed honest and moral as long as he does not brutally transgress the conventional obligation of not causing certain kinds of harm to others, is, in a manner, turned towards the negative pole of ethics. Æsthetic morality, on the other hand, points to the positive pole. It elevates the conscience to a high sphere of activity for good, and in this sphere, the will, liberated from trammeling precepts, free and enthusiastic, becomes its own law, and, measuring its responsibility by the hopes it has conceived, attributes to itself an infinite mission of concord and love. Like traditional morality, æsthetic morality carries with it certain duties; but it does not forget that the idea of obligation paralyzes activity, and it therefore reduces its enumeration of duties to the minimum of

social exigencies. It is in a free and active virtue that it seeks its realization. High above imperative obligations the æsthetic doctrine establishes the free and true morality, that which moves in the circle of a voluntary activity, which is all aspiration, enthusiasm, love; which is concerned neither with the anguish nor with the hope of sanction; a morality inspired by no other motive than the joy of beautifying the world around us and, in ourselves, our own thought. One of the essential laws of this morality would be to respect in others an Ideal freely conceived, for such an Ideal, governing a man's life, is his real reason for living. Of all the conceptions of the Ideal, the æsthetic conception is the only one that can become universal, because beauty is the fundamental and universal element of desire. The æsthetic Ideal and morals, never imperative, create joy, love and beauty by aspiring to them. If life has any meaning, it is an æsthetic meaning. What is the use of life without beauty or joy or love? If the dream of the æsthetic life and the ideal to which our desire aspires were impossible chimeras, would life be worth preserving? Would not the fantasy of cosmic suicide imagined by Hartmann, be our most consoling hope?

The highest beauty is the creation of joy. Works and deeds are great in proportion as their consequences are wide and general. The will does not suffice to confer on the efforts of the mind the value of moral efforts; talent is necessary, nay, genius, and even something more than genius, the fruitful enthusiasm of a beautiful soul.

The æsthetic ascension of the human soul is accomplished in three successive stages, to each of which correspond certain faculties: to physical beauty—sensibility and admiration; to intellectual beauty—intelligence and desire; to moral beauty—passion and will.

The meaning of the individualism to which the universe

tends is not individual happiness, but the perfection of the mental development of the individual, a perfection which is expressed by the highest and most beautiful morality imaginable, that of which Beauty is the symbol, the æsthetic ideal. M. Roussel-Despieres does not like formulas, but if he were pressed to give one as a guide in morals, he would say: "Render yourself worthy of being loved: that is better even than to be loved. Render yourself worthy of being loved by the noblest souls. This is the last and supreme formula of æsthetic morality."

The realization of the æsthetic life depends on two conditions. The first is the return to a simple life. This is a necessity, because in our present manner of existence, with its feverish activity and continual strain, with its unreasonable faith in what is called progress—the progress which has only complicated life, multiplied industrial innovations and created harmful wants—æsthetic enjoyment is impossible, for it demands leisure and mental tranquillity. An intellectual aristocracy is the second condition. Social life, like individual life, is an ascension without end, for the moral and æsthetic horizons are limitless. Beauty, in art, in nature, in thought, takes on a thousand forms, from the humblest to the most subtle. There are innumerable degrees of beauty, and thus it must ever be. It is often maintained that art should be popular, democratic, accessible to all degrees of intelligence. And this is true. But if anyone thinks it cannot, at the same time, be aristocratic, he is mistaken and does not understand the character and rôle of art. Art is only valuable in so far as it procures pleasure, for pleasure is the very condition of its influence, and owing to the infinite degrees of intellectual culture, as well as to the variety of temperaments, we cannot all take pleasure in the same works and be attracted by the same qualities in art. An intellectual aristocracy is necessary to exalt the æsthetic sense of

the masses and lead them step by step to the enjoyment of the higher things. The æsthetic and moral problem is allied to the material problem: it is difficult to ameliorate humanity and induce it to live a higher life as long as its immediate necessities are not guaranteed. Æsthetic ascension demands a powerful moral will, in beings who are robust, healthy and well-nourished, beings whose most urgent physical needs are secured. By the time a simplified life has procured ample leisure for all who work, it is probable that the formula of material security will have been traced in parallel lines.

M. Roussel-Despierres is convinced that almost everything is to be hoped for from the practice of the æsthetic life. It will do away with the meanness and littleness of vanity and self-love, of jealousy and envy; it will deliver us from base enmities, gross ambitions and vulgar pleasures; it will teach us tolerance, good will, and a profound respect for the happiness and the thought of others. Æsthetic delicacy produces extreme moral delicacy. Elegance of action and elegance of thought have the same source.

"O Beauty!" exclaims the author in his conclusion, rising to a lyrical ecstasy, "O Beauty! art thou not indeed the prime aspiration of all beings, the principle of every life? Art thou not the meaning and the profound reason of things? What would be the world without thee? Thou art the living form of all desire and the infinite desire of all that exists. By thee the universe is animated and towards thee tends the eternal will. Thou art that All which the human intelligence strives in vain to conceive. Supreme Ideal, God Himself is but the reflection in consciousness of thy splendor."

Such is the philosophy which, very fittingly, has come out of France, the land that has surely created more beauty and shown more devotion to beauty than any other in the world. The details here given will undoubtedly stimulate thought and

open up new vistas. Philosophers will readily find objections to much of the author's theory. But many possible objections have been foreseen by him and answered in his book with uncommon resource and all confidence.



COULD WE BUT KNOW.

BY J. A. EDGERTON.

Could we but know
The long ago
And hear retold once more the story
Of how we passed
Through epochs vast,
Led on by dreams of love or glory;

Thus looking back
Along the track
Of lives that were, the varied stages
By which the soul
From goal to goal
Has made its progress through the ages;

Then we might scan
God's perfect plan,
Still sweeter than our fondest dreaming,
And realize
With glad surprise
That pain and death are only seeming.

Could we but see
 The years to be,
 How we shall grow through our endeavor,
 And onward climb
 The heights of Time,
 To rise forever and forever ;

Thus looking on
 Into the Dawn
 Of a new era breaking o'er us,
 The better days,
 The brighter ways
 And higher states that wait before us ;

Then we might guess
 Their happiness,
 The spirits of our dead who love us,
 And seek our parts
 With gladdened hearts,
 With light ahead and God above us.



REPUTATION is the shell a man discards when he leaves life for immortality. His character he takes with him.—*William George Jordan.*



YOUR peculiar religious views and mine **may** not be able to inspire with courage the faint-hearted or to endow the weak with power to withstand temptation ; but your willingness to give yourself for the furtherance of some noble end, and to sacrifice your personal convenience in its service,—that it is which will have power to lift up the fallen and to give new life to those who have fainted by the way.—*V. E. Southworth.*

SELF-EFFACEMENT OR SELF-FULFILLMENT?

JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

Some religions teach that self-effacement is the holiest duty and the highest bliss of man. Whatever Nirvana may mean, whether the extinction of being or the sublimation of being, as is variously affirmed, Buddhism certainly teaches that desire is the cause of all sufferings and that to attain the bliss of Nirvana we must extinguish desire, that life, as we understand it, as we experience it in this outermost realm, is an evil to be effaced, that this selfhood of ours is an evil to be destroyed, that this whole outermost world is an illusion, to escape from which our energies should be directed.

It is but just, however, to say that Buddha taught the golden mean, that wise life was lived not by the extreme of self-denial nor the extreme of luxury, that the mind should not be centered upon these outward things at all, whether to combat or enjoy, but should by inner enlightenment, by inward growth, be gathered up into the absolute life that so it might escape from this illusion of birth and death going on in its endless cycles of sorrow. To attempt self-effacement by killing oneself retarded the supreme end, blighted the soul. Any mere self-denial for self-denial's sake was of no gain. It was this inner enlightenment by which we would come to gladly give up being, which constituted a true self-denial, a real basis of life. And yet I think, in its acceptance by its thousands of disciples, in the logical test of its teaching that the gain of peace is by extinguishing desire, Buddhism stands for the religion of self-effacement, the religion which discounts the individual, the religion that would help us escape from and not fulfill our individuality, our individuality lost in the undifferentiated sea of the universal.

'In Christianity also we find the doctrine of self-effacement, which teaches men to destroy a present real life for the sake of gaining a future imaginary one, which teaches that present desires are sins to be fled from, to be crucified, which teaches that the flesh is continually at war with the spirit, that the only way of victory for the spirit is to mortify the flesh and refuse it all pleasures, putting it to death by starvation. By the flesh it includes many things which we might claim belonged to the realm of mind and of the spirit. It narrows the spiritual into a flocking by yourself in prayers and penances, in some little round of this ritual duty, or that, in some habit of small emotions, in some monotony of monastic living, in some narrowness of churchly experiences. While it has some imaginary gain beyond this life in view, it yet looks upon the fulfillment of individuality here and now as exceedingly dangerous and sinful. One must be always upon his guard; he must be to himself a perpetual policeman; he must keep building about himself a perpetual prison-house of restraint. By the life bent under the power of negatives the soul attempts the favor of God.

It is the fate of every great teacher to be misunderstood by his immediate disciples, by his disciples of remoter days. So was Jesus misunderstood, so was and is misinterpreted. When he said "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly," I think he interpreted the heart of his purpose. He came not to imprison and destroy man's individuality, but to free it and make it alive in a greater fulness. He came not with the shadows of death to deepen the gloom of human hearts. He came with the sunshine of life that human hearts might expand and fulfill the powers and beauties of their individualities, even as the flowers and fruits expand and fulfill under the shining tenderness of the sun, the world of nature exceedingly enriched because a peach is a

peach, and nothing else; because a violet is a violet, and nothing else; because an oak is an oak, and nothing else.

Could we efface the individualities of nature, what a mean world this would become! no trees, no grass, no insects, no birds, no beasts, no men—just soil, and all soil sand, a desert waste of dreariness and death. In all this world the Creator Love is saying, "I am come that they might have life, that they might have individual life, and have it more abundantly." The more an oak is an oak the richer nature is. The more wheat is wheat the richer nature is. The more a horse is a horse the richer nature is. The more a man is a man the richer human nature is. We do not want the doctrine of self-effacement applied to the trees; that would give us puny, dwarfed and fruitless trees. We do not want the doctrine of self-effacement applied to the harvests; that would give us blighted crops. We do not want the doctrine of self-effacement applied to the beasts; that would give us the starved and pitiful horses which we sometimes see where cruelty and poverty abound. We do not want the doctrine of self-effacement applied to men; that would give us a race depleted of energy, a bloodless, fungus-like negative and shadow of men.

In all the ways of the world it is the doctrine of self-fulfillment which we apply. The farmer who can raise the finest crops, the most perfect specimens of fruit, the noblest cattle and horses is the man whom we deem successful, who has not only prosperity for himself, but greatly enriches the world by these finer individualities which his creative coöperation with the Universe produces. Take the strawberry in its wild condition and its tame, and learn the lesson of the beauty and duty of self-fulfillment. Take the horse in its wild condition and its tame, and learn the lesson of the duty and the beauty of self-fulfillment. Take man in his wild condition and in his civilized, contrast the most powerful savage with the Christ, and

learn the beauty and duty of self-fulfillment. The difference between the brain of a savage and the brain of a Darwin is the difference between the doctrine of self-effacement and that of self-fulfillment. The difference between the heart of a cannibal and the heart of a Christ can enlighten us upon the difference between self-effacement and self-fulfillment. According to the doctrine of evolution the difference between the monkey and the man shows the difference between self-effacement and self-fulfillment, in that the universal evolving life has fulfilled its thought of individuality more in the man up into which it has gone than in the monkey in which it has seemed to pause.

Sometimes in our work at classifying the things of nature we get the idea that the individual is nothing; the type, the class, everything. But first we have the individual and then the class. In the botanical world everywhere the individual is the first and the greatest, and classification is simply an observing of likenesses between individuals. Certainly the whole doctrine of the survival of the fittest rests upon the truth of self-fulfillment being a greater thing than self-effacement. Not by the suppression of its individuality, but by the expression of itself, came that fitness by which some lives have survived and propagated their kind through endless generations. It is the strong individuals in the class that give strength and character to that class. It is the strong individuality of the class that strengthens it to survive in the struggle for existence. It is the accentuation of individuality that has made possible this upward climb of the world from the monad to the man, from the formless and undifferentiated protoplasm to the highly individualized and complexed being of this human sphere.

When we come into the human world, it is still true that by self-fulfillment we get the greatest and noblest human beings.

It was not self-effacement, but self-fulfillment that has given us Jesus and all his great work in the world. He became so highly individualized in his religious nature, in his genius for loving and helping, for enchanting into his own heart the secrets of the Most High, that the world has gotten from him its divinest inspirations in religion, in loving, and in helping, its most exalting visions of God. It was not self-effacement, but self-fulfillment that gave the world "that scourge of war known as Napoleon the Great." It was his highly individualized military genius which gave him his colossal career. It was not self-effacement, but self-fulfillment that has enlarged the horizon of intellectual life in the achievements of Darwin. It was his highly individualized genius for observing which has made him the Columbus who has discovered a new world for science to conquer and possess. It was not by self-effacement, but by self-fulfillment that the character and achievements of Washington have put the world in tribute of incalculable debt to his memory. It was the new American spirit highly individualized in his character and life which has made him the dearest name on the list of patriots. It was not by self-effacement, but by self-fulfillment that Lincoln has become the tenderest memory of America. By his highly individualized genius for loving insight into men, for wisely dominating the occasion when it came, he wrought the great deed of his life in the world, leaving us a heritage of inspiration that we fulfill, and not efface the noblest inspirations of our soul. It is not by self-effacement, but by self-fulfillment that the man you admire and the woman you love enrich the world of your soul. If we were all alike, it would make the world "flat, stale and unprofitable"—a desert without a rose, a sea without a wave, a mountain without a tree, a waste country with no deers to gentle in it, no birds to beautify and sweeten the wingless spaces of its air. The world has its greatness and interest by

the grace of its unlikenesses. Its sanctities and gladnesses are in its individualities.

The endearment to you of someone is not that they remind you of someone else, but that they are themselves taking out of the universal human life a revelation of its nature in an individuality that we can nowhere else find; as it is the individuality of the violet which can accentuate to you something of the universal life which all the other flowers do not—can not; as it is the individuality of the wheat that can accentuate to you something of the universal life which can nowhere else be found; as it is the individuality of the horse which can accentuate to you something of the universal life which can nowhere else be seen in its noble strength. Or, putting it a bit differently, it is the individual plant which accentuates to you the universal plant life, so that your love awakens you into a botanist. It is the individual horse which has made you know and love horses. It is the individual woman which has made you know and love women. It is the individual man which has made you know and love men. It is the individual child which has made you know and love children. It is the individual mother that makes you know and love mothers and get some realization of that enchantment of the Divine Motherhood in which we live and move and have our being. The more you can be yourself, live yourself, fulfill yourself, the more of joy and worth you are to your friends and the world. To be all you can is your first and your highest duty. To do all you can along the lines of your individual genius is the work you are in the world to do. Your holiest duty is not self-effacement, but self-fulfillment.

This is the teaching of Jesus, not simply by his life but by his lips. His parable of the talents means nothing more than this, his conclusion to that parable, saying, "Unto him that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken

away even that which he hath." He teaches this in his parable of the good seed on the good ground which brought forth abundantly. To be its very best, to unfold the very fulness of its nature was the duty of the good seed, is the duty of the good man. He teaches this in the parable of the hidden treasures, saying that we should get the best, letting the less valuable die away into that best, as the lower leaves of the growing wheat lose themselves in the newer leaves of the bearded grain at the autumn's full. His great word is "Be ye perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." To be as perfect a man as possible, to fill out the measure of one's manhood, heaped full and running over, was the ideal which Jesus set before himself and before all men. To be able to sound all the notes of life and being in a perfecting harmony is to fulfill the Universe and become "such child as God thought about when he invented us in the deeps of his Fatherhood."

But you say he taught the doctrine of self-denial! Yes! but not the doctrine of self-effacement. His doctrine of self-denial was simply the doctrine of continuous growth, that we should not pause and waste our energies in the low leaves of our lives, but that we should build up the central stalk, throwing out new leaves, getting into the glory of our blossoms, deepening into the splendor of our fruits. He came eating and drinking, and his enemies said that he was a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber. Full as his life was of self-denial, full as his teachings are of self-denial, he never warrants any self-denial for the self-denial's sake. No wound is to be given for the sake of the ache. In pain there is no glory. Joy is the ordered truth of the Universe. All life is to be used, not abused by excesses; to be used in its moderate contributions to the growth and expression of the whole man, of the whole human life. So universal is the human life that it should enrich itself with all noble experiences, with all noble sympathies, with all noble joys, that

so it may grow by the expression of itself, even as the growth of a tree is by the expression of itself in countless blossoms and measureless fruit.

One trouble in our dealings with the moral question is that we have attempted to deal with it by negations, by the doctrine of self-effacement. By any number of "Shalt nots," however wisely devised, however skilfully enforced, you cannot make noble character. The church, the home, the school, the State have moved too much in the line of this attempt, and so we are mocked everywhere with hideous failures. To simply hedge up any little thing is to mar it, as if you were to put a close fitting iron band about the young birch. Instead of that we should encourage life to its expression, not repress it; guide it in that expression, not prohibit and punish it for that expression. If we were as wise as we might be in this whole matter of education, it would be possible to take all these powers that are wasted in immoral life and enrich the world by having them express themselves in moral life. What children need is the guidance of their fruitful, abundant life into noble channels; for life will express itself, if not in high and noble ways, then in low and mean ways.

Jesus was at war with the repressive moralists of his day. They found only evil in men, and for that evil ostracized and condemned men. Jesus saw the good in men, believed that all life is good, and that in the evil the life had simply been wrongly expressed, gotten into the wrong channels, got twisted, wrung from its beautiful intent. What he did was to awaken up that life and guide it into nobler channels, to give the same life-energies a fuller and finer way of living themselves out. He did not repress. He encouraged. He enthused. He inspired life into the power of a new affection, and that expelled the evils, even as sunshine will expel the darkness. This is the only wise way of dealing with a living moral nature. Get

into the mind new thoughts, into the heart new affections, into the life new activities, and the energies which before were immoral will now be highly ethical. Not repression, but expression is the law of the Christian life. Jesus interpreted himself as coming not to impoverish the human soul of life, but that the human soul might have life and might have it more abundantly.

That life lives by expression we can see in the fact that the enforced idleness of prisoners becomes a refined method of torment. To be restrained in prison and to be absolutely idle drives some insane, makes all miserable. So evil results must always follow any mere repression, any enforced self-effacement. The denials of life ought always to be made in the shining light of higher life. We should always be shown the more excellent way, be persuaded that it is a more excellent way; then the self-denials, the self-disciplines no matter how severe, no matter how painful, will not be unto self-effacement but unto self-fulfillment, an enchanting vision leading always on, life and being greatedened by a positive rapture of progress.

When Ulysses sailed by the islands of sirens, we are told that he had himself bound to the mast and the ears of his sailors filled with wax, so that, while hearing the siren voices and longing to go to them, he yet sailed in safety by the enchanted isles. But when Orpheus sailed by these same islands of illusive charm, he simply played upon his own lute strains that were sweeter far than all the siren voices, and so it was easy for him to keep his boat away from the shores of deceitfulness and death. Attempting morality by repression, attempting a noble nature by self-effacement, attempting the building of positive character by any number of negative "shalt nots," is the story of Ulysses, save that oftenest, perhaps, the wax gets out of the ears of the sailors, the thongs that bind get broken, and the ship dashes upon the wrecking rocks.

Jesus is the Orpheus of ethical life. He does not deafen ears by any repression; he fills them with a more enchanting music than any sirens of sin can sing. He does not prohibit the music of the soul, but puts to its lips an enchanted flute through which it may express itself in every divine and enrapturing fullness, in hymns that enchant the dawns of always newer and diviner days. His aim is not to repress and exterminate any power, any talent of the life, but to put them all to those noble uses which will give them back to God when he asks them, multiplied in graces and greatnesses. His teachings and inspirations are unto the end that we may experience life, experience human nature, and experience it more abundantly. He does not bring shadows; he brings sunshine. He does not bring imprisonment; he brings liberty. He does not bring hate; he brings love. He does not bring blows; he brings kisses, kindnesses. He does not bring hells; he brings heavens. He does not bring death; he brings life. He aims to free all the powers of the nature unto the very fullness of human living. He aims to free all the powers of the soul into the very fullness of their expression of life in God. He desires to free the indwelling divine, that in all our conscious life we may experience its holy fullness.

Jesus achieved holiness in men, not by condemning, but by encouraging. He did not strive to deepen in the souls of men the sense of unworthiness, the feeling of guilt. He saw the sun-bright soul of Magdalene beneath all the murk of miasmatic clouds, and by his tender, dauntless love, his high faith in her, he summoned it to annihilate the clouds of sin by the perfect day of holiness, the holiness which was that soul's inherent and inalienable right. But his church has so emphasized the fact of sin and evil that it has filled the thoughts of men with these, and, under the law that what is in the thought comes out in the life, has debased and discouraged the human

heart. Even now the mistaken followers of Jesus talk first about sin, strive first to awaken in man an overwhelming sense of guilt, teaching that thus only can a soul come into the forgiveness of God, into communion with the Father of Spirits. This is like trying to make men love the light by putting them into dungeons of darkness. A child does not love the day and its light because it fears the night and its darkness. It loves the light simply because it and the light belong together, as the chords of music do. And none the less is this fact true when it is the inner light of God's love. It is a wonder when we think of some of the things which are taught to the beautiful and tender hearts of childhood, the fears that are attempted to be awakened in their souls, fears of death and hell and the wrath of God, that the child heart is not wholly corrupted, debased with cowardly fear, with being hard and selfish, created irresistibly in the image and likeness of the cruel selfishness which according to this teaching is enthroned in the skies. Children were taught that the simple, natural joys of life are not holy, that somehow mirth is displeasing to God, that all this happy nature of theirs is sinful and under the condemnation of God's wrath, totally depraved and not to be saved from the cruel torments of hell, but by the shedding of innocent blood. Think of a child in the clover-field, the fragrance sweetening all the winds, the bees making their happy murmur of industry all about, the bobolinks rioting in the luxury of their laughing songs, the skies serene and tender as though it were a mother's face bending in adoration above its baby earth, the heart of that child in rhyming tune with all the enchanting summer day, yet upon that heart a shadow falls, chill as winter, dark as starless night, a fear of God, the wrathful, the pitiless, imprisoning souls in endless hells or torment, the image of a worm that never dies and a fire that is never quenched, and itself that worm in that pitiless fire which torments it forever

and ever simply because, when it forgets this horror, it is happy and in love with God's beautiful world! That is the doctrine of self-effacement in order to win some imaginary heaven at last. Nothing but the wholesome naturalness of a child's heart keeps it from corruption under such teaching, from becoming hard and cruel and selfish as the wickedness of such a teaching is enthroned in the place of the loving Father of Jesus. I am not so sure but that the depravities among men, and used as arguments, attempting to prove the fact that human nature is totally depraved, are the results of just these teachings, whether they are uttered in the name of Jesus or in the name of a heathen deity. Filling men's minds with such thoughts, filling their hearts with cowardly fears can no more help working out into mean character and depreciated life than the cloth can help being shoddy when the threads that are put into the loom are shoddy, than the air can help being foul when sewer gases pollute it.

A minister once spoke to me about a certain member of his church whom I knew to be selfish, he but confirming my knowledge from his fuller knowledge. He said, what would do that man good would be an old fashioned conversion, wrought by shaking him over hell until the very fires scorched him into fear. My answer was, that it is such teaching that has made him mean and selfish. What he needs is a gospel of love, not simply as an escape from the old horrors and a license to selfishness because there are no fires of hell, but that gospel sinking into his soul, filling it with its beauty, not resting on the outside of it as the sun rests upon the rock, but sinking into its centers as the sun sinks into the sod, winning the answer of all the grasses and the flowers filled with its irresistible beauty. What the little child out there in the clover field needs is the gospel of love, the word that teaches that all this beauty, and all this joy in its little heart is simply the love of the great

God's heart, as tender and loving as the dear mother in the home. You need not prove that truth to the child's heart any more than you need to prove the sun to its eye. It is in the kingdom of heaven, it lives in the kingdom of love, and instinctively knows that what you say is truth, and into the thought of God's love it joyously opens as naturally as the clover opens the crimson of its heart in the sunshine, filling its chalices full of the honeyed wine for the enchantment of its errant bees, laughs out into that beautiful truth as naturally as the bobolinks sing out their bliss in life to the happy meadows of the June. Under such teaching God becomes the great beauty to that child's heart, the great goodness, the great love. Filling a child's soul with such emotions and thoughts and delights and imaginings, you cannot but fill its life with goodness, making holiness somewhat native to its forming character, even as feeding the threads of silk into the loom will give you the web of silk as the noble result.

We have not yet dared to abandon ourselves fully to this great truth that it is self-fulfillment and not self-effacement for which we are here in the world. We say it in our words; we do not realize it in our hearts; we do not dare it in our lives. The shadows and chills of the old impoverishing thought of God are not far enough off us to allow the full shining of the new and enriching thought of him. We are afraid of the light as if from it violets shrunk back in the sod, as if from it buntings flew into the hush of the night, as if eyes long blind closed in the familiar darkness again, afraid of the light's beauty for which they are made.

What we want for ourselves is not self-denial in the old meaning of the word. We need to fully and utterly abandon ourselves to the idea of self-fulfillment. We need to revel in the light of God's love as "butterflies off banks of noon," as thrushes rapturing in their seas of dawn. Going around with

fear in our hearts that we are in constant danger of doing wrong, with the shadow of guilt constantly hovering over us as a hawk over a singing grove of doves, seeking to find some kind of self-denial which will bring us into the favor of God, the arbitrary, is not the way of finding the true, the happy, the holy life. From any low self-indulgences that debase we are saved by visions of the higher delights that are a part of the self-fulfillment to which God invites us.

Let the thought of God move in the range of fault-finding, let our attitudes toward men be that of the carping critic, and the worse that is in the human heart is stirred up and pollutes the stream of conversation and conduct. But show a man the better way, waken him to see his own better nature and believe in it; help him to realize that life lives and moves and has its being in an everlasting love; inspire him to feel how enchanting and satisfying the beauties of holiness are, the beauties of goodness, the beauties of loving kindness and tender mercy, and the old evils will pass away in his eagerness to fulfill the new vision, even as the winter goes from the earth, not by an earthquake shock that would shrivel the frost and ice, but by the tender shinnings of the sun awakening the enthusiasms of the fields to fulfill in their grasses and their grains, in their vintages and their harvests, in daffodils that dance before "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude."

No artist was ever made by any negative canons of art, by any telling him what not to do. Artists are made by the visions awakened in their souls as they see great art, as they become open in their souls to the beauty that is everywhere, by the positive beck and irresistible call of the divine ideal. Goodness can come only in the same way. Christian character and Christian life can come only in the same way. Jesus shows us in himself how beautiful goodness is, and inspires us with the passion to fulfill it in ourselves and in our lives. The

visions of a truer life, of a nobler nature, fascinating us along the lines of self-fulfillment, have wrought in the world all the human holiness that is great, that makes the world of man of any worth, of any satisfying joy.

Do not repress life, seeking self-effacement. Train your life, awaken its holier deeps within you, call forth its hidden powers, its secret joys whose bliss you do not dream exists within you. Live as richly, as fully, as abundantly as you can, seeking your self-fulfillment. Search out and find your divine self, if you have not yet discovered him, the self that is most worthy of joyous fulfillment. Desire, do, love, to the very utmost of your powers. That is the way through which lies your enrichment of the world, contributing something to its worth which no one else besides can contribute. That is the way through which you come into an experience of God's heart greatly rejoicing in you. That is the way to know that life is so freighted with eternal worth that it can never be eclipsed by any death. That is the way into the realization of what Jesus meant when he said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." That is the way out of blighting ourselves till we become the fruitless dreariness of desert sands, into blessing ourselves till we become gardens of roses where nightingales lead the praise of the Beautiful God who desires us to be ourselves and to be ourselves abundantly, utmostly here and now and through all his eternity of varying charm.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Of Faith a trusting man,
Of Hope a helping hand,
Of Love a loving soul,
Of All a temple grand!

JAC LOWELL.

PATHS OF POWER.

BY HENRY FRANK.

To conquer narrow environment is the burden of life's labor. Force, by nature, expands, and is without limitation. Whatever, therefore, cramps and confines it, limits its usefulness. Each species of animate or inanimate substance is the more highly developed as it grants the freer play of whatever force may be essential to its existence. Sunlight is the physical basis of all planetary subsistence. Hence every planetary substance that affords the larger play of the sun's irradiating influence is the higher in the scale of development. In the dull soil there is but meager evidence of the sun's hidden glory. In the rich ores and precious stones, whose crystallized veins, purged in the smelting pot of earth's fiery caldron, present a freer path for the sun's transfusing rays, there is a higher form of unfoldment. In the original living substance that finds its expression in the vegetal world, whose veins are so constructed that they afford a free pathway for the circulation of sun and sap, air and moisture, a still more complex and exquisite form of unfoldment is discovered. In the animal world and in humankind the majesty of the sun holds such supreme sway, that its presence is not easily discerned because of the diversity of its expression. But it bubbles in the blood, deposits carbonates in the tissues and phosphates in the brain, builds the bones, constructs the organs, that it may possess a more perfect and complete mechanism through which to reveal the wonders of its power.

Doubtless the Sun is still struggling for, and perhaps has elsewhere attained, a still higher and more intricate mechanism,

through which it may reveal such prowess as the human being as yet but little conceives. Freedom is the law of life and the essential of growth.

Freedom is the nature of Force. All force is spiritual. That which ceaselessly expands is essentially ethereal. All ethereal substance merges in spiritual energy.

Ether and spirit are, to the mind, one and the same. The one expresses spirit in terms of matter; the other matter in terms of spirit.

Spirit is without form because it is beyond limitation. So is Ether. That which by nature is without limitation cannot endure restraint. Hence the tendency of spirit as of ether is to burst all bounds and so to reconstruct all forms as to make them more amenable to the volatile expressions of pure ethereal energy. Hence he who is the least conscious of physical restraint, who is the least consciously limited by, and aware of, his bodily sensations and affections, is the more highly evolved.

He whose body, so to speak, hangs loosely on his consciousness invites the larger streams of spiritual and mental energy to his daily tasks.

He whose body feels heavy has a dull brain. *Weight consists not in avoirdu pois, but in mental attitude.*

A mountain of flesh may feel as light as air. An inch of flesh may feel as heavy as a mountain.

The mind is the scale that measures the gravity of matter. A free spirit affords a vacuum in which all substances are equally light. As spirit, or pure ether, is free and without limitation, all substances evolve as they expand into larger freedom.

Hence, to rise above the body and its weight of limitations, to dwell in thoughts that exalt and in ideals that uplift, to feel the harmonizing and expanding influence of love's radiant presence, to avoid the jar of the nerves and the pain of the

flesh, to rest that we may grow, to be at peace that we may receive, this is development, unfoldment, evolution.

To enlarge is not necessarily to grow. A tumor increases the size, but not the normal nature of the body.

We grow only when we expand harmoniously, and open up wider avenues for the operation of the higher forces of our being.

As the sunlight struggles ever upward from the dull, slimy growths of sea-weed and lichen, to the flowering tree and the ripened fruitage, so the Universal Soul struggles ever, in all forms of life, from the lowest to the highest, for the larger, freer and more beautiful expression of its Spiritual Presence.



To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it—this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.—*Tillotson*.



HAPPINESS is not what we are to look for. Our place is to be true to the best we know, to seek that and do that; and, if by "virtue is its own reward" be meant that the good man cares only to continue good, desiring nothing more, then it is a true and noble saying.—*Froude*.



RELIGION is man's sense of his relation to the Universal Order, and his dependence thereupon. . . . It is the voluntary self-abandonment of men to that Power which is revealed to them as order and beauty, their voluntary coöperation with this Power. . . . Whatever makes for order and whatever makes for beauty in the world is practical religion.—*John W. Chadwick*.

INSTINCT, REASON AND INTUITION.

BY AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

"Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whatever you may believe:
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect clear perception—which is truth;
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Blinds it, and makes all error; and *to know*
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without."

—*Browning.*

The various phases or degrees of life, scaling the infinite thermometer of Universal Consciousness, can all be relegated to the one or the other of its three categories: *instinct*, *reason* and *intuition*. Instinct constitutes the consciousness which regulates the movements of the animal—and of still lower kingdoms—reason, with its flickering torch, lights up the intricate windings of the ordinary human life, while intuition reveals to us that superior and indefinable quality of consciousness which, when received in the hearts of men, makes of them prophets, saints or seers. And as instinct appears to be the unconditional and unmeditative obedience to the laws of Nature, and intuition the self-conscious surrender to the admonitions of divine wisdom, so reason is to be considered as the individual elaboration, the analyzing and synthesizing of objects of physical perception—the process through which the raw material of every day's observation and experience is turned into inferences, conceptions and beliefs. Thus instinct is

spiritual revelation; reason, spiritual composition; and intuition, spiritual inspiration.

While these three categories of consciousness have each their special field or center of manifestation, yet the lines of demarcation between these may frequently overlap each other. Thus the weighing and sifting of probabilities—peculiar to reason—may often be traceable in the behaviour of highly-trained dogs, horses and other intelligent animals, while on the other hand many an action of man gives evidence of being impelled by instinct. Again, we may sometimes in our ordinary life catch glimpses of a super-sensuous light shed by intuition on some intricate problem with which the labors of reason were inadequate to cope.

Instinct guides the movements of the animal. Its decisions are imperative and unerring. Belonging more to the order of a universal than individual consciousness, instinct knows of no fear or hesitancy in the execution of its impulses. Its marvellous accuracy as a discerning, selecting and qualifying power—far transcending the labors of reason—leads the animal through the numberless pitfalls and dangers, threatening its existence, with a truly miraculous safety. Instinct, in contradistinction from reason, is not a compound but a simple quality—a direct, uncolored, uncorrupted flow of conscious life. Hence its accuracy and unerring vision. To its source and origin instinct is not of the animal, but through it. The animal is not its own guide, in the strict meaning of the term, but placed under the guardianship of intelligent forces which execute their mandates in and through the animal consciousness. When, in the case of domesticated animals, the human being transfers this guardianship on himself, so to say, the former guardians partly withdraw and the work of instinct is no longer entirely reliable. Moreover, being constantly subjected to the influence of the human mind, the animal con-

sciousness may gradually be able to respond to it, and yield growing signs of reason. However strikingly the animals may display powers of apparent reasoning—which in some cases, as for instance in Lord Romane's famous dogs, almost reaches a point of human intelligence—their intellectual equipment can in no way be regarded as an output of natural evolution, but rather the induction or hypnotic influence received from the dominating kingdom above it. This transmission of power from entities of a superior to those of an inferior sphere of existence, has its correspondence on the mineral plane where a non-magnetic, soft piece of iron can be rendered magnetic by the mere contact of a natural magnet. And, as in the latter case, the induced magnet after a longer or shorter time of isolation, will lose its borrowed qualities, so in the case of the animal, a removal from the source of its intelligence by turning it loose into unrestrained wilderness will gradually blot out its intellectual qualities and restore it to the sphere of natural instinct.

Reason is superior to instinct only because of its self-conscious movements. In point of keenness of perception and power of discernment, instinct is as yet superior to human reason. Thus the birch-weevil (*Rhynchites betulae*) towards the end of May cuts strips of the leaves of the birch, rolling them into funnel-shaped chambers, and marking out suitable cradles for its eggs. Debay has copied these leaf-sections with the greatest exactitude and has found, after careful investigation, that "for their particular purposes they agree perfectly even in the smallest technical details, with results of calculations only to be arrived at by help of certain parts of higher mathematics, which had remained unknown up to a recent date in that science."

The capacity of the beaver as designer and builder has rightly puzzled the man of science; but perhaps of all in-

stinctive intelligence none has attained a higher point than that of the bee. An example may be cited. In the beginning of the last century Professor Réaumur invited the scientific world to solve the problem involved in the relations of form to measurements. As, for instance, in the case of a parallelogram, what interrelations would be required of its angles that the space inscribed by them should obtain the largest possible capacity.

To this Doctor König, in Heidelberg, furnished a solution in the formula: $109^{\circ} 26' \times 70^{\circ} 34'$ as measurements of the angles in the ensuing figure. Satisfied with the statement Prof. Reaumur declared the problem solved.

Some time later, however, a new solution came in, this time not from a scientist but from the proprietor of a large apiary in Scotland. His measure of that ideal parallelogram differed from Doctor König by $1'$, his formula being $109^{\circ} 25' \times 70^{\circ} 33'$, and after a scrupulous examination Prof. Réaumur felt himself constrained to award the honor of the ultimate solution to the Scotchman. The latter, however, declared that the honor was not due to him, but to the bees in his apiary whose honey-cells he had copied! The impression of this wonderful mathemtaical feat is accentuated by the circumstance that a ship some time afterwards stranded on the banks of the Bay of Biscay on account of a misstatement in the logarithms of the nautical almanac on which the captain of the vessel had based his calculations. Now it happened that this very logarithm was used by Doctor König in working out the problem of the parallelogram. Hence his failure to find a proper solution. The editors of the almanac lost no time in changing the logarithm in accordance with the instructions furnished by the bees. Notwithstanding the complex mental apparatus at the disposal of man, he found his ingenuity eclipsed by an insect, the brain of which is almost too minute for measuring.

In one of his works Charles Darwin tells of a chimpanzee ape, who unable to crack a nut with his teeth, did it with a stone. Who taught him? Being hungry and unable to crack the nut, he brooded over his necessity, he so desired and yearned for success, that at last he drew unspeakable enlightenment from the all-knowledge with which his animal consciousness was in correspondence. Another example as to the wonderful intelligence exhibited in instinct may be cited in the Texas hog, who by eating a certain plant cures the effect of the bite of rattlesnake.

From this it follows, as an irrefutable fact, that instinct as an expression of consciousness is *sui generis* and employs a method all its own. Instinct is a ready-made statement of law worked out and revealed to the animal by invisible intelligences in whose charge the lower kingdoms of nature are placed. For the same unerring statement of law obtains also in the forms and structures of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. They all stand under guardianship of specialized spiritual forces and depend for their safety and growth on preconceived and predetermined issues.

But the organisms, which under incalculable ages of time serve as channels for these issues, became gradually more and more plastic and responsive to the intelligence transmitted through them and began, when the evolutionary ascent reached an altitude touching the kingdom of man, to take cognizance of themselves as distinct entities—individual centers of consciousness. From this stage of evolution dates the rise of individual self-consciousness, *i. e.*, the kingdom of man.

The feeling of self-consciousness in the entity gives birth to reason, for reason is the result of the individual discovering himself as a being, separate from others, with desires, wants and methods of adaptation peculiar to himself. The introduction of reason and self-consciousness on the scene of nat-

ural evolution generated in the individual a quality of determination and independent choice, resulting in personal will. Here instinct gives the field to reason; the individual discards his guardians, grasps the reins of self-government in his own hand, and commences to "question the stars for himself."

This move inaugurates the kingdom of man and the autocratic rule of reason. Regarded as the arbiter of every problem of life, reason alone is qualified to determine as to the value, or non-value, the reality, or non-reality, of Nature's prestations. Depending upon the five senses for intelligence, he who is solely ruled by reason makes them the sole counsellors in the administrations of his sensuous commonwealth; there whatever the eye does not see, the ear hear or the hand feel, etc., may in vain plead for citizenship.

Though depending for its reliability upon the more or less imperfect condition of the sense-organs by and through which it operates, the entrance, however, of Reason in the field of the evolution of consciousness denotes that the soul has reached a point of development when its inherent creative functions have begun to assert themselves. For all reasoning is creative—creative of either truth or falsehood according to the condition of the material with which it deals and the advantages under which it operates. Thus, while animal instinct is vastly more reliable than human reasoning, yet, by being a mere passive yielding to the promptings of the intelligent creative forces in the lower kingdoms of nature, is, as we have seen, not productive of independent and self-conscious effort.

With reason is introduced free-will in evolution, as it is first through reason that spiritual intelligence takes issue in volition. The animals and plants follow blindly their impulses as the latter always prompt in conformity with the laws of health and progress. First in man begins the friction; his

desires and passions urge towards one line of action—his physical, mental and spiritual health demands another. While in the lower kingdoms appetites run in parallel lines with constitutional wants, in man the tumultuous cravings of his senses frequently clash most violently with his personal welfare. In these convulsive struggles between nature and artifice, between pleasure and duty, between the animal and the divine, reason at some point or other in the evolution of man must be the sole arbiter and executioner. By virtue of his reason the individual may go onwards or backwards, may speed on with Titan-strides towards his goal if he so chooses, or rush down into ignoble depths of despair in a corresponding ratio. Thus reason endows man with God-properties and equips him with creative powers. The labors of reason are original and, taken in their nobler aspects, raise the individual toward the dignity of God-hood. The animal, propelled by instinct, remains under guardianship; under the auspices of reason the individual throws off the guardianship and becomes his own guardian, his own judge, his own witness, and his own stern accuser. This transition from instinct to self-conscious judgment is freighted with gravest importance, as it constitutes the critical moment of individualized existence, the moment when the hour has struck for either promotion or degradation in the great college of universal existence. From this moment on begins the real manhood of universal life.

Thus reason furnishes the training school for the soul upon its journey towards self-consciousness. It is in the realm of reason that the advancing entity has to fight his most daring battles, has to win his most hard-won mental and moral conquests. But how many Pyrrhus-like victories! What avalanches of mistakes reason precipitates upon us! What abysses of errors and failures we are plunged into over and over again before the untried charioteer has acquired skill and experience

in the management of his fiery Helios! A constant sifting of evidences, a weighing and measuring of facts, rejection and acceptance of theories, forming and breaking up of beliefs, "with noble wrecks of ruinous perfection."

The unceasing struggles of the soul in man to wrench the truth of life from its hiding place in the phenomenal world must gradually exhaust the treasures of knowledge which that world is capable of yielding. But the thirst of the soul for knowledge and wisdom is unquenchable. For the soul, being an emanation of the Absolute and subjected to the laws of Ever-Being, must rise in consciousness from plane to plane till it reaches its spiritual level—the source "from which all proceeds and to which all must return." As in the course of the evolution of physical forms, the one sense after another is called into action to meet the requirements of ever new and more complex environments, so in the evolution of the soul—spiritual evolution—new channels of consciousness open up to connect the entity with ever new and grander conditions of being. Unselfish love, sympathy, universal brotherhood, ideal beauty, holiness, etc., belong to a sphere of consciousness of which reason, through its attending agency of sense-perception, can tell us nothing. Finer and infinitely more delicately wrought media than the physical senses are required for a cognition of the transfigured presences dwelling on these exalted planes.

The effulgent radiance of this purer world can be endured only by a purified inner vision, and the harmonies of the spheres remain silent to all who have not evolved an inner sense of hearing. For what is sympathy, but the feeling of the soul, through a cuticle before the anatomy of which the keenest microscope falls powerless; or love, if not the inner, the spiritual aspect of attraction which in the heart of hearts has its center of gravity? Every phase or conception of conscious-

ness which transcends the cognizance of sense-perception—the purely reasoning and intellectualizing mind—pertains to the sphere of intuition. What to the mind whose intuitional properties are latent or merely brooding appears as an impenetrable mystery, becomes to the purified vision forms and essences of transcending beauty and sacredness. The account Mozart gives in his day-book of the process through which his inspired mind received the divine outpourings of his musical genius clearly sets forth the world-wide difference in character between intellection and intuition: “When I am all right and in good spirits, either in a carriage or walking, or at night when I cannot sleep, thoughts come streaming in at their best. Whence and how I know not—cannot make out. The things which occur to me I keep in my head and hum them also to myself—at least so others have told me. If I stick to it, there soon come one after another useful crumbs for the pie, according to counterpoint, harmony of the different instruments, etc. This now inflames my soul, that is, if I am not disturbed. Then it keeps on growing, and I keep on expanding it and making it more distinct, and the thing, however long it be, becomes, indeed, almost finished in my head, so that I can afterwards survey it in spirit like a beautiful picture or a fine person, and also hear it in imagination—not indeed successively, as by and by it must come out, but as altogether. That is a delight! All the invention and construction go on in me as in a strong, fine dream. But the overhearing it all at once is still the best.”

The same principle applies equally to the true painter, sculptor and poet. Notwithstanding their seeming originality of conception, the greatest geniuses which have ever embellished this world with the masterpieces of their divine art have, in reality, been the elect copyists of images and presences revealing themselves to the purified vision of the soul. Through the awakening of his intuitional faculties, the true artist enters a

sphere of consciousness where new worlds and systems swing into existence—worlds, peopled with beings and objects of transcending beauty and loveliness.*

It is from this celestial gallery of living pictures the artist selects his models. It has been said of Raphael's Madonnas that their loveliness and sacred beauty is not of earth, as the exalted purity of their animation is nowhere to be found among women of this world. When Guido Reni was ordered to execute a sacred painting in the Church of the Capuchins at Rome representing the angel Saint Michael, he is quoted by Dryden to have wished himself "to have the wings of an angel, to have ascended unto Paradise and there to have beheld the form of those beautiful spirits, from which I might have copied my archangel. But not being able to mount so high it was in vain for me to seek for a resemblance here below; so that I was forced to look into my own mind and into that idea of beauty which I have formed in my own imagination."

Yet, though intuition belongs to this higher and purer sphere of life, its inspired messages are in no way to be considered as impracticable in dealing with the issues of our every-day existence. There is no vocation, however simple, in which intuition cannot be utilized. Its dazzling truths will light up every condition in life and improve on all methods.

*The question might be raised where these worlds, spoken of, are supposed to be located. We answer, anywhere, above, below, about us. There is all space to choose in. Light and sound, to use an illustration, become objective to us, through their vibratory relations to our sense-organs. A few more, or a few less vibrations and they escape our sensation. Sound ceases to be appreciable by the auditory nerve after its undulations reach a swiftness of 40,000 vibrations per second, and light becomes objective only after its vibrations commence to strike the retina of our eye at the rate of 400,000,000,000,000 per second. What undreamed-of creations occupy the immense territory bordering, on the one side, to audible sound (40,000 vibrations per second) and on the other to visible light (400,000,000,000,000 vibrations per second) our sensation does not reveal; but intuition does.

Every step of advance in trades, sciences, arts, and religions is due directly or indirectly to the conscious or unconscious workings of intuition.

This superior faculty of knowledge—by Emanuel Kant called “Direct-knowing”—has been exercised to more or less extent by the world’s greatest minds of all ages, giving color, tone and form to their creative labors. The artist, limited in his work to motives introduced into his mind by the agency of his reason and sense-perception shall never succeed in stirring our heart. His prestations address only the senses and the intellect, and fail to fill the mission expected by all true art—the moral and spiritual elevation of man.

Overlapping the borders of Reason as the latter overlaps instinct, Intuition often directs the labors of Reason. The sphere of Reason extends horizontally, so to say; the sphere of intuition, vertically. Reason leads onwards, Intuition upwards; Reason is of Earth, Intuition of Heaven.

Every grand discovery is always foreshadowed by intuition. Standing on the vantage-ground of eternal truth, those Great Ones, touched by the forked tongues of intuition, emit sparks of holy fire into the minds of men, lightening up the obscure labyrinths of materialistic researches. The revelations made by a soul thus illumined serve as working material for whole eras of investigators and constitute epochs in the history of human culture. Intuition discovers, reason examines and classifies. Carlyle, Napoleon, Humboldt, Bruno, Mohammed, Christ and Buddha have created enduring commonwealths of thought; have enunciated truths, the elaboration and assimilation of which have employed vast hordes of men, during long ages, changed the destinies of nations, and inaugurated new eras. Fired by intuition the genius blazes out highways through unknown continents, throws open impassable regions, while reason, with its vast machinery of scientific data, pro-

ceeds to follow in the wake, exploring and appropriating the new-won ideal territories.

Belief in a supersensual and pure world has in no way been limited to minds susceptible to hallucinations and religious fanaticisms. Lord Lytton, in one of his most eloquent passages, touches on the inconsistency of science, which, while acknowledging the myriads of invisible lives present in a drop of water, discountenances the idea of a universe peopled with intelligent entities.

“Admitting, as science does, that even man himself is a world to other lives, and millions of myriads dwell in the rivers of his blood, and inhabit man’s frame, as man inhabits earth, common sense would suffice to teach that circumfluent, infinite, what you call space—the boundless-incalculable which divides earth from the moon and stars—is filled also with its appropriate life.”

In a similar strain talks Locke: “That there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us than there is of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence, that in all the visible and corporeal worlds we see no chasms or gaps * * * and when we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the Architect, that the species of creatures should also by gentle degrees, ascend upwards from us towards his infinite perfection as we see they gradually descend from us downwards; which, if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded that there are far more creatures above us than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite being of God than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches next to nothing.”

The same thought has inspired Tennyson in his poem, "The Two Voices":

"This truth within thy mind rehearse
That in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse.

Think you this mould of hopes and fears
Could find no statelier than his peers
In yonder hundred million spheres?"

If the sphere of intuition has thus received able support from some of the foremost thinkers and students of our time, the faculty of intuition has gained no less prominent recognition. M. Taine, the renowned French historian and art-critic, calls intuition "that dangerous and superior faculty by which man imagines or discerns in an isolated fact all the probabilities of which it is capable; a kind of second sight proper to prophets and somnambulists."

Furthermore, Max Müller, in "Chips from a German Workshop," makes the statement that "There is in man a faculty for correspondence with the Infinite of which the outcome is religion."

"Our highest degree of knowledge," writes Locke, "is intuitive without reasoning. Its statements are certain beyond all doubt, and need no probation nor can have any, this being the highest of all human certainty."

Having ascertained the fact of intuition the next thing to ascertain is how this marvelous faculty can be developed. It can be done by establishing connection with inner powers of life and consciousness. Every human being possesses an inner, a spiritual set of perceptive functions—ever ready to serve when called upon. But the prerequisite for all interior attainment lies in the mental attitude of certainty as to the possibility of the attainment. This means that faith must be called into action. For faith is the coin by which the soul buys its spiritual

powers. Faith is an act of willing, capable of shaking the life-structure to its very foundations. Faith will cure sick, restore life, remove mountains and pile Helions upon Ossas.

Having acquired faith, its practical application lies in our manner of living and acting. As we all know, a man's sense-consciousness consists in the life-current taking its course through the plane to which his ordinary senses are related. The self-consciousness thus arising has in Reason its coördinating and synthesizing power. If, however, the life-current could be induced to discharge its vitalizing flow of energy into some interior set of sense-manifestation—a sense of life of which we sometimes are reminded in exalted dreams when the ordinary senses are at rest—the soul would become self-conscious on that truer and purer plane. The soul-force, like other forces, follows the lines of least resistance. Thus to effect a change in its course it is necessary to lessen the resistance on lines where we are desirous to lead the current, while increasing the resistance on the old familiar lines from which we wish to have it removed. At present the physical sensation, in the great majority of cases, offers the least resistance, which has in consequence the entire exhausture of the life-current on the physical plane. To invoke the power of intuition, means to transfer our interests from sensuous to spiritual concerns, and to employ the mind with the contemplation of supersensuous concepts in place of pondering upon objects of the senses and on their gratifications. To contemplate on the nature of the soul; on the destiny of humanity and on the inter-dependence in which all beings stand to each other, necessitates the mediation of sense-functions sufficiently refined and spiritualized to permit of such exalted transports. The transfer of vital interests from the plane of ordinary sensation will act obstructively to the flow of the life-current, and force it into other channels. The new channels will form in

the wake of the new interests and, if these be of spiritual nature, the life-current will well up on that exalted plane and quicken hitherto slumbering sense-functions into activity. The establishment of self-consciousness on that plane of life, equips man with intuitional powers. Thus intuition, or what might be termed sense-activity on the spiritual plane, is only to be attained through the renunciation of all lower, selfish interests and the subsequent creation of new and nobler ones, embracing the needs and hopes of humanity. To live for the whole is in the truest sense to live for one's self, as the self, being a part of the whole, receives through reaction the multiplied result of the unselfish effort. To aspire towards intuition means to forget the personal self with its earth-bound concerns, and to try to melt the individual consciousness into the universal. The individual must surround himself with ideals of highest purity, and in his daily life try to realize himself as a cosmic citizen, constantly actuated by principles and motives of universal bearing.

To gain entrance into the realm of intuition or the kingdom of angels—the aspirant must shun no trials, fear no failures. Again, he must place his mind on the spirit and try to fasten his soul-energies on the unseen and the unheard. He shall try to live himself into the actual presence of an inner world and to adjust his sense-functions to the requirements of that world. An arduous, unceasing endeavor to live up to the ideal by purifying every center of action and every movement of thought shall sooner or later unlock the door to the sanctuary. "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." To the purified vision the spirit shall reveal its riches.

The development aimed at is of the heart, not of the head. Any other training than a moral and an ethical one; any other discipline than in the service of God and humanity, shall lead

the aspirant not to the light-spheres of spiritual vision, but to spheres darkened by the twilights of his self-love, self-satisfaction and egotism. Exclusive interest in self means isolation, contraction and final death; while inter-human or universal interests, connecting man with all the mighty force-centers of being, means expansion, growth and boundless life.

The man of the future will be guided in his mental labors, not by the unstable light of reason, but by the calm, unerring illumination of intuition. Already the advance-guard of humanity is approaching the borders of that sacred land of promise. The sympathy which sways some hearts with a power enabling the individual to "take on conditions," *i. e.*, to feel the joys or sorrows, hopes and fears, as these shades of consciousness arise in the minds of his fellow men—is the budding of the plant the fruit of which will be the full attainment of that divine gift. For intuition enables its owner to follow the fluidic movement of the soul with the same certainty as physical vision permits the eye to watch the movement of the body. The sunrise of intuition in the souls of a purified humanity, must have foreshadowed the grand English poet when he wrote :

"Oh! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft across the land
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea
Through all the circle of the golden year?"



He only really lives whose interests go beneath the surface, who has gone up into the heights and down into the depths, whose heart beats in unison with the great heart of humanity, who weeps for the world's pain and suffers for its sin, who has tasted the fulness of unselfish love, who has swelled with mighty hopes, who has burned with divine inspiration.—*C. J. Perry.*

INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

BY ADELAIDE JOHNSON.

In presenting, and before it is possible to understand the psychologic effect of the International Council of Women just met in Quinquennial Session at Berlin, it is necessary first to know and appreciate, in some degree, the important fact of the International Council itself, or the body of which the Quinquennial Session is the temporarily materialized soul.

"A difference of opinion on one question must not prevent us from working unitedly in those on which we can agree," said Elizabeth Cady Stanton in her opening address at Washington, D. C., 1888, before the first International Council of Women ever held. In these words are to be found the guide of woman's heroic struggle up from and through "sexhood into humanhood." In them also, is to be found the cornerstone of the International Council of Woman, a culminating and far-reaching means to this end and finely expressed in its preamble, objects and general policy.

Preamble.—We, women of all nations, sincerely believing that the best good of humanity will be advanced by greater unity of thought, sympathy and purpose, and that an organized movement of women will best conserve the highest good of the family and of the State, do hereby band ourselves in a confederation of workers to further the application of the Golden Rule to society, custom and law.

Objects.—To provide a means of communication between women's organizations in all countries, with opportunities for women to meet together from all parts of the world to confer upon questions relating to the welfare of the commonwealth, the family and the individual.

General Policy.—This International Council is organized in the interests of no one propaganda, and has no power over its members beyond that of suggestion and sympathy; therefore, no national council voting to become a member is liable to be interfered with in respect to its complete organic unity, independence, or methods of work, or shall be committed to any principle or method of any other council, or to any utterance or act of this International Council.

The birth, evolution and practical working out of this inspired conception of an organization—of so broad and “impracticable” a design—to full maturity, has proved most splendid and satisfactory. One representing the organized womanhood of twenty-one different nations with a constituency of over seven millions of individual women banded together in groups, small and large, for betterment and progress, with an increase of corporate self-respect, and, clasping hands in loyal comradeship.

A further elucidation of the “Council Idea” will, perhaps, better illumine the fact of the Council, and the effect of its quinquennial session, for those who had not the great privilege of being present. Strictly speaking, the “Council Idea” that has been carried forward to the dignity of an international force, was conceived by Mrs. May Wright Sewall, the presiding officer at this quinquennial, retiring after five years’ Presidency, at the same time becoming Honorary President and Chairman of the Peace and Arbitration Committee.

The “Council Idea” is that of Combination for effort along the line of unlikes—“every atom says to every other atom, combine.” Along the lines of likes, persons naturally seek each other or respond to the call of undernature and inaugurate their procedures without special exercise of will or intelligence or sacrifice of personal choice, and move as a body, but, when women said to each other, “let us ‘Combine’ along

the line of our unlikes," they expressed an attitude of intelligence, where emotion and personal preference may be and feel at home, but not dictate.

By this step, a great psychological current was set in motion and a potent atmosphere created, one in which forces hitherto destructive, were made constructive. One presupposing her capacity to deliberately choose differences as a means to a great end and by counseling one nation with another to take the way, "co-operative instead of competitive; peaceful instead of antagonistic; modest instead of boastful; altruistic instead of egotistic."

Contained within the "Council Idea," is also that of its representation being that of ideas instead of numerical or geographical representation. On the basis that through each nation some idea of the Creator is being expressed, some individual phase of humanity being evolved, essentially, as important in the small ones as in the large ones. Therefore, the voting power of each is the same whether that of the small country of Hungary or the large country of the United States, so that the balance of power may not be held by numbers or geographical extent.

In mind, accompany now this great body with all its elements, and greater soul, with its purpose to Berlin. We were greeted by the German National Council with a preparation both for work and pleasure, so royal as to exclude any thought of its ever being surpassed, if ever equalled.

Soon after arrival, while in this wondering state of admiration, and appreciation of the work of our German Sisters when any inharmony seemed impossible, a message from a high official came in the form of an expressed hope that speakers would make their utterances with discretion, and a hint in the statement that representatives of the German Government would be present at all Sessions.

After the Council week had closed, and we were well advanced in the Congress week, the second message from the same source came, expressing more than pleasure and saying that if the same discretion continued to be exercised to the end of the Congress, the result would be an enlightenment amounting to a revolution of sentiment toward the woman movement.

The first week was devoted to the deliberations of the Council which, besides its own internal affairs, decides upon things considered universally desirable, for which it votes to make propaganda externally during the five years, and which it does by means of international committees. Among these are, "Peace and Arbitration," "International Relations," "Abolition of the White Slave Traffic," "Political Equality of Women," which simply means "that under all governments, whether nominally Republican or Monarchical, whatever political rights or privileges are accorded to men, ought on corresponding conditions to be accorded to women."

Of the internal affairs of the Council two of those that came up for consideration, were of transcendent importance, because of their relation to the fundamental life of the Council and to its future growth. The first was the individual representation of the Countries of Australia, some of which had organized National Councils, and became members of the International Council of Women, before the federation of the Australian States into one National Government, but which in any case was giving a preponderance to the Anglo-Saxon, and in this case after national federation with no more fundamental right than would each State of our Union have to be represented by an individual Council. This discussion presented a fascinating psychological play between power possessed and consciousness of power though legitimately acquired now illegitimately held. However, the question was decided on a basis

that seems just and fair to both sides of the difficult problem.

The second proposition, and that which concerns its future growth, was that of the admission of international organizations as members of the International Council, which is now composed only of National Councils.

Naturally upon such terms and conditions as would keep the voting power within a proportionate degree to the National Council, at the same time attracting to itself the tremendous psychic reality now concreting in International organizations for the promotion of almost every conception and phase of human endeavor. As "nature" or some primal impulse seems to carry the composing human entity up, more or less free of individual responsibility, to a certain point of its evolution, then offers for selection opportunities for deliberate and conscious development, so organizations seem to come within the same law and hold together for service in proportion to the wisdom of the choosings. To my mind, this was a crucial moment. The judgment of the Council was on trial and the failure of this resolution to pass, is the passing of the greatest opportunity yet offered the Council, but the larger number of voting delegates who do not yet realize the great spirit and fact of internationalism outside their own body, and who feared its spirit would be "crushed beneath the burden of the body's frame" carried the point, so to the Council was lost this great force.

Passing now from the Council week, leaving volumes unsaid, to the week of its Congress, convened under its auspices, the consciousness must journey from concentration upon fundamentals abstract and concrete—to which were admitted only members of the Council—to quite a different scene where thousands thronged daily to attend the sessions (without intermission) of the Congress from 9 o'clock to 1 o'clock simultaneously held in four halls, each seating from eight hundred

to twelve hundred, beside evening sessions, there to listen to experts and those who have achieved more or less distinction in departments covering the whole of Educational, Industrial reform and political development. It is here that one with the capacity to receive it may on these occasions receive a liberal education, one that could not be acquired in many years of individual research and study. It was here that the greatest psychological effect was realized and indeed evidenced in the tremendous, almost uncontrolled enthusiasm of a people proverbially phlegmatic; especially remarkable was it on the evening devoted to Peace, in the very heart of the country notably devoted to militarism, when it was feared that even the attendance would be small.

Upon arrival at the hall at 7:45 o'clock with Mrs. Sewall, who was Chairman and one of the principal speakers of the evening, we found the street crowded and with great difficulty made our way to the shut door that had been closed upon a crowded hall since 7 o'clock. Within, a patient audience awaited. The first speaker was Baroness Bertha von Suttner, whose book advocating disarmament, translated into many languages, has been read with enthusiasm in many countries. Profound was the silence in that crowded hall and surprising, indeed, the spontaneous applause. Other speakers were Madam Bogelot of France, the Countess of Aberdeen, and brief addresses from duly appointed members of each of the National Councils. It was after long detention and with much difficulty that Mrs. Sewall was able to pass through and withdraw from the crowd awaiting her outside that we were able to reach the carriage at midnight.

The psychological intoxication was so great during the whole Congress, as to permit the expression of the most radical and extreme views upon every subject without a dissenting murmur which, however, were expressed with great dig-

nity, tact and consideration. The effect was so magical that to the one who looks on as if apart, while yet a part, as to be convincing that it was some great "psychological moment," not only in the Life of the Council, but of the race in demonstration of the law expressed in—"For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."

Though this seems to be a fitting climax and the limits of this article preclude special reference to the varied, splendid and charming personalities of the members of the Council, the speakers of its Congress and the German Local Committee, yet any account of this great event would seem incomplete without mention of Frau Hedwig-Heyl, through whose social position and great power of character, the German people had been prepared for appreciation during a year of instruction, by means of literature, lectures, conversations and other means ever at hand for such an education, also through whom especially many splendid social courtesies were extended, and Frau Stritt, the Executive President of the German National Council, and the charming, accomplished Frauline Alice Salomon, ever ready to respond with brain or hands to the occasion, or need of the moment. The easily predominating personality was our own blessed Susan B. Anthony, to whom all nations appropriately made their bow of reverence, whose classic character it is as natural to refer to on great occasions, as to the Greek in speaking of classic sculpture.

The presence of her individuality was all-pervading, until it seemed the very embodiment of the overshadowing Psyche, extending its influence from the spirit to the "machinery" of the great affair, that part that must be kept oiled and constantly polished with fires properly fed; hidden within and from view, but nevertheless propelling the great body that bears over a large ocean between the detail and the fruition.

For machinery there is, and friction also which is at work rubbing off the unduly accentuated points of unlikeness that they may harmonize and work with the duly accentuated points of the individual to where each will not destroy, but build up the other and the whole.

Here again, Miss Anthony's clarified preception, to-the-point expressions, and ever-ascending attitude of mind served to high ends on this supreme occasion as on many another in the past half century. So the great Council that has moved forward to its third quinquennial brings many definite achievements and still moves onward with many more definite achievements in view and verily may even now sing with the ancient Hindu in the song of the soul victorious, "I stand out in the great forever."



EXPERIENCE.

O'er mists and clouds of Earth, light softly falls
In rays transforming all to roseate shapes
Of hopes that pass in silver shrouds from sight,
That—not suddenly, but with eyes undimmed
And steadfast—we may behold the Sun.

M. H. JACKSON.



HUMAN nature is naturally Christian when it is raised to its highest possibilities. Jesus never heard the word "Christian." It was his high humanity, and not his Christianity in any sense other than high humanity, that makes him the leader of men.—*W. G. Eliot, Jr.*



To that which comes to me as Truth, I must be true.
As the earth drinks in the sunshine, as the flowers drink dew,
So must my thirsty soul drink to grow as flowers grew,
The earth, in all their beauty, as my heart, each morning new.

—*Josephine Conger.*

UNDER THE CHIMES.

CREATOR JOY.

'Tis only Joy can make an earth,
Can give a universe its birth,
Can think a mountain to its sky,
Can gentle into peaceful herds,
And live into love's blossom-words
When summers laugh that birds may fly.

Naught cometh from the hand of hate,
Not anger can one heart elate,
Nor malice make one grass blade grow;
Not sorrow into birds can fret,
Nor grief one flower in beauty set
When Junes into their raptures glow.

Joy smiles the roses for my eyes;
She laughs the birds into the skies,
And plays the lambs into the grass;
With poet's thrill she sings the seas,
And sings the blossoms to the breeze;
Song echoes when her footsteps pass.

She sings the saps, and chestnuts round;
In hickory nuts her songs abound;
The walnuts are her merry moods;
Her happy tales the hazels tell,
And beechnuts, how her laugh befell
The forests dreamy solitudes.

She is the smile within the wheat,
The smile that makes the berries sweet;
The apple-songs her laughter pipe;
Her purple mirth hangs on the vines
And globes the peaches into wines;
She sings, and all the year grows ripe.

She is the smile within God's heart,
His being's true, essential part
By which his love its great life lives;
When she leaps to his lips and sings
A universe to being springs,
And to itself each glad thing gives.

Were she to fill with sorrow's gloom,
The universe were but a tomb,
The souls of all things quickly fled;
Could anger fill her sweetest soul
Grief's bells discordant could but toll
To all the winds, "Great God is dead!"

How then would blight each happy rose!
And all earth's oratorios
In cruel discord cease to play!
Each human heart in death would sigh,
All love and truth and goodness die,
And starless night fill every day.

Naught left but monstrous nothingness
Which shapes no lips for Joy's caress,
Nor echoes any joy that's been;—
O sin not, saying, "God can damn
One soul to endless grief!" No balm
Could be to salve such dreadful sin.

Say rather, "God can only bless
Until what we call faithlessness,
 A thrilling, holy truth is seen."
When he has smiled his deeds all through
There'll be no heart that beats untrue,
 Each where but Christ and Magdalene.

For Joy, sweet Joy his being holds,
And all his great thoughts gently moulds
 Until they're mothered and fulfilled;—
We trust the universe; we know
A mother-soul's sweet overflow
 Each beating heart hath gently willed.

And so I'm holiest when I laugh,
When Joy's o'erbrimming cups I quaff;
 For then is fellowship divine,—
Christ sitting at the table's head
In sacrament of broken bread
 And pouring out the blushing wine.

I laugh with God in bobolinks
When he his summer raptures thinks;
 I smile with him in roses wild,
And graceful grow in daffodils;
It seems in me his Joy fulfills
 When I am playing with a child.

I play with God the game of nuts
When hulls and burrs his sharp frost cuts,
 And beeches laugh the chickadees;
I chatter fellowship with squirrels,
And gather laughter's countless pearls
 To string upon my lute of glee.

Joy! Joy! she is the only good;
 She is the heart of angelhood,
 The soul of all humanity;
 She sings the earth and rhymes the hills;
 To her my sunny being thrills;
 I'm part of her great symphony.

I know God's heart is singing me;
 His human voice I'm glad to be
 Athrilling in the perfect tune.
 Hark! how the anthem lifts my voice!
 Within its glory I rejoice
 To be a thrush in God's great June.

I'm perfecting upon His lips;
 His heart with mine sings fellowships,—
 My heart the voice, His heart the songs.
 Oh, many a wind I thrill with bliss,
 And many a sky with glory kiss
 As heart to heart our joy prolongs.

Oh! ne'er will end our song's delight,
 And ne'er will end our blissful flight,
 And ne'er a discord can destroy!
 Oh! lift, all souls, to this degree,
 Your hearts let feel, your eyes let see
 Your heritage is Joy! sweet Joy!



YOUR mind is a sensitized plate—it is a gallery of subtle pictures—that which is once seen, once heard, once imagined is your permanent possession. You may be unconscious of its coming, but some day, all unexpectedly, the springs of your sub-conscious mind will be touched and lo! the gallery with its priceless treasures is discovered.—*Augusta T. Webster.*

AN EVERLASTING GLADNESS.

Thou, O God! art an everlasting gladness! From Thy bliss of being creation flows. From Thy deep heart Thou sayest a happy word, and a new earth rounds out to glorify the sky, to sing its chord in the symphony divine of Thy great universe. Thou dost smile, and all the flowers gentle to their birth and win for our enchanted eyes the secrets of the sunbeams' hearts. Thou dost sing, and all the choir of birds rejoice out on the winds to tell our ears how sweet are all the silences of Thy great love. Thy joy yearns to bless, and apple trees in blossoms smile, and vines rhyme into grapes, and harvests love the gold of suns back to them in a great increase, and nuts grow plump to bless the happy hunger of the squirrels. When grasses green and the winds kiss them into ripples of laughter, it is but echo repeating the gladness of Thy heart. Thy loves enjoy each other's fellowships, and hosts of violents enchant the sod and kiss their smiling blue into our happy eyes.

When Thy lyric laughter, which we call the bobolink, sings brooks of rapture o'er the meadow's heaving breast, then are we sure Thy perfect name is Joy, and that Thy love has fashioned us to answer joy with joy. The mountains and the seas, and all the rivers and the skies serene so greaten us, when we are glad for them, that our bright, shining eyes seem laughing into Thine. The butterflies are just Thy smiles that for their very rapturing in Thy love break into wings, aspiring rainbows for Thy happy eyes. The bees are merry-winged, because they search and find the honey of Thy smiles. The winds Thou breathest are but music and every motion of Thy earth is joy. Serene the night and lit with smiling stars, that we may feel its peace, communing with the silent harmonies that vocalize through all the singing lips of dawn.

The deeps of everything is joy, and when they say themselves out full, the laughers of their perfect fellowships enchant the winds until they blossom into smiles and rhyme into the ripened fruits of autumn's generous heart.

When children seem the sunshine grown human to love and play with us, what say they unto us in all their happy ways but that Thy deeps of motherhood is perfect everlasting joy? And the serene faces of our friends, but the pleasantness of brethren joys that dwell together in unity? And the joy-lit faces of the ones we love, what say they with entrancing speech, but that Thy deeps are love, and that Thy love's other name is joy? Thine earth is good, its evils but the imperfectness of a shaping good, its discords but the sounds of tuning violins that by and by will sing the perfect song. All men are good, and goodness is but joy. All life is good, its sweetness but the mellow laughter of Thine own great life's eternal bliss.

And so it is, by grace of joy we worship Thee in psalms of life that satisfy Thy perfect heart. Through joy we enter into fellowship with Thee, and are like notes of music whose mingling beings make the perfect song.

The rose has answer of another rose within my living soul, and so the altar of my love burns unto Thee a perfect flame. The thrush has answer of another thrush within my beating heart, and so my psalm of life sings with a perfect tune. The oak has answer of another oak within my thinking mind, and so my strength of righteousness is unto Thee a faithfulness that satisfies Thy thought. The grapes have answer of some other grapes within my loving soul, and so we keep with Thee the sacrament of love in ruddy streams poured out of life for life. The child has in my being's deeps another child, and so Thy motherhood sees travail of its soul and is well satisfied. The friend has answer of another friend within my genial soul, and so Thine own great friendliness rewards itself in per-

fect fruit. The lover has another lover in my passioning heart, and Thy great love is justified in all its perfect bliss. As Thou hast smiled to me a happy earth, I smile to Thee an answering spirit one, the joy of all Thy joyous things awakening in my soul, Thy creation vast fulfilled in me and shaping to a kiss that's kissing Thee in all Thy universe that's perfect heart and home.

No sickness is, nor any sin, nor any failure, where is joy.
Through joy we actualize Thy love's ideals, and become within
Thy heart, upon Thy lips a perfect song.

Our hearts be unto Thee a thrilling joy! Our breath breathe unto Thee all pleasant psalms! Our faces smile for Thee Thy soul's all golden Junes! Our beings be a bliss that blesses Thee, and says and sings to Thee, Thou Life Eternal and Thou Joy Divine, a grace, a mercy and a peace without an end.

“God’s power is without limit.”

God's mountains and valleys appear beautiful to the beholder, to the extent that that is beautiful which he sees when his eyes are turned toward his inner self.—*H. C. Morse.*

A MAN cannot believe in God in any true sense who does not believe in himself, and just in proportion to his insight into the intrinsic beauty and real value of his own soul will be the beauty and loftiness of his idea of God.—*J. F. Dutton.*

It is not from the tall, crowded warehouse of prosperity that men first or clearest see the eternal stars of heaven. It is often from the humble spot where we have laid our dear ones that we find our best observatory, which gives us glimpses into the far-off world of never-ending time.—*Theodore Parker.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

TRUE SELF-DENIAL.

SELF-DENIAL in the truest, the interior sense, is only the losing of one's life that one may find it again—the merging of the individual life with the good of the common life of all. Some one has said that “vices are but virtues run to seed,” and certainly self-denial, like many of its sister graces, is seen often in that stage, as a refined selfishness or even a morbid whimsicality.

Very much, indeed, of the so-called self-denial practised is of absolutely no benefit to its possessors or any one else, for that matter. Analyzed honestly, it is the quintessence of selfishness which, in its turn, becomes the seed of other vices. And it is just these masked vices—these wolves in sheep's clothing—that are the most insidious enemies of real development, of the well-rounded, efficient life. Once a soul realizes its true relationship to all humanity—that the part is just as necessary to the whole as the whole is to the part, that humanity's rights can never be conserved through the forfeiting of its own—the morbid fungus growth that passes for self-denial will disappear.

The love of self is as essential to the well-balanced mind as the love of others. The truly virtuous mind is the one that preserves its own integrity of thought and action. The great body of humanity is one. The strength and perfection of any part is essential to the completion of the whole. If a man tries to do more than his share, he inevitably deprives some brother

man of moral muscle; robs him of his needed share of activity, exercise and self-expression.

The Nazarene said a man must lose his life in order to truly find it, but that is never to be understood as meaning that we should be less mindful of our own mental and physical welfare than of another's. It rather means that we should lose ourselves; not necessarily in the sense of loss, separation, pain, but in very ecstasy in the all-satisfying, all-answering oneness of life, the glorious, inevitable fullness of a life given to the service of others. But now look at the other half of the sphere.

In order to be truly of service one must first be a true man, a true woman. One must be carrying out God's plan, if he would bear a God-like message to his fellows. Common sense, the same God-given common sense that is efficient in the everydayness of our bread-and-butter lives, is, too, the hand-maid of the highest virtue. We can never hasten the growth or increase the efficiency of anything—in the spiritual world any more than in the physical world—by depriving it of the rational means of subsistence and development. Duties—real duties—can never clash. Nothing essentially good can be lost. Each action, as a stage of development, must, because of the unifying motive of the whole, lead fittingly and surely to larger development, God-glorifying growth; else the action was clearly not a duty, not good essentially; its motive, fearlessly analyzed, will be found a purely selfish one. Phillips Brooks once said :

"There is one word of Jesus that always comes back to me as about the noblest thing that human lips have ever said upon our earth, and the most comprehensive thing,—that seems to sweep into itself all the commonplace experience of mankind. Do you remember when He was sitting with His disciples at supper, how He lifted up His voice and prayed, and in the midst of His prayer there came these wondrous words, 'For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified.'

The whole of human life is there. Shall a man cultivate himself? No, not primarily. Shall a man serve the world, strive to increase the kingdom of God in the world? Yes, he shall, indeed. And how shall he do it? By cultivating himself. Instantly he is thrown back upon his own life—'For their sakes I sanctify myself.' I am my best not simply for myself but for the world.

"My brethren, is there anything in all the teachings that man has had from his fellow man, all that has come down to him from the lips of God, that is nobler, that is more far-reaching than that? To be my best not simply for my own sake but for the sake of the world, which, giving my best, I shall make more complete, I shall do my little part to renew and re-create in the image of God. That is the law of my existence, and the man that makes that the law of his existence neither neglects himself nor his fellow men, becoming neither the self-absorbed student and cultivator of himself on the one hand, nor becomes—abandoning himself—simply the wasting benefactor of his brethren on the other hand. You can help your fellow men, you must help your fellow men, but the only way you can truly help them is by being the noblest and best man that it is possible for you to be."

There is a religion of ascetism—aptly voiced in that echo of the Mediæval cloister.

"The daily round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask—
Room to deny ourselves—the road,
None other—leading unto God."

But this is the religion of spiritual dwarfs—starved and misshapen souls—not the song of the sons and daughters of God. The voluntary, usually purposeless and uncalled for, renunciation of the means of growth is the expression of a warped and near-sighted nature, a nature that needs to be "renewed in the spirit of its mind" before it can carry the message of the newer life, the life more abundant.

Our own days and the lives around us are full of false self-denials and of self-deception. The mother love that lets a child grow up in selfishness—the love of wife for husband, friend for friend—any so-called love that is content to win recognition for itself through a show of self-abnegation is at core a selfish love. Let us be honest with ourselves. Let us look our own motives fearlessly in the face. When the mother stultifies her own powers to pamper the child, she is, as it were, trying to buy or bribe its love. At bottom it is because she wants to be first in the child's affection, and she selfishlessly chooses the very means that more than all others, perhaps, will eventually bring unhappiness to the child. The indulgent mother, the self-effacing mother is, in reality, the cruelly selfish mother.

Again, the wife or the friend, desiring above all things to be indispensable to the loved one, pampers, indulges and submits to negligence or abuse, goes to extremes of overwork and self-abnegation and calls it all unselfishness—self-sacrifice. As a matter of fact it is a far more difficult thing—the truly unselfish thing—to risk, if need be, one's own place in another's affections, if it be for that other's good—to face the condition, the fault in the other and act for his true betterment, fearlessly, selflessly. This is the real test of love, the true self-denial. What is the pleasure, the ease of the moment in comparison with the development of character? And unfailingly, inevitably, it is the unselfish love that, though seemingly hard and severe at the moment, will win and hold at last the answering love and esteem, just because it was the true love.

It is the foolishly indulgent parent that is left to weep the neglect of the children in old age. Over and again is heard the lament, "I sacrificed everything for them and this is my reward—indifference and selfishness." As a matter of fact that parent sowed the seed of that very selfishness when he "sacrificed everything"—let the child grow up in an attitude of con-

stantly receiving, but doing and giving nothing in return. He simply reaped what he had sown. The children that are an honor to their parents are those that have had to give as much as they received, who have learned early the lesson of the Golden Rule.

In the solution of all life's problems it is wise to put ourselves in the other's place—to consider what will bring the highest good to all concerned, as if we were spectators merely and free from all prejudice. We must deal as justly with ourselves as with others.

Injustice to one's self, though frequently labelled unselfishness and self-sacrifice, is injustice all the same, and must of necessity work for inharmony in its final outcome. Justice is a matter of adjustment, and, if there is a wrong adjustment of the parts to each other, the whole is affected. Self-denial is a beautiful thing when it is true, but the self-sacrifice that is at heart self-seeking or morbid is, in reality, one of the most insidious forms of selfishness, and will never bring about a harmonious environment.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.



We expect to begin in the next issue of MIND a series of articles on "The Antiquities of the New Thought," by the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton, one of our most valued contributors and President of the National New Thought Federation. Dr. Newton is one of the Pioneer religious souls of the century, blazing out places where new spiritual homes can be built in the midst of wildernesses of dogmatism and materialism. Combining, as he does, accuracy of scholarship with spiritual insight and appreciation of the spiritual values, always the greatest, these articles will be of great worth to the growing volume of New Thought literature.

THE ONE THAT IS MANY.

The Mind of the Universe is one; the Mind of the Universe is many. The sun burning in the sky is one; the sun burning its flames upon the earth is many, as many as are all the things woven of its tenderness and living in its light. One thing it is in the buttercup gently dreaming its gold in quiet meadow ways; another thing, in the passioning red, red rose that leans towards the garden gate to bless what lovers say. One thing, in the song-sparrow which seems a Quaker homely-clad and singing his inner light, because his silence brims to ecstasy; another thing, in the scarlet tanager burning its flame to light the shadowed woods of revelry. One thing in the acorn; another in the peach. One thing in my lady's eyes of summer blue; another in my lady's eyes hued like the midnight. One thing, in the lover's face alight with joy; another, in an avenger's face aflame with wrath. One thing, in the snake that crawls and poisons; another, in the dove that flies and blesses. One thing, in the fawn that makes the forests gentleness and home; another, in the eagle, whose cruel beak puts out that gentle flame of life. One thing, where light and life make one with beauty and with joy; another, where it seems to strive with shadows, unable to make its perfect meanings known, making light and life seem one with ugliness and grief. One sun; but many as the countless lives that burn to it their answering flames.

And so the Mind of the Universe. There are many minds that answer it, in diverse quality, in many degrees of growth. As from the sun, the violet takes the purple ray for garmenting itself, and the daffodil, the ray of yellow; so from the universal Mind we countless ones take what we will in which to clothe our deed of outward consciousness. As the robin is, it finds its own, in the world about it, in the world within it.

And so we, in our inmost quality choose what of the world doth smile upon us, what doth frown, wherewithal our conscious life shall be clothed.

Or, as a friend has said, "we see as we are," setting his thought to a song.

"The poem hangs on the berry's bush
When comes the poet's eye;
The streets begin to masquerade
When Shakespeare passes by.

The Christ sees white in Judas' heart;
He loves his traitor well;
And God to angel His new heaven
Explores His lowest hell."

Therefore, all lives have a place in the world, whether they sing in tune with us or with us strike a discord. All doers have a place in the world's work, whether they are building up our work or seemingly tearing it down. All thinkers have their place in the Mind of the Universe, whether they are thinking the truth as we see it, or seem to be thinking the shadows of error as we behold from our own angle of vision how truth's light falls athwart the earth.

And this fact, when its fuller meaning breaks upon us, has ministry of that charity which suffereth long and is kind, never envying others, nor vaunting itself, having no unseemly behavior, seeking not its own, never angry, thinking no evil, always rejoicing in the truth, and so hoping all things, believing all things, enduring all things, that its universal heart says to each, to all

"Not till the sun excludes you will I exclude you."

A church was once dedicated to "a reverence for others' reverence," meaning that where any one bows to his ideal, yearning towards its beauty, is holy ground, however to us

that ground may seem a common place, perhaps, a waste of weeds, or swamp that breathes a pestilence. If swamp, a brother soul from it is glimpsing light, and, like the iris, finding in such ways what is the nostril's joy, the eye's delight. So, in nothing being ecclesiastic, from dogmas shrinking as from the dark, there is yet seen everywhere the shining of that inner light by which is perception of the unity of that life and love in which we all have being, "nothing human alien to us," like Dickens finding Little Nells in dusty shops, like Shakespeare finding fools who speak wise words, like Christ finding in Magdalenes the beauty and the purity God had in heart when making women souls. From every one his interpretation of life at its fullest value. To every one what word of life he can receive, the enlarging horizons that beckon and give room to his ever-growing soul.

And yet each in his own image and likeness must create. Each must be himself, that any being be worth while. We each have our own which is ever coming to us. And ever must we reject the alien threads to keep our web in truth, that the universe be not robbed by any slack and slovenly hand. We must feel intensely that we are an essential factor in the universe, that our work is an essential work. As Stradivarius says by the lips of George Eliot, there must be the deepening conviction that

"God could not make Antonio's violins without Antonio.

Were my hand slack, I should rob God,

Leaving a blank instead of violins."

These multiplied words are to suggest that in the future conduct of Mind, as in the past, the aim will be always to hold and say the truth of the unity of the Overmind, which, while over us all, is yet beneath and about and through us all; the truth of the infinite diversity of that Overmind's manifes-

tation in this outer world where our conscious life and work go on.

What the editors say will be said in their own responsibility, seeking to compel no one to their point of view, letting the truth take care of itself by its truth as the sun takes care of itself by its light. So of our fellow writers. They say their individual word, in what they say representing no other. Thus all of us who are the friends of Mind will be enriched and helped in our growth; and the unity of spirit, so essential to the great work we endeavor, so essential to the fellowship by which we all greaten, will have its holy increase until the perfect Mind is more perfectly understood and we can all think its loving thoughts unto a fulness of life beyond our fairest and fondest dreams.

It is in this spirit that I take the friends of Mind by the hand, looking them in the face, beginning a fellowship which I trust will beautify and greaten in the power of that truth we are all seeking to know and live, beginning a work which I trust will never find my hand slack, robbing God and leaving in this orchestra of a universal humanity, which is now tuning up to take the world in its divine symphony, a blank instead of a violin.

JOHN MILTON SCOTT.



Upland Farms is here to stay. It is at this writing making its third summer of history. There are shadows of imperfection, of course—things that get awry. Yet is there the light shining, a light greater than the shadows, the light that by and by will shine through the day of our ideal actualized. The things awry will get the twist out of them, and turn into flutes which the breath of neighborliness will turn into music. Our gravest shortcoming lies in the fact that we cannot ac-

commodate all the friends who would sojourn with us for the uplift of summer thought and fellowship. We expect that by next summer this will, in a large measure, be overcome, that our accommodations will increase their capacity and improve their quality.

In our next issue will be an account of this season's school, which will then have closed.

Some of our New Thought friends are building permanent homes for themselves at Upland Farms, some are thinking of doing this, and others of building their own cottages for but the summer's use. It is possible to commute between Upland Farms and New York City every day, doing business in the commercial center. For any one who wants a quiet home wherein he may do his work, literary or art or other in the freedom of the country, mingling his recreation toil with the land and therefrom getting the essentials of a living, Upland Farms is a spot he should investigate. He would have the high fellowship of the Summer School as part of his life in the summer time. For all seasons he would have the neighborliness of those of high mind, like Mr. Trine, who will make Upland Farms their permanent home. Any one who might wish any detailed information can correspond with the Upland Farms Alliance, at Oscawana-on-Hudson, New York.



IF instead of a gem or even a flower, we would cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels must give.—*Geo. MacDonald.*



IN looking at our age I am struck immediately with one commanding characteristic, and that is the tendency in all its movements to expansion, to diffusion, to universality. Human action is now freer, more unconfined. All goods, advantages, helps, are more open to all.—*Channing.*

FOURTH ANNUAL NEW THOUGHT CONVENTION,
ST. LOUIS, OCTOBER 25TH-28TH, 1904.

The Fourth Annual New Thought Convention will be called to order at St. Louis on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 25th, and will adjourn on Friday evening, Oct. 28th, this day being designated officially as "New Thought Day."

The officers of the Federation are as follows: *President*, Rev R. Heber Newton, D.D.; *Vice-President*, Ursula N. Gestefeld; *Executive Committee*, Margaretta G. Bothwell, Eugene Del Mar, Bolton Hall, H. Bradley Jeffery, Charles Brodie Patterson; *Advisory Committee*, Nona L. Brooks, Henry Harrison Brown, Helen Campbell, M. E. Cramer, Sarah J. Farmer, Esther Henry, Mary Robbins Mead, G. H. Moulton, John D. Perrin, Charles E. Prather, H. H. Schroeder, Joseph Stewart, Helen Van Anderson, J. W. Winkley; *Secretary*, Eugene Del Mar; *Assistant Secretary*, John D. Perrin; *Treasurer*, H. Bradley Jeffery; *Auditor*, Bolton Hall. The list of Honorary Vice-Presidents is a thoroughly representative one, including those prominent in the various phases of the New Thought in all sections of the country.

On the list of those who intend to address the Convention are the following well known New Thought exponents: Georgina I. S. Andrews, A. P. Barton, Henry Harrison Brown, W. J. Colville, M. E. Creamer, Mary D. Fisk, Charles Fillmore, Henry Frank, Ursula N. Gestefeld, Francis E. Mason, Rev. R. Heber Newton, Charles Brodie Patterson, M. Woodbury Sawyer, H. H. Schroeder, Joseph Stewart, Anita True-man, Paul Tyner, Helen Van Anderson, Eva A. Vescelius, S. A. Weltner, and J. Stitt Wilson. This list is not inclusive as yet. The responses to date, however, more than assure a representative Convention.

In its present form, The New Thought Federation is tentative, and in a measure experimental. The Convention will

consider and decide upon the more permanent form to be given the Federation, and business meetings for this purpose will be held during the mornings of Convention days. It is expected that the Convention will give such form and expression to the Federation as will assure it the hearty support and co-operation of all who are interested vitally in the movement.

The Program of the Convention, in its relation to addresses and business affairs, is in the hands of the Executive Committee. All communications relative thereto should be addressed to the Secretary, Eugene Del Mar, P. O. Box 20, M. S., New York City. All other Convention matters are under the direction of the Assistant Secretary, John D. Perrin, 4604 Morgan Street, St. Louis, Mo. All who expect to be at the Convention are requested to advise Mr. Perrin as soon as possible, that he may secure such accommodations as may be required, and otherwise provide for the convenience and comfort of those who will be in attendance.



The American International Congress of Tuberculosis will hold a meeting at St. Louis, under the auspices of the Universal Exposition, on the third, fourth and fifth of October. This congress was founded in 1900 by the Medico-Legal Society, and includes among its active members both doctors and lawyers. The special subject to be considered at this St. Louis meeting is "Preventive Legislation Against Tuberculosis." No suggestion as to any definite kind of legislation is made, but it is expected that out of the free discussion will come the wisdom of a definite program of education, to secure a great public movement to prevent the spread of tuberculosis. That the promoters of this congress intend it to be catholic is indicated in the fact that Mr. Patterson, one of the editors of MIND, has been invited to make one of the addresses, which he has consented to do.

Make all money orders payable at New York City.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Conducted by

FLORENCE PELTIER.

FOR THE PARENTS.

The aim of education should be rather to teach us how to think than what to think—rather to improve our minds so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.—*Beattie.*

All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth.—*Aristotle.*

TEACHERS AND TEACHERS.

This is a funny world. P'r'aps the *world* would be all right if folks would only let a fellow alone. I'm 13 years old. "Just the trying age," I heard my aunt say last week. But then, I've been hearing them say the same thing ever since I can remember, and I'm sure I haven't always been thirteen. So *that* doesn't count. I'd like to know what they *have* us boys for if we're so trying. Ma don't mind if I *am* trying. She says, "Boys will be boys and someday they'll be men." And then she gives me a hug and a kiss.

Teachers are no good. Some of 'em 'tany rate. My teacher told me to-day just what she thought of me. She rattaned me, too. I tell you. she looked ugly. She's very good looking when she's pleasant (that ain't often); but if she knew how

homely she looked when she felt ugly she wouldn't want to feel that way often, I tell you.

It hurt awfully—the rattaning—but that wasn't so bad as to have her say what she did before the whole school. And she wouldn't believe a word I said, either. I wonder if she'd like to have *me* as good as tell *her* she lied that way. I'll be glad when I get out of her old room, and she needn't think I'll do anything for her as long as I live. I'll die first. I wish I had the teacher I had last year. She was just a peach. She was always pleasant and we boys would just do anything for her.

Ma says they ain't all born that way. They can't all be pleasant. Ma says my teacher says she don't *like* boys. I shouldn't think she did. An' they don't like *her* either. Why don't she do something else besides teach school, then?

I tell you, if I was superintendent or school committee, there'd be no teachers in *my* schools that didn't like boys as well as girls—nor any that couldn't be pleasant. The superintendent must have been a kid once himself. I wonder he doesn't remember how *he* felt. You see, when a fellow likes the teacher and she likes him, why, she makes him feel just like working to please her, and he doesn't think of such a thing as tormenting her.

I don't know as I'll ever send *my* kids to public school, though there's more fellows and more fun there; surely, not unless I know the teacher likes boys.

Ma says public school is a good deal like a flour mill. You put the kids in (at the bottom instead of at the top) and the teachers tend the machine while the machine does the grinding. And by and by out they all come (at the top instead of at the bottom) all ground out nice and fine and all just as near alike as they can make them,—only the *wise* teachers don't grind 'em quite so fine.

This would do very well, ma says, if fellows were all to be baked into bread and cake as flour is. But they've all got different things to do in the world. They've got to think things out for themselves, and after they've thought 'em all out, they've got to *do 'em* and they've got to do 'em all themselves. There ain't any rule to tell 'em how and there ain't any answers in the back of the book, either. That's just what I like to do—think things out myself and do 'em my own way. It ain't safe to try that sort of thing in school, though. That's generally what a fellow gets licked for, not 'cause he means any harm. And then, of course, he learns to cheat the teacher if he don't want a licking. But I'll take the licking any day, 'cause it makes a fellow feel too mean to cheat.

I tell you it's just great to hear ma talk to Uncle Ted about schools and things. She says there's some teachers just fine, but the committee generally gives 'em fifty children to teach and lots of rules and regulations to go by, and the poor things can't do it all and so they break down. But the wooden ones, they sail right along easy, grinding out the children, and teach fifty years 'most. *I* sh'd think if they get as old as that, they'd ought to be takin' care of their own grandchildren. I'd pity their grandchildren, though.

Ma says she's sure we boys have learned more self-control and concentration (and a lot more long words that she says make character) by swimming and rowing and sailing and playing games than we would in a thousand years with such wooden heads. (*She* didn't *say* wooden heads, but I know that's what she *meant*.)

When *I* get to be a man I'll have things different. I'll be on the school committee and I'll have all nice, pretty teachers that like boys just as well as girls and know how to manage 'em and teach 'em something, too. And I'll drop out a lot of grammar and 'rithmetic and have school gardens and outings

and a big gym. where all the fellows can take a turn on the trapeze when they get to feeling as if they couldn't sit still a minute longer. I bet the boys 'll learn just as much and more, too, and they won't feel mad inside half the time, either.

M. L. H.

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A LETTER.

When last we saw your baby, Clare,
She slept, and we stole away.
Again she sleeps (your dear friends tell us)
That sleep which seems eternal.
In moments of anguish feeble seem efforts
To lighten your sorrow.
But when time—that balm which heaven sends—
The blow has softened,
With me turn from the particular to universal,
And know that the taking away
Is but returning what was lent you.
Then will you thank Him
For the few years with so fair a child—
His little Clare.
Life, a seeming drama, with its tragedy
And comedy onward moves,
While we who see but a character or two,
For a little time,
Feebly judge as beyond our loved ones go,
Just what the part means.
The veil then drawn no glimpses give
Of the path they enter.
Yet all *must* be well or life is a mockery,—
Believe, God mocks *not* his own.

Some day as backward o'er the path we look,
 We will joyfully thank Him
 That we our way were spared and praise Him
 Who did better than we knew.
 Sweetly now your babe is sleeping,
 Far from earth, where angels dwell,
 Her the bright ones will awaken,
 Softly singing, "Thou didst well."
 A fair young light, she there will be,
 Brightly shining 'mid the blest,
 Aiding homeward Father, Mother,
 To eternal Peace and Rest.

O'er you Peace is brooding, *Forbid it not.*

FREDERIC GILLMUR.

He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home.—*Goethe.*

The strength of a nation, especially of a Republican nation, is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

I THINK the first virtue is to restrain the tongue; he approaches nearest to the gods who knows how to be silent, even though he is in the right.—*Cato.*

Precept is instruction written in the sand—the tide flows over it and the record is gone. Example is graven on the rock, and the lesson is not soon lost.—*Channing.*

ONE might as well expect to thrive physically while his portion of food is being eaten by others, as to expect mental development and not do his own thinking.—*H. C. Morse.*

FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE CHILD AND THE ROSE.

I.

"Pretty rose, what do you say,
Blooming sweet from day to day?
Tell the lesson to you given
By our gentle Lord in Heaven.
Tell my *why* you bloom so fair,
Breathing perfume on the air?"

II.

"Dearest child, my lesson's this,
What you give you ne'er will miss.
Of your best give out a share,
Give of love, and give of cheer,
In life's garden blooming sweet
Give out joy to all you meet."

LILLIAN FOSTER COLBY.



SHELLS.

The children had persuaded me to take them to a "real beach," as they called it, "not Coney Island, all board walks and people, but where there is room to run, dig, and wade."

I prepared them for the water and, pails and shovels in hand, they sought the pools left by the out-going tide, and their shouts of laughter reached me, as they went in as far as they could, without wetting tucked-up clothing. My seat, built of sand, by the children, and the protection of a large umbrella made me so comfortable that it soon caused me to contract that lazy feeling, common at the sea. It is probable I dozed a bit, when an extra loud, "O, look!" attracted my attention.

I arose to meet the children as they came toward me, and Eleanor exclaimed proudly, as she held something above her head:

"See, see, Daddy, I have found a clam, a two-one, with a hinge on it—not just an open one, such as Mary scoops coffee with. We were digging and found it in the wet sand. Is that his tongue in there?" And she threw the clam toward my feet.

I suggested they try to find more, and showing them how they could know where to dig, by finding first the holes that lead to them, I resumed my seat.

When I called them to luncheon they each lugged a pail well filled with clams. Clinton, the older of the two, laid his in a row, largest up top, while with his other hand he ate his sandwiches, changing them, however, from one hand to the other so often that they must have been very "gritty"; but he said "he could eat just anything down there."

Suddenly he ceased his activity, and abruptly asked:

"How do the clams get their bigger shells, when they outgrow their baby ones?" He was sure *he* had to have larger clothes each year, and shells didn't look as if they could grow; they were not "stretchy" a bit.

"But they do change their clothes," I answered; "that is, the clams build them."

"Really and truly, do they—or are you fooling?" he asked.

"No, I mean it; and while you are eating, will explain.

"The baby clams are very small, as you know; but as they grow it is realized that their house must enlarge also, or they would have nothing to protect them. They have no means of defending themselves or running away, though they can move about a little, and, at moments of danger, they withdraw themselves entirely inside the shell and shut it tight. See; you

cannot open it with your stick." For Clinton was trying to pry one open.

"Their house is built from the inside, a layer being added, which increases its thickness, but also extends each time beyond the previous edge, as you have seen women make table mats that commence with a knot and grow larger each time they go around. But Mr. Clam does not want to grow behind his shell, so he stops part way around and works back again.

"As I have said, most mollusks, as they are called, work inside, the shell becoming thicker and thicker, until the effect is as if you put a new hat on your head each year, always increasing the size, but keeping them all on, one within the other. In time your head-gear would become very heavy.

"The clams need their thick protection to shield them from the hungry things in the sea and the beating of the waves."

As I paused the children examined more closely the house, made layer upon layer, and a half shell enabled them to see the smooth inside and its pretty colors.

"And now," I added, "would you not like to hear about *your* shells?"

"Our shells!" they exclaimed. "Why! we haven't any. We just grow, and Mama gets our clothes for us. What *do* you mean?"

"It is a long story," I replied; "but if you wish to rest a while and listen, I will tell you."

"Do," they said, and we made ourselves "comfy."

"It is true," I began, "that you have no shell, outside your body, in the sense that the clam has, for you can run away from harm. Others protect you, and men can make things to defend themselves with. So you have no need of a 'hard house' always upon your back. But there are some things that you do need protection from; they are bad thoughts, for 'thoughts are things.' I know you can't see them, neither can you see

any force, not even the wind (or air, for wind is moving air). You also cannot see electricity; and real steam, 'live steam' as it is called, appears as nothing, if we look through the glass cylinders of an engine."

Here, Clinton said: "But I have seen steam coming out of a pipe."

"No," I told him, "not real steam, but that which *was* steam, but partly condensed to water as it escaped into the air."

"We must remember that forces are what make things go, and your thoughts are first, before your actions, and are forces. With them each person is continually building some sort of shell about himself and, like the clam, it is all done from within. But it is not a hard shell, like the clam, but a radiation, extending in every direction, just like the rays from the sun, up there. They are his 'shell.' Neither is this radiation about ourselves called a shell; but that name will do for us now. We should build it as carefully as possible, for we cannot see the thoughts coming, and dodge them as we would a stone. It is really character building, and should be built so beautifully that all good things will come in, and the bad ones will stay out. Each one of us has the materials. They are: to be kind and loving and truthful in *every* thought we think. Is that too difficult? I know it is not easily done, but I am sure if Eleanor's foot should suddenly take a notion to start for the sea, she would pull it back again, and so must we *all* learn to do with our thoughts, as we wish our 'shell' to be a pretty one."

"Can it be seen?" asked Clinton. "Do go on."

"Men who have carefully trained themselves to see with their inner eye (which you cannot understand now), tell us that 'shells' are of all colors. If you love purity, your shell is a beautiful pink. If you are very, very good, it is violet; but

anger turns it to an ugly dark red, streaked with black, and sadness makes it a dull gray.

"Though we may not know for ourselves just what these men see, you can remember those lines in Eleanor's little song:

'Angels bright from whom you came
Here are watching just the same.'

"And I am sure you want them to see that your colors are as beautiful as possible, so they can be happy, when they approach (for they are very near at times), and say, 'there are a noble boy and girl. Just see their colors—their radiant shells, with pure light shining through, and no streaks of ugliness. Nothing evil can get in *there*, and they are so strong they can go among their mates ever helping them.'"

Eleanor was the first to speak, and said:

"I want to see some shells very much; then I will know who is good and who is bad. Please tell me how?"

"That is not possible—at least, not now," I answered. "But tell me, don't you often know who has and who has not a pretty shell?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered gleefully; "I do. Some people just seem to have prickles all over them; but others, just like—like Mama—I just love to get close to. Are there pricker shells, too?"

"Indeed, yes, if you so choose to name them," I answered; "and the wise boy and girl use great care that each thought or action shall build their shells to be free from prickles.

"Some day I will take you to see some sacred pictures. The portrait of One you well know will be there. You can always find Him, for about His head are shining rays—rays that have extended throughout the earth. His 'shell' he builded to protect all who seek Him.

FREDERIC GILLMUR.

WHERE THE PLUMP BERRIES GREW.

"I wonder what makes the cranberries grow so large and plump on this knoll," said Mary, pausing with shining eyes before her heaped-up basket.

"There is some fine sand under the roots of these vines," said Uncle Robert, without glancing up.

"So there is under several of the other bunches of vines," Mary quickly answered. "I noticed that when I pulled rather hard upon them. It must be that they are well shaded by some tufts of grass."

"That is true of that patch right beside you, and the berries there are not plump at all."

"Ah," Mary cried as she looked up so quickly that she caught sight of a merry twinkle in her uncle's eyes; "there's a story about these vines which I shall be very glad to hear."

"Well," said uncle as he sat down close beside Mary, "I remember well all about the day when the vines were set out on these spots where you have found such plump fruit.

"It was many a long year ago that that work was done. It was late in the month of October, and I can hear just how the cold wind went howling through the trees. My father had cut up some sods in which the vines grew and had brought them here where this place had been well covered with sand from the beach so as to kill out the grass and give the vines a fine chance to grow. My part of the work was to make holes in the earth and put in a patch of the vines, and carefully put the earth around them.

"My fingers were pretty cold all of the time, for I had wanted to go and play all the afternoon with some boys in a large barn. But just as I came to the spot where you have been picking those very plump cranberries I heard the boys laughing more merrily than ever. I just thought for a moment

that I would drop all my work and go with them. Then came the thought of how much my father had always done for me. I bent down to my work and I tried to do it in the best way that I could. And when father came along he said, 'Finely done, my boy!'

"And I'm sure that you've felt well paid for your hard work every year since then, as you have seen how the berries grew so plump here," said Mary.

And such a happy smile as there was on Uncle Robert's face!

CHARLES N. SINNETT.



THE CAMEL'S NOSE.

Once in his shop a workman wrought,
With languid head and listless thought,
When, through the open window's space,
Behold, a camel thrust his face!
"My nose is cold!" he meekly cried,
"Oh, let me warm it by thy side."

Since no denial word was said,
In came the nose, in came the head;
As sure as sermon follows text,
The long and scraggy neck came next;
And then, as falls the threatening storm,
In leaped the whole ungainly form.

—MRS. SIGOURNEY.



THERE is no external politeness which has not a root in the moral nature of man. Forms of politeness, therefore, should nexer be inculcated on young persons without letting them understand the moral ground on which all such forms rest.—*Goethe.*

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

LIFE AND WORK OF JAMES COMPTON BURNETT,
M.D. 132 pages. Price 2s. 6d. Homeopathic Publishing
Company, Paternoster Row, London, Eng.

A sympathetic sketch faithfully and earnestly given of an earnest and faithful life. Whether or not one's personal proclivities and prejudices be already in accord with the bias of the book, even the casual reader cannot fail to feel the force of that life's simplicity and truth. From one point of view it is perhaps unusual that the life work of a doctor of medicine should be favorably noticed in these pages, but as a matter of fact all brave, earnest souls belong to the one fraternity of the lovers of truth. It is mainly a matter of time and environment whether they espouse this or that phase of the cause of progress. Both writer and subject of this little biography stood and still stand shoulder to shoulder in the vanguard with all who are fearlessly facing "the light ahead."

In Dr. Burnett's own words: "I had been taught by good men and true that homeopathy was therapeutic nihilism. Despite the importunings of my medical friend of the Royal Infirmary I could not be a homeopath. And yet there could be no half truths, no middle way. A thing must be good, clear, God's truth or else black lying. I was half determined to throw up the whole vexed question and go to America and turn farmer. Then at least I should be able to lead a wholesome, natural life." But instead of this there followed his professional change of heart and the full and valued life of service which closed in May, 1901. Dr. Burnett was of Scotch descent and is described as a dreamy, dark eyed boy whose chief passion was always to "know." Someone said of him that at heart he was as much farmer as physician. One of his

own sayings was that no man in the country need go more than half a mile from his own door to find a remedy for any malady that might afflict him, if only he knew how to read the "book o fherbs" about him, and also that, if he himself were cast ashore on an island without books or drugs, he could very shortly provide a materia medica of his own. Dr. Frank Kraft, editor of the *American Homeopathist*, considered him "more American than most men we meet on that side of the water—he was approachable, generous, whole-souled. His very grasp of hand gave a feeling of heartiness and good will. He tolerated no half measures, spoke freely what he felt, careless of others' criticism once he was convinced he was right."

There is a movement now on foot to support a Burnett Memorial Chair in connection with the British Homeopathic Association, with headquarters at 30 Clarges Street, Picadilly, London, W. C., England.

SUCCESS AND HOW TO WIN IT. By B. F. Austin, B.A., D.D. Price 25 cents. 67 pages. Austin Publishing Co. Geneva, N. Y.

The last decade has seen a veritable deluge of books on Success. Every phase of every step of the uphill road of any achievement has been search-lighted, surveyed and tabulated until the wonder seems that there is yet a failure incarnate on the earth. The vital value of such writings, however, is invariably in proportion to the personal experience and sincerity of their authors. In this little book the writer takes the standpoint that material achievement is but the "proof of spiritual unfoldment." "Men and Women," he says, "are like trees in the nursery in different stages of growth and advancement," and their outward success is the infallible register of this progress. He adds that "until a man reaches the possession of a great purpose and comes to think of himself as able to

achieve it, he has not even prepared himself for success." He emphasizes "man's inherent divinity," and sets no bounds to human achievement, echoing that clarion call of old Carlyle—"every noble work is at first impossible." He reminds the struggler that "God and one" will forever make a majority, the very "stars in their courses" fighting for "the soul of earnest desire," and as "inertia is potential momentum" (the harder the stone is to start the faster and farther will it go, once started) even the most burdened need not despair. There is a work, an individual success for each of us, he says, or we would not be here. Each of us should aim at the possession of such skill or knowledge as will make us in some degree indispensable to the world. "Put the explosive force of zeal and flame-hearted earnestness into your life. A tallow candle can be driven through a board if you give it velocity enough." "Cultivate the love element of your being. It is a magnetic force which will increase the soul's power a hundredfold. It is the soul's native atmosphere, and spiritual unfoldment in it that makes each of us a living magnet that, like a central sun, draws within the circle of its influence and holds within its sphere, all objects of human seeking, and thus becomes as truly the ruler of a spiritual kingdom as the suns are supreme in their respective systems."



We have received from the publishing house of William Wood & Company, New York city, two well-written, instructive and suggestive pamphlets, by Axel E. Gibson, M.D., of Los Angeles, California. Dr. Gibson is a valued contributor to *MIND*, and in his medical studies has always regard to the psychological reality accompanying all the phenomena of life.

"The Physiology of Hunger," reprinted from the *Medical Record*, is a practical and helpful study for the handling of our life forces in their waste and repair. "The difference in strength

of appetite and hunger, in individuals of normal health, is to be found in the nervous rather than in the digestive system; in the state of consciousness rather than in the state of physiology. . . . There is a power resident in every individual, enabling him to control and subdue, more or less successfully, his morbid craving for food and drinks. The secret of breaking a habit or a passion lies in the simple rule: hands off! Keep the mind off the enticing subject. Refuse promptly the idea of its gratification by removing the image from the field of consciousness. The undue secretions of the gastric glands will soon cease and with them the morbid cravings. A study in the physiology of hunger may thus furnish us a powerful lever in the upbuilding of character and manhood. Indeed, the only real value to be found in the study of any science, philosophy or religion lies in the bearing such a study may have on the elevation and purification of the thoughts and motives of men."

The other, a reprint, also from the *Medical Record*, is "Life and Its Physical Basis." The contention that everything is but the manifestation of mind gets confirmation in the fact, scientists have proven, that "crystals possess vital powers, exhibit the vital phenomena of individual motion, structural evolution of the substance in which they are constituted and characteristic movements in the shape of generating and promoting vibratory waves." "Protoplasm, with all its mystery, with all its exhaustless resources, is still the mere physical basis of life, while life itself lies infinitely deeper. To chemically dissect protoplasm and search for its veiled source of power, is certainly of great physiological value; but does it, after all, bring us really nearer an understanding of life itself? . . . For each problem solved in outer nature, the student will at once find a corresponding problem solved in his own personal nature, as man in himself is an epitome, not only of the past, but also of

the future. The result of such application manifests in the formation of character and individuality. And this seems to be the purpose—conscious or unconscious—which, like a guiding Ariadne-thread, leads the individual through the labyrinths of natural evolution. . . . Perhaps, after all, the old statement of the mystic carpenter of Galilee, that 'he who lives the life shall know the doctrine' is not without its scientific value."

From these quotations our readers may get the quality of Dr. Gibson's thought, the noble tendency of his studies, his clear English, not lost, as so often with scientific students in the maze of technical study. These pamphlets, while written for the medical profession, will help to add completeness to the library of the student of the new thought philosophy. It seems to us that Dr. Gibson is well qualified, combining careful research with clear statement, understanding the physical basis of life, and yet its psychological reality mastering the physical, forming and transforming it, to write that book, for which a large and valuable audience awaits, showing physiological evidence of the central things which have been claimed by the new psychologists. We think that Dr. Gibson could write a book of that kind which would become a classic of the new thought.

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Mind

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Vol. XIV
No. 4

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OCTOBER, 1904

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{ 25c. Monthly
\$2.50 Yearly

Editors:

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON
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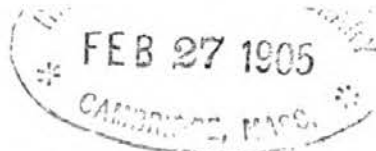
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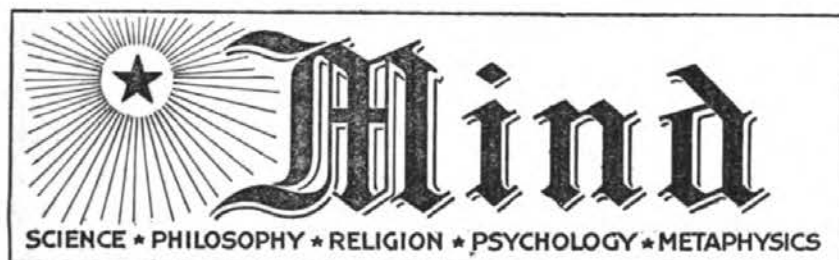
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—EMERSON.



VOL. XIV ★ OCTOBER, 1904 ★ No. 4

PARSIFAL: ITS EVOLUTION THROUGH THE LIFE AND WORK OF RICHARD WAGNER.

BY R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D.*

Lowell, speaking of the rose growing on the bush, calls it
"The rapture of its life made visible."

The flowering forth of a genius is an organic process, grown up to through the whole life and its manifold activities, the open secret of the mystic processes of root and stem and branch and leaf. A Master-work must be interpreted from the story of the Master himself—his powers and faculties, his character and motives, the nature of the task to which he set himself and the spirit in which he discharges his mission.

In the present paper it is proposed to study the evolution of Richard Wagner's master-piece through his life-work.

A second paper will consider Parsifal as the outcome, the crown and consummation of Wagner's genius.

*The two papers, of which this article is the first, are the outgrowths of an address given, by request, at the residence of Mrs. Robert Abbe, in January last; repeated upon invitation of the Actors' Church Alliance, in Manhattan Theatre, in February; and given again before the New Thought Summer School at Oscawana-on-the-Hudson, in August.

I.

The life-story of Richard Wagner is wonderfully fascinating—picturesque, heroic, dramatic; and its charm loses nothing in such a telling as that, for example, by Mr. Finck. No one can read that work intelligently without recognizing the singular nobility of aim which characterized Wagner's life. He accepted his task as a genuine mission. He felt himself a trustee for humanity. The highest ideals rose before him, and he followed those ideals strenuously, from the beginning to the end of his career. He was never tempted aside from the following of them. That following entailed upon him bitter disappointments and privations, but he bore them uncomplainingly.

Genius is extremely sensitive. It hungers for appreciation. If our singers upon the operatic stage find it hard to sing at their best without applause, do you fancy it is easy for a man who writes the scores which they sing to indite them without any sense of appreciation by the public? And, by the way, a parson who has preached forty years without ever courting a round of applause from his congregation, may well ask of the dramatic artist in the sacred opera to sing one work without this stimulus.

Wagner could have had popularity early in life. He saw other men, with far less ability, winning it and enjoying its sweets. He thirsted for it. But he never compromised his convictions, he never bartered his principles, he never betrayed his ideals to win applause. He wrote his wonderful works and saw them refused one after another, barred from the stage year by year, and derided when presented imperfectly to unprepared audiences. Yet he went on calmly, scoring his loftiest inspirations. He was content to wait years, a life-time, if need be, and to die unappreciated. The one thing he could not do

was to write as his genius forbade him. He never played to the galleries—he always played to the angel hosts hearkening for the music of the spheres. The longing for success never seduced him for one instant from the most loyal fidelity to his mission. He made “all things after the pattern shown him on the Mount.” No thoughtful person can study his works without a sense of reverence for the man who could thus dream and write, awaiting calmly his time of recognition. His life forms one of the most heroic stories which our modern world, with all its splendid examples of moral heroism, presents us.

Poverty became thus his lot during long and weary years. There being no demand for his works, there was consequently no adequate supply of his daily wants. The story of his wrestling with poverty is tragic. We find him again and again at his wits' end to keep his household running; dodging his creditors in a most unheroic fashion; in hiding on account of his debts when the representative of the King of Bavaria sought him to lay before him the royal offer which was to turn failure into triumph. At least once, we observe him tempted to suicide by the extremity of his need and the apparent helplessness of his prospects. Poverty meant to him far more than it would mean to some of us. He was a man of luxurious tastes, who delighted in every creature comfort, who loved to surround himself with beautiful things and wrap himself in soft fabrics of rich colors. Curious stories illustrate this weakness of his nature. But this weakness throws out into stronger relief the heroic quality of the man, who, with such tastes, never scored a line for the sake of making money, never sacrificed his ideals to fill his pockets, never produced “pot-boilers” to provide himself with comforts and luxuries, never, in the least, from the beginning to the end of his career, failed to “seek first the Kingdom of God, even his righteousness,” whether all other things were added or not.

A man, this, dreadfully in earnest, ethical to the core of him, in all that makes up the innermost fiber of our human being. A man full, too, of reverences, of aspirations, of faith and hope and love; a religious man in the truest and deepest sense of religiousness—the conscious recognition of the bond which binds our human life to the Infinite, Eternal Power above, around and within us, making of every individual story an expression of the Life of the universe, a manifestation of the divine thought and purpose, and a faithful acceptance of life's tasks the doing of the will of God.

We may be perfectly sure that such a man's work will be profoundly ethical, deeply spiritual, essentially religious; and that when we come to his highest work these dominant qualities of his soul will be found therein overmasteringly.

All this will be neutralized in the minds of some good folk by the knowledge of the peculiar nature of his marital relationships. Concerning this, all that need perhaps be said here is as follows: Wagner's first wife was in no sense a help-meet for him. That marriage was a clear case of mis-mating. Yet it appears that he was always tender and gentle and considerate towards her. When, at last, he left her, he found in Cosima von Bulow a truly kindred spirit, and a close friendship grew up at once. She, too, was unhappy in her marriage. So the friendship quickly ripened into love, and, on each side a separation was sought. When this was legally procured, they married, and lived together through the rest of his life in complete accord and in undisturbed happiness, faithful each to the other. There was a genuine marriage of spirit.

But, it remains to be confessed that, whether prompted by the defiance of social conventionalities which often characterizes genius, or whether led away by the impetuosity of his passions, he waited neither for Church nor State to bless

his nuptials, but made Cosima von Bulow his wife and the mother of his son Siegfried before their wedding.

We should not condone this wrong in the genius any more than in the average man; but neither dare we sit in judgment upon the offender, since "there is One that judgeth," and to this Master of the masters our great maestro has already presented himself, with the story of the deeds done in the body.

II.

The career of a genius is carved out in his capacities. He does the work for which nature has qualified him. Richard Wagner, the greatest of the masters of music, was more than a musician—he was a poet, an artist, a playwright, a theatre-manager, by foreordination of destiny. He could not have been content with scoring symphonies—he must inevitably have sought to bring music into vital relationships with the other great arts, to make his symphonies live and move and act, to stage them and enact them. The opera thus presented itself as the natural sphere for his life-work. On the operatic stage he saw the one possibility of realizing a marriage of the arts, such as that of which he dreamed.

But such a man could not be satisfied with the opera as he found it. There were beautiful operas then in existence, wonders of melody, full of exquisite charm, dramatic, poetic, imaginative. Some of them are found in our repertoire to-day, as favorites among us of later times. But the opera of his day had many and serious defects, from the purely artistic point of view; and, certainly, its characteristic was not seriousness, earnestness, strenuousness. It sought no ministry to the moral nature. It was not a prophet of the soul. Its function was avowedly amusement.

Now, amusement is a thoroughly legitimate ministry. Amid

the cares and burdens, the perplexities and anxieties, the sorrows and distresses of life, men always need to be diverted, to be refreshed, to have their thoughts turned aside, to find the tears driven from their eyes by the smiles of laughter, to be cheered and made happy for a while, so that they may forget the shadows lying behind them in the sunshine stealing over them. We are not likely soon to outgrow the need of amusement. And the stage—the theatre, the opera—in ministering to the amusement of mankind, fulfils a benign mission, a divine ministry. There will always remain in the farthest future room for the operas which simply attempt to divert and to amuse, to charm and to please.

But is there no higher aim in the opera than this? Has music no loftier mission? Is art simply a ministrant to pleasure? Is not the beautiful one in the divine trinity with the true and the good? Must not art, in its highest forms, minister to the moral life of man? Must it not, in ministering to this inner life, become essentially religious, even on the stage? Such were the thoughts which worked in Wagner's mind.

He was not the first to grapple with these questions. One of the most wonderful minds of the last century, the great Italian who was at once agitator, reformer, liberator, revolutionist, statesman, philosopher, poet, seer and prophet—Joseph Mazzini—in a remarkable essay, forecast the development of the opera. He saw the artistic defects of the opera in his native land—its lack of seriousness, its essential frivolity. He divined the secret of its artistic imperfection in its spiritual deficiencies—its lack of that ethical life which always vitalizes a truly noble art. He anticipated the lines of the development of the opera in a manner that is very surprising—forming a genuine bit of modern prophecy. Even down to such details as the sunken orchestra and the bringing to the forefront of the chorus, etc., Mazzini anticipated Wagner; anticipating him

also in the conception of the marriage of the arts to produce the true opera of the future ; and, yet more, anticipating him in his charging the opera with a new and profound ethical and spiritual mission. Mazzini also foresaw that this evolution of the opera must come from Germany ; the land of intellectual strength, of moral seriousness, and of spiritual insight ; and, in his person, Italy, confessed—"There cometh one after me, greater than I."

Richard Wagner, in all probability, knowing nothing of Mazzini's prophecy, grappled with the same problem and undertook its solution in much the same fashion. The conception of the opera as a music-drama grew upon him—the magnificent dream of the marriage of the arts in which architecture or its semblance, statuary or its imitation, painting, music, action, drapery, color, a blending of all the arts, should fashion a new and more vital creation than had ever risen upon the imagination of man. We know now how far he realized this great dream. By universal consent, the music-drama of Wagner is an evolution from the historic opera, the highest form of dramatic and musical art thus far reached by man.

The music-drama to him was to be more, however, than any artistic mechanism for the combination of the various arts "for art's sake." It was to be an instrument for the expression of the highest thought, the noblest emotion, the purest passion of man ; a ministrant upon the moral and spiritual life of humanity. And this, of necessity, from the very nature of the highest art, as he discerned it. He could not have dreamed those dreams of the highest art if he had not dreamed the dream of something beyond all art, beyond beauty—the unity, eternal and divine, into which the truly beautiful ever leads us up ; and wherein it is seen to be one with the true and the good, the tri-unity in the being of God, himself.

To the philosophic mind of Wagner it was clear that the

imagination, as well as the reason and the conscience, must concern itself with the deepest factors of human life, if there is to be a noble art. It must embody the profoundest mysteries of man, his deepest thinkings, his loftiest questionings, his profoundest experiences—all that is innermost, vital, essential in him. The themes of the highest art—whether in poetry, in painting or in music—must be found in the highest themes of life. These are always the themes of the conscience, studies of character, essays at solving the problems of destiny.

The dramatist in music can no more escape from the problems of the moral law than can the dramatist in letters. Shakespeare never could have been the greatest tragedian of the world if he had not grappled with the greatest problems which man finds before him. His master-tragedies deal with the very life of the soul. They turn upon questions of the moral law. What tragedy could be written in which there was no temptation, no sin, no fall, no victory? These experiences form the fiber of our human life on earth. It is this blending of good and evil, this contest between the powers of light and darkness in man, which forms the subject-matter of all tragedies. From Æschylus down to Shakespeare, there is a uniform witness on this point.

The dramatist in music, then, as Wagner divined rightly, cannot attain the highest art save under the inspiration of the highest themes of life. He, too, must wrestle, as his peers in literature have always done, with the problems of evil. He, also, must present his heroes, tempted, suffering, falling, rising, conquering. He must present the world-old problem of the strife of the flesh and the spirit, of the struggle of selfishness with unselfishness, of the contest between worldliness and heavenly-mindedness, of materiality warring with spirituality. The story of every music-drama, as the story of every tragedy, must be the history of a soul.

III.

Such a theme cannot be merely a matter of morals. A study of character always leads us into a study of the Cosmos, the universe out of which character springs, under whose system character becomes a possibility, through the dual nature of whose laws and forces the problems of character outwork themselves. The great tragedy always rises from the realm of morals into the realm of ethics, from laws of men into principles of the universe. It becomes, of necessity, without any conscious aim, religious. Its issues open the deepest problems of life—the problems of free-will and fate. They raise the profoundest questions of earth—the questions concerning the nature of the Power out of which we spring, in which “we live and move and have our being.” The story of man, as a story of temptation, of suffering and of victory, is seen to be the story of the universe; in which man finds his place, of which he forms a manifestation. What is the meaning of this mysterious universe in which our human experience of struggling, suffering and sinning, appears as an expression of the universal process—through the heavens where “there is war,” “Michael and his angels fighting with the dragon and his angels?” The great tragedy places us face to face with the powers of light and darkness, of good and evil, in their world-old struggle; and compels us to wrest an answer to the agonizing questions raised.

Again, from Æschylus down to Shakespeare, the great tragedian has always been more than the teacher of morality, more than the student of the psychologic problems of sin and suffering; he has been the seer, the prophet, the revelator of God. His works have appealed not only to the conscience of man, stirring him to struggle against evil, but to the innermost soul of man, awakening in him faith and hope and love. A

true tragedy reveals to man the ideal realm, the heavens of the spirit; stirs in him aspiration, awe, reverence, worship. The dénouement of every greatest tragedy is beneath the rainbow arch spanning earth, in the dawn of victory. As the crisis is reached, the smile of peace spreads above the scene, under the awed sense of God reconciling the discords of earth and redeeming man from evil. The drama is thus essentially and profoundly religious.

The music-drama must be of the same nature as the drama of letters. Art is art, whether in literature or in music; whether the signs which reveal it to us are the letters of the alphabet or the notes of the score. As the characteristic modern art, the art of the man who is climbing out of animality, the distinctively spiritual art, music has an ethical, a religious function. This has been perceived by men as far apart, intellectually, as Herbert Spencer and Richard Wagner.

Spencer writes:

"Those vague feelings of inexperienced felicity which music arouses, . . . the ideal life which it calls up, may be considered as a prophecy, to the fulfillment of which music is itself partly instrumental. The strange capacity which we have for being so affected by melody and harmony may be taken to imply both that it is within the possibilities of our nature to realize those intenser delights they dimly suggest, and that they are in some way concerned in the realization of them. On this supposition, the power and the meaning of music become comprehensible; but otherwise they are a mystery."

Wagner, in his lecture on Beethoven, speaks thus of music:

"Nevertheless our own God still evokes much within us, and as [in the confusion wrought by materialistic physical science] He was about to vanish from our sight, He left us for an eternal memorial of Himself Holy Music, which is the living God in our bosoms. Hence we preserve all music, and ward off from it all sacreligious hands; for if we harken to frivolous or insincere music we extinguish the highest light God has left burning within us, to read the way to find Him anew."

Of necessity, therefore, such a conception as that which rose in the mind of Wagner led him on into an attempt to create a

music-drama, which, dealing with the great passions of human life, the fundamental problems of the soul, should become not merely a ministration to morality, an education of the conscience, an inspiration of life, but should become, as such, the instrument of confirming faith and hope and love, a culture of the religious life, a manifestation and a revelation of God.

Nothing less than this aim must, consciously or unconsciously, have been in the mind of the master-musician, as he composed his master-works.

IV.

That this is so, becomes plain to anyone who will run his mind over the music-dramas of Wagner.

"The Flying Dutchman," with which he began his musical career, was an early essay, a youthful feeling of his way towards his true work. The fledgling was trying his wings. He had not broken with the traditions of the historic opera. He had not found his sphere. He had not come into the consciousness of his mission.

Die Meistersänger is an expression of the playfulness latent in every genius, without which genius could not be. You cannot conceive of Shakespeare, the man who wrote those remarkable tragedies, without his being the man who also pictured his inimitable clowns, his incomparable fools. Smiles and tears are close akin. We pass from crying to laughter in a breath. He who would appeal to the feelings of man must needs compass the whole octave of his mentality. Die Meistersänger is the one comedy amid the great tragedies of Wagner's music-dramas—though there are comic passages in certain of his tragedies, as notably in "Siegfried."

"Tannhauser," "The Niebelungen Lied," "Tristan und Isolde," each is essentially tragic. "Tannhauser" deals with the problem which was in Tennyson's mind in writing the

"Idylls of the King"—the problems of "flesh at war with soul." It discloses "the vast and cavernous depths of passion" in our human nature. It reveals the "immense and heaven-filling powers of pure love."

The great "Nibelungen Lied" has for its underlying theme the greed of gold and its mischief and misery in the world. It is a musical sermon on the words: "The love of money is the root of all evil." With "the discovery of gold," as the Rheingold parables, "the golden age passes away."

Mr. Bernard Shaw, in his brilliant little book, "The Perfect Wagnerite," opens the ethical significance of "The Ring" most fascinatingly. One need not follow him blindly in this reading of "The Cycle" to discern that here is, indeed, a true piece of interpretation, revealing unsuspected depths of meaning to the average Wagnerian enthusiast.

He would have it that "The Ring" is an elaborate parable, or allegory, concerning our modern social system, the key to which is found in the word "Socialism."

That there should be any such deep contents of a series of music-dramas need not surprise him who recognizes, with Mr. Shaw, that "Wagner was the literary musician par excellence;" that "a Beethoven symphony (except the articulate part of the ninth), expresses much feeling, but not thought; it has moods, but not ideas; Wagner added thought and produced the music-drama."

That these profound contents of the music-drama should be of the nature indicated will not be wholly unexpected to him who recalls the well-known facts as to Wagner's revolutionary sympathies. In 1848, the notable year of revolution in Germany, he threw himself heartily into the struggle of the starving wage-workers, which led up to the armed rebellion in Dresden; appealing to the King of Saxony to prove himself a real King and lead his people to the redress of their wrongs,

and to boldly take the side of the poor against the rich. Fancy a King so doing! And this while he was conductor of the Opera at Dresden, a permanent appointment in the service of the Saxon State! Such was his superiority to the ordinary bread and butter temptations. When the insurrection was crushed, Wagner was one of the three leaders marked for signal punishment. He escaped imprisonment by flight, and remained in exile twelve years, a ruined man, to all appearance, financially and professionally—being on record in governmental archives as “a politically dangerous person.” During the early part of this exile, he was busied in issuing pamphlets—“some of them elaborate treatises in size and intellectual rank, but still essentially the pamphlets and manifestoes of a born agitator—on social evolution, religion, life, art, and the influences of riches.” It was in this period (1853), that the poem of “The Ring” was privately printed, and the “Rheingold” score completed (1856).

So that we need not wonder that Mr. Shaw should call the cycle “a drama of to-day,” and that he should describe it as having “a most urgent and searching philosophic and social significance;” that he should speak of those of “wider consciousness” than the average spectator as following the plot of “The Rheingold” “breathlessly,” seeing in it “the whole tragedy of human history and the whole horror of the dilemmas from which the world is shrinking to-day;” and that he should characterize “a considerable portion of ‘The Ring’” as presenting “the portraiture of our capitalistic industrial system from the socialist’s point of view.”

Mr. Shaw’s working out of this interpretation of “The Ring” is most cleverly done, and merits the careful consideration of those who would understand Wagner, as of those who would understand the social problem confronting our western civilization to-day. It is another sign of the times which our

great capitalists do well to ponder—suggesting to them the fact that socialists are not all wild-eyed, long-haired cranks, concerned chiefly with getting for themselves a bigger loot from the grab-bag of industrial profits.

“Tristan und Isolde” is, in reality, of another nature than has found in the legend only a theme of lawless love. Even that of which it is commonly supposed to consist. Swinburne Matthew Arnold seemed to discover little else therein. Wagner, however, reads the legend far otherwise. Isolde is betrothed to an aged king. After the fashion of the times, she is escorted to court by a royal deputy—much as Guinevere was brought to Arthur. They fall in love with each other—as did Launcelot and Guinevere. But, unlike Guinevere, Isolde will not marry without love, nor yet will she love apart from marriage. So she plans to die, by drinking a death-draught. Her attendant, without her knowledge, substitutes a love-potion. Each of the unhappy pair drink of this, supposing that they are about to die with honor; only to find themselves more intensely alive, in torturing passion. They do not meet again save once—innocently, as far as they are concerned—in an appointment planned by others to set them in a false and compromising position and to betray them to the wrath of the king. The noble-hearted old king, when he discovers the real situation, hastens to give them each to the other; but the fateful woe is already wrought, and death foils the splendid renunciation of the monarch. So “Tristan and Isolde” is the matchless song of pure passion, the immortal setting of the tragedy of Love.

V.

The tragedy of Wagner’s music-dramas leads us inevitably through these outworking moral problems up into the realm of religion. Behind the human actors we feel superhuman

forces at work. Fate seems to force man's free-will. Destiny dooms man. Human life is meshed in the coils of law, vast and overpowering. We feel that

"There's a divinity doth shape our ends
Rough hew them as we may."

Through the great trilogy, we are in the presence of the titanic struggle between the immovable forces of nature, fate, destiny, and the invincible might of freed human will, of all-conquering human love. The nature gods are vanquished by the man who is "freer than the god."

These music-dramas become purely spiritual when we get to their innermost heart. We find ourselves in the center of the stress and strain of the universal struggle of life; amid the ebbing and flowing tides of the war whose lines are drawn from star to star, from system to system, from constellation to constellation. The Power wrestling in the darkness with man, lays its spell upon us. The infinite and eternal mystery of Being overshadows us. The secret of the Cosmos flashes upon us. We feel ourselves swept by the surging sea of the elemental forces of nature, part of the passion of the universe. An unutterable hush falls upon the spirit. We grow sensible of our helplessness, our dependence upon the Power above us and within us. We stretch out our hands to grasp the Hand which reaches "through darkness, moulding man." The soul awakens to the strange sense of sin. Guilt oppresses it. It craves forgiveness. The supreme need is upon it. The spirit of man awakens to its need of God, and cries aloud for Him. Then steals upon the spirit the whisper of the Divine Voice, breathing absolution. The soul becomes at peace with God. The goal of creation is realized—the peace of reconciliation, in which every greatest drama of letters, as of music, ends.

The mind may not always work out this secret of the tragedy

into conscious thought—but this is the secret. The profoundest depths of mental life lie below the plane of consciousness. That which we interpret in terms of consciousness is always the shallowest part of our being, below which lie “the abysmal deeps of personality.” It is, verily, the surging, sobbing sound of the infinite sea of life which tumultuously rises upon us through these music-dramas.

The essentially religious character of these works is finely attested by a most significant incident which Mr. Albert Ross Parsons gives us in his charming interpretation of *Parsifal*. He tells us there that a twelve-year-old boy, on first seeing *Lohengrin*, said to his father, afterwards: “There was an idea back of all the din on the stage. No one believes a man really came down a river in a boat drawn by a swan; but Elsa prayed in trouble and her prayer was answered. *Lohengrin* came to her aid like Christ; and they tried to kill him, and Elsa herself did not firmly believe in him, and so he went away and she died.”

So, out of the mouth of babes is praise perfected.

Even the Philistine can scarcely fail to recognize the religious spirit of *Tannhauser*.

VI.

The vehicle for such a work of art as Wagner essayed, the music-drama which should deal with the fundamental problems and passions of life and become a ministrant to morality and religion,—what could it be? It must be something natural, involving the elemental forces of nature, the fundamental factors of humanity, centering in the innermost problems of man's being; something symbolic, sacramental, suggesting what it cannot reveal; something essentially mystic and semi-sacred. It cannot deal with a purely historic theme, because the historic falls so far below the ideal, comes so much short of the

superhuman as to miss its mark for such a purpose. A "sacred theme," in the traditional sense of the word, forbids such a ministry of art. There is too much danger of sacrilege in handling the ark. The sacred subject must be left in the sphere of silence back of all art, where thought itself ceases, and the spirit stands hushed, a finger on its lips. The vehicle for such an art work as Wagner sought must be found in that which shall at once touch the most sacred emotions in us and yet separate itself from the historic sanctities, lest they lose the reverence due them; which shall appeal to the imagination while yet transcending it; shall present forms that are human and yet superhuman. It must meet us on earth and yet surround us with the heavens above the earth and the hells below it.

Such conditions are to be found alone in the realm of legend and of myth.

In the legend, the historic form grows superhuman, supernatural, as we ordinarily say; escapes from its historic sanctity and becomes a creature of the imagination.

The myth is the child-poem, the child-thought of nature and of man, the child-imagination of the universe, of the human spirit. It always contains the essential elements of the spiritual interpretation of nature and of human life. A true myth is the imagination's picture of the mysteries of the Cosmos, a hieroglyph of the ethical and spiritual secret of the universe.

We are wont, to-day, to think and speak contemptuously of the legend and the myth. But the child-imagination, the child-intuition—do not these yield the deepest insight into life? What child in your home will not ask you, fathers and mothers, questions which your ripest wisdom must fail to answer? The little child will turn up the cake of custom, the frozen ground of our conventional thinking, in a moment, with some sharp, thrusting question, which leaves us face to face with the in-

finite and eternal mysteries. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The day is coming when we will discern in the legends and myths of the child-man, not merely conceptions which we have grown away from, but conceptions back into which we must needs grow again; back from our intellectual reasonings, from our metaphysical and philosophic abstraction; so that we may once more enter into the ethical intuitions, the spiritual insights of the child, standing wonder-eyed amid the mysteries of the beautiful order, and seeing what is hidden from those who are older and more learned. "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes." A genuine myth, a true legend, has more of ethical and spiritual nutriment than tomes of philosophy, than volumes of metaphysics. I would rather have one of the universal myths than most creeds. In such a universal myth we have the core of every noble creed. Every great creed is an elaborated myth. Your Nicene creed is, in large part, but the child-myth of The Logos, the Thought-Word of God, which Brinton traced even among our North American Indians, wrought by the imagination of Greece into a poetic philosophy for the interpretation of the divine man.

Ruskin puts this view of the myth characteristically:

"We may take it for a first principle, both in science and literature, that the feeblest myth is better than the strongest theory; the myth recording a natural impression on the imagination of great men and unpretending multitudes, the theory an unnatural exercise of the wits of little men and the half-wits of all-pretending multitudes. The myths, like all thoughts worth having, come like sunshine, whether people would or not; theories, like thoughts not worth having, are little lucifer-matches people strike for themselves."

And so our great dramatists, poets, artists and musicians naturally return to the myth and the legend for their themes, in interpreting the ethical and spiritual problems of life, in educating the conscience, in ministering to the spirit of man.

Where did Æschylus find the materials for his immortal tragedies? In the ancient myths of Greece—those wonderful child-man's symbols of the mysteries of nature and humanity. Where did Goethe find his symbol for the story of human life—its temptation, its suffering, its sin, its victory, its redemption? In the legend of "Faust," the medieval tale so widely spread, taking such divergent forms; the legend that is far more than a medieval Christian story, that is, in one form or another, a well-nigh universal story. Where did Tennyson find the form for his exquisite parable of "flesh at war with soul," of the struggle of the body with the spirit? In those charming legends of the historic court of Arthur, taking up into them the myth of the Holy Grail. Where did Hawthorne find the symbol for his most fascinating story, "The Marble Faun?" In the old Genesis myth of The Fall—the myth far antedating Hebrew literature, found in remote Chaldean and Acadian literature.

Art finds the same constraint in the selection of its themes—as every great European gallery illustrates.

In the legend and the myth lies the true field for the imagination in its ministry to the moral and spiritual nature of man, as an interpreter of the problems of life, the revealer of the mysteries of being.

So we find that Wagner turned to legend and myth to find the themes which he could fashion into the music-dramas of which he dreamed. Recall his great works, and you will find that they nearly all deal with myths or legends—"The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "The Niebelungen Lied," and "Tristan and Isolde."

Wagner himself records his ideas upon the true vehicle for the work which he set before him, and thus confirms our interpretation of his choice of themes for his music-dramas.

"Never would I choose a subject which a literary poet might equally

well use for a spoken drama. If it is the function of the modern dramatic poet to illustrate and spiritualize the material interests of our times from a modern point of view, it remains the task of the operatic poet and composer to charm into existence, with all its peculiar fragrance, the poetic spirit which it is possible to save from the myths and legends of antiquity; for here music offers means for combinations which are not at the command of the poet alone, especially in the face of our actors."

VII.

Here, then, we find such a man, coming into the world at such an epoch, consecrated in his character to the noblest undertakings, with his work carved out before him in the powers wrought within him, constrained to attempt the creation of the music-drama in which should be the marriage of the highest arts, not merely for its ministry to pleasure but for a ministry of education, of inspiration, of revelation, the ministry to the moral and spiritual nature of man. The tragedian in the realm of music we find interpreting to us the experiences of life, the problems of character and the mysteries of being, in terms of music; using as a vehicle for this work the legend and the myth, the natural symbols for such a worshipful art.

This is no mere rhapsodizing of the enthusiastic student of Wagner, reading into the master's work that which the master, himself, never meant to put there. Richard Wagner's great brain and warm heart interested him in the whole octave of man's life on earth. He thought strongly and expressed himself clearly on a wide variety of subjects. He wrote voluminously. His writings illumine the spirit and interpret the meaning of his dramatic work. In them we see him closing in a hard struggle with most of the great problems which confront modern man, in the realm of ethics, sociology, theology and philosophy, and wresting his own secret from each of these dark problems, gaining his own interpretation of the universe. We can trace the growth of his thought and see him

rising from the purely Pagan standpoint which he occupied in the beginning of his career, when, in one place he set Apollo above Christ, to the point of view of the sincere Christian, where we find him in his later days.

I do not mean that he was ever a Christian of the conventional or traditional type, but that he had come to discern in the great Christian faiths the essential, universal faiths of humanity, expressed in their highest terms, and that he held in them, reverently, the clew to the labyrinth of life. He grew to discern in the great Christian myths universal and human myths, embodying the imagination's view of the eternal and infinite mysteries, and stating them in terms of Christian experience. He learned to recognize that the key to the Cosmos is found in the struggle between good and evil; that this struggle, ever going on, is working out its solution under the energizing of the Divine Will; that man is being educated here through temptation, through sin and its suffering and shame; that a redeeming purpose threads the story of life, and a sanctifying spirit breathes through human experience; that the "one far off, divine event towards which the whole creation moves" is the victory of good over evil, the triumph of the ideal, the peace of reconciliation in which God and man are at-one-ment. And, in his latter days, he recognized clearly and affirmed unhesitatingly the preëminence of Christianity and the divineness of Jesus himself.

If anyone questions this, I would refer him to that very remarkable little book entitled "The Finding of Christ Through Art." This essay was the outgrowth of a lecture given in All Souls' Church, a number of years ago, by Mr. Alfred Ross Parsons, one of our most foremost musicians, and a first-hand student of Wagner's writings as well as of his musical works. It is the interpretation of the master by a disciple who has at once musical sympathy, artistic divination and spiritual insight.

In this book we find such significant passages as the following, from Wagner's own writings:

"God himself was left to the philosophers to define, and proved a conception which the Hellenic mind sought in vain distinctly to establish, until by a band of wonderfully-inspired poor people the incredible tidings were proclaimed that the Son of God had offered himself upon the Cross as a sacrifice for the redemption of the world from the bonds of deceit and sin. With this, God himself assumed shape in the most anthropomorphic manner, namely, the highest conception of sympathetic love embodied in a human form, stretched in agonized sufferings upon the cross. In this picture and its effects upon the soul lies the entire magic by which the church first conquered the Græco-Roman world." " . . . The God revealed to us by Jesus, the God which none of the gods, sages or heroes of the world ever knew, but who now, in the very midst of the Pharisees, scribes and priests, was revealed to poor Galilean fishermen and shepherds with such power and simplicity that whoever once discerned Him immediately looked upon the world, with all its possessions, as worthless and null—this God, who never can be revealed again, because then and for the first time he was revealed to mankind." " . . . The founder of the Christian religion was not wise: He was divine. To believe in Him is to imitate Him, and to seek union with Him."

Mr. Parsons sums the subject of Wagner's religious thought and spirit thus:

"We have heard Wagner's assertion of the right of human nature to claim scientific recognition for both the spiritual intuitions and the spiritual inspirations of man; we have heard his eloquent confession of the divinity of Christ, as at once Redeemer and Sole Refuge; we have heard his defense of religious dogma from the attacks of every-day common human reason; we have heard his denunciation of all ways by which selfishness exalts itself at the cost of plunging multitudes of fellow creatures into continually deeper abysses of want and degradation; and, finally, we have heard his declaration of belief in another world of redemption."

"The finding of The Christ Through Art!" A beautiful title, as true as poetic, for the finest interpretation yet given to our country of the work of the great master who created for the world the music-drama—marrying the arts therein for the begetting of a new avatar of religion.

The titanic powers of this rare genius were devoted to this

creative task, under the inspiration of the most ardent enthusiasm, the guidance of the loftiest ideals; his successive essays rising to ever higher reaches of musical and dramatic art, through which the passion of the Universe glows, the secret of the Cosmos gleams, the innermost mysteries of Being unveil themselves to our awed vision.

What will be the crowning work of such a genius?



PEACE.

I stood where war had rudely torn the earth
 And battle smoke had blotted out the sky;
 All was forgot.
 Now far and wide were flowers and children's mirth,
 The browsing kine and birds a-nesting high;
 A lovely spot.

The dear old earth hath never wounds so deep,
 Nor is so rent with storms of human woe,
 But it doth pass.
 For death with life a lover's tryst will keep,
 Where blood and tears are spilt will surely grow
 The greener grass.

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.



THE man who permits regret for past misdeeds or sorrow for lost opportunities to keep him from recreating a proud future from the new days committed to his care is losing much of the glory of living. He is repudiating the manna of new life given each new day, merely because he misused the manna of years ago. He is doubly unwise because he has the wisdom of his experience and does not profit by it.—*William George Jordan.*

THE MINISTRY OF HEALING.

BY GEORGINA I. S. ANDREWS.

The highest praise bestowed upon the Son of Man, and recorded by the sacred historian, was that which was given him by Simon Peter. "He went about doing good." The gracious act of healing the physical body seems to have been indissolubly connected with the healing of the sin-sick soul in the kindly ministrations of the Lord Jesus during his sojourn upon earth. An impartial and careful observer reading the history of His life cannot fail to be struck with how large a portion of it is devoted to the relation of His works of healing.

One of the names bestowed upon the Lord Christ and one which sets an answering cord vibrating in the human heart is the "Great Physician." The blessed ministry of healing the sick, it was, that brought the Master and His disciples within the sacred circle of the homes of the people more often than any other one thing.

Who shall venture to affirm that those who aspire to follow in the footsteps of the Great Teacher shall not also aspire to follow in the footsteps of the Great Healer?

The latest born of the apostles, recounting the gifts of the Spirit, named nine varying manifestations of spiritual power. First in order was the word of Wisdom given through the Spirit, next the word of Knowledge according to the same Spirit, then came Faith in the same Spirit—Wisdom, Knowledge, Faith, these three! Then, immediately following, and fourth in order among the nine manifestations of Spirit, is named the gifts of healing in the one spirit, as if this were a natural and orderly unfolding of Power in the Spirit. The

other five were the workings of miracles, the gift of prophecy, discerning of spirits, divers kinds of tongues and interpretation of tongues. "But all these worketh the one and the same Spirit."

Gifts of healing seem to have been peculiarly a manifestation of spiritual power among the early Christians, and it would seem as if, with the decline of that wonderful power to help others, much of the living fire that set the hearts of men ablaze with the New Religion died out until, with the lapse of centuries, a paralyzing, deadening atmosphere of conventional beliefs crept into the hearts and lives of hundreds of thousands of professing followers of the Christ.

In these latter days there has seemed to be some danger of Churchianity killing out Christianity because so much attention has been given to the letter and so little to the Spirit. At this very critical point in evolution, however, we are witnessing the Re-birth in the world of pure, practical Christianity. An apparently New Religion is being evolved right before our very eyes, which is nothing more nor less than the restoration, in its primitive simplicity, of the teachings of Jesus, the Christ. One of the most significant signs of the times in connection with it is the revival of the gifts of Healing.

The New Religion that is making its appearance upon the planet is identical with Primitive Christianity, notably, in that the teachings of the New Philosophy of life and the healing of physical infirmities seem to be as indissolubly connected as of old. The re-association of the healing of the body and the healing of the soul is the very heart and life of the New Movement and any attempt to dissociate them would seem to be a fatal mistake. The rehabilitation of old methods has brought with it a new and living realization of power. Let no one venture a repetition of history by seeking to divorce Teaching and Healing again. Only in so far as the law of use makes

itself felt in helping others to help themselves will the true spirit of Christianity prevail in the world of to-day, will the Symphony of Health sing itself into the hearts of Mankind.

When the Lord Jesus called the twelve together and gave them power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases, he sent them forth to preach the kingdom of God—which he taught was within—and, to heal the sick. Teaching and healing went hand in hand in the life-work of the Master and of His disciples. Why should they ever have been divorced from one another in the lives of His followers? And why should not the disciples of the New and Living Faith of to-day emulate the pattern set before them by their Great Example? In this age of wonderful discovery it may be that posterity will acknowledge that the greatest discovery of them all is one that is yet comparatively unknown and, while it is coming to be believed in more and more by great numbers of people every day, it is still laughed to scorn by the majority of the world as the height of absurdity, indeed, an utter impossibility.

Thought transference, the power of silent thought to communicate itself from one to another, telepathy, will be conceded by posterity to have been the greatest discovery of the nineteenth century. The power that silent thought possesses to do a work in the soul of the individual has always been recognized, definitely or vaguely, and has led to the founding of various orders of Retreats in the world, where contemplation and meditation is more or less rigorously enjoined as a means of grace and soul development. But that silent thought actually wields a power in moulding and fashioning the physical body, and that it can be deliberately and understandingly used for that purpose; even more than this, that thoughts can actually be transferred from one person to another telepathically and with healing power, may, indeed, well be spoken of as the Greatest Discovery of modern times. There have been isolated

cases in history of the power of silent thought in healing, but these have not been properly analyzed, nor have the results of such healing been ascribed to their legitimate source. Now it is dawning upon the world at large that there is a healing power in silent thought vibrations, and that this healing power can be used successfully regardless of distance.

About the middle of the nineteenth century a new religious sect made its appearance. The Society of Friends was noted principally for its doctrine of non-resistance and for its peculiar form of worship. The Friends were perhaps the first in modern times to recognize the Power of Silence. They were feeling after God, if haply they might find him through the power of silent thought. This was one of the first steps to be taken on the road to telepathy. The first thing to be done was to retreat into the silence within one's own soul. This the Friends have always done and there they remain, in silent communion, until the Spirit moves them to speak.

During the latter half of the nineteenth century the belief in the power of silent thought has grown stronger and stronger. The chief strength of the New Faith that is quietly springing up in the hearts of men and taking possession of the world, unheralded and unnoticed, consists in its abiding confidence in the power of silence and in the ability of silent thought rightly handled to accomplish all things. It is perhaps doubtful if any other age in recorded history has given to man so extraordinary a discovery as that a man may influence, not only himself and those immediately about him, but also the whole world, by the quality of his silent thinking.

As far back as the time of Solomon, that wisest of men declared out of the depths of his wisdom, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." But now, the world is beginning to realize that silent thought influences, not alone one's self, but also all others, and that as a man thinketh in his heart so he affects,

not only himself, but also the whole human family of which he forms a part, and more especially those persons toward whom he directs his thought and with whom he is most intimately associated.

Silent Thought possesses a power that surpasses any spoken word. Man makes his character and his life far more through his silent thinking processes than by the words he utters. The belief in the power of silent thought to mould the circumstances of life and to change the vibrations in the physical body from a condition of illness to one of health is scarcely credited, even yet, by a large number of persons who have otherwise accepted the New Philosophy of Life. There are still others who maintain that the only justifiable healing is self healing and that all else should be discouraged by the New Schools. These two classes of persons seem to limit the power of Truth in two different directions, first as regards its usefulness to themselves and second as regards its usefulness to others. "No man liveth unto himself alone." The injunction is very distinctly laid upon us: "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ." "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in any trespass, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in a spirit of meekness; looking to thyself, lest thou also be tempted." These directions are explicit—and are looked upon by those who feel that the mission of helpfulness to struggling souls includes the exercise of the Gifts of Healing as sufficiently clear to be followed unhesitatingly. Immediately after the command, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law," follows this charge: but "every man shall bear his own burden." These two statements seem to contradict one another, but instead, they exactly define the position of one who aspires to serve the world by exercising the gifts of healing in the one Spirit.

No Healer ever effects a cure. Even the Greatest Healer the world has yet seen declared over and over again in connec-

tion with His mightiest works, "Thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace." The final work is always accomplished by the patient himself. A healer is only a helper or a silent teacher who floods the atmosphere of the patient with a right or healthy or normal quality of thought vibration and leaves it there for the patient to accept and make his own or to reject according as he may be ready or not for the teaching given. The claim is made very positively that no one person can do the work for another. Each soul on earth is an independent entity whose freedom of choice in the last analysis cannot be interfered with.

If one asks how the work of healing is accomplished, the answer comes: It is all a question of suggestion and auto-suggestion. A suggestion comes from without! Unless it is entertained and welcomed it cannot enter into the consciousness within! The freedom of the soul is, in its last analysis, absolutely inviolable. Auto-suggestion is the one and only way to the within from the without. Auto-suggestion then is the final tribunal which decrees whether the essentially free soul shall accept or reject any suggestion which comes to it from without. Freedom of choice is the royal prerogative of the human soul, the most magnificent gift bestowed upon it by the Omnipotent God within its own citadel. Through the exercise of this wondrous power of choice, the soul itself is ever and forever the arbiter of its own fortune, the architect of its own destiny. It has the power to choose how many or how few of all the myriad suggestions that come to it daily from without it will accept and incorporate into the warp and woof of itself.

If it were more clearly understood than it is that every suggestion entertained has a distinct and explicit effect upon the mental and physical make up of the one entertaining it, man would be infinitely more particular than he is as to the kind of

guests he thus entertains unawares. He would deliberately and purposefully reject much that he thoughtlessly and unconsciously accepts to-day. He would set a guard at the gateway of the within of himself that would resolutely deny entrance to any but wholesome, whole-souled, healthy thoughts. When this is done systematically, there will appear on earth a healthier race of men. Silent thought is a creative force and, according to the quality of the thoughts a man thinks, knowingly or unwittingly, he is what he is. Man is a free agent and can cure himself of entertaining objectionable thoughts or he can get someone else to help him to do it. Although, always, it is to be remembered that no person can do more than help another to do this work for himself. A healing treatment is a deliberate plan entered into to arouse the patient by silent effort and persuade him to begin the work of self-cure. This is done by introducing into his thought atmosphere silent thought vibrations of Love, or Hope, or Joy, or Gladness, or Peace, or Generosity, or Control, or Trust, or any other aspect of Blessedness that seems to be lacking.

The work of true healing does not consist in merely making the silent suggestion to a patient that he is physically well when he is physically ill. It consists rather in calling his attention to the fact that he can make himself over mentally and morally, and in helping him to do this. When he balances up in the mental and moral departments of himself he will be physically well also.

All true healing is accomplished by awakening the soul in man and arousing him to a conscious recognition of the Divine possibilities within himself. This is a perfectly legitimate work and one which has been proven of untold value in developing the spiritual nature in man. A serious illness passed through understandingly by a student of the Philosophy of the New

Life will bring its own reward in spiritual advancement if rightly interpreted.

Sickness always indicates a failure to live up to one's own highest ideals in one direction or another. There is a work of growth, of development, of evolution going on within the soul of man continually, whether he is aware of it or not. Sickness comes in at one point along this line of evolution unless the soul unfolds normally and naturally which occurs comparatively seldom. Sickness is an incident in soul growth, not a necessity. An incident which can and does oftentimes afford the one who passes through it in the right spirit a wonderful opportunity for soul development along the line of character building. Sickness does not make its appearance until one is failing to live up to the full measure of light to which he has unfolded. If a man does not know any better than to get angry, or be jealous or selfish, or envious, he does not get sick if he indulges in these unlovely traits of character. But when once his conscience accuses him for entertaining these feelings he will get sick if he so far forgets himself. A man will not necessarily fall ill the moment he has entertained an envious, or a jealous, or an ill-natured feeling, but, if his own ideal in life includes a standard which demands the exclusion of unlovely traits of character, any indulgence will sooner or later record itself upon the physical body in illness. When one awakens to the fact that this is really the case the introduction into the thought atmosphere, by means of suggestion and ultimately of auto-suggestion, of the more lovely qualities of generosity or love or good will, or what not, will prove a much more effectual means of permanent healing than pills and powders.

Materia Medica with all its train of material remedies is one very effective and perfectly legitimate step on the journey to perfect health. When another and higher evolution in the

healing art is reached drug medication is entirely dispensed with, left behind by the evolving soul, or it becomes of secondary importance and is subservient to other and more scientific methods, which make for more satisfactory, because more permanent, healing.

To illustrate: some one who knows better than to do so entertains, secretly or openly, unkind or critical thoughts of another, or indulges in cutting, biting, stinging words. These, in the case of a person whose standard in life is regulated by something higher than the petty and the personal, will perhaps reflect on the physical body in an acute attack of neuralgia. Given, the attack of neuralgia which has made its appearance because of an accumulation of biting, stinging, critical, thoughts or words, and a hot water bottle or other material remedy may perhaps allay or even temporarily cure the acute suffering, but the more permanent healing will be accomplished by the deliberate and purposeful introduction into the consciousness of such an one of thoughts of harmony and love, and good will, which shall ultimately banish all inclination to harsh criticism.

It is not always easy to fill one's own consciousness with the good and the true and the beautiful thoughts, however. And here comes in the value of the Helper or Healer. Through the wonderful power of silent suggestive therapeutics, it is found that the thought atmosphere of another can be flooded with suggestions of Love or Joy, or Gladness, or Generosity, or Good Will, or Hope, or Harmony, or other helpful and healthful thought vibrations, and that more or less quickly these healthful suggestions can be and very often are accepted and appropriated by the equally wonderful power of auto-suggestion. This latter and final act constitutes the self-healing which ultimately takes place, no matter how much one may help another, by the way.

The fundamental premise assumed is that every soul on earth possesses all power within itself to protect itself from all outside influences and can and does through the God-given gift of free will, make of itself and of its life what it chooses. It is consequently infinitely important what thought suggestions from without are allowed to become auto-suggestions, thus recording themselves in the physical body and in the individual life. Comparatively few persons follow the subject of suggestion and auto-suggestion closely enough or study it carefully enough to be able to trace the exact connection between cause and effect. Comparatively few persons appreciate just how large a part the various mental states take in making or marring the health of the world. Careful observation seems to prove that there is a certain definite relation between a given mental state, such as grief, or impatience, or anger, or sensitiveness, or worry, or other like state of mind and a given form of physical illness. Discovering the probable cause and applying the particular need is the special work of the helper, or healer.

If a man has reached a stage in evolutionary development where he can be made ill by anger or impatience or worry, he has at the same time reached a place where he can exercise control over himself in these directions and is failing to do it. A certain order of thought suggested to him by another in the silence and accepted by him will help him to overcome his frailty and will establish him upon a still higher rung of the ladder of progress. Personal will should never be impressed upon a patient. Compulsion is not legitimate. Persuasion is the true road.

A sharp distinction is made by the careful student of psychological healing between curing and healing. There is a sense in which it can be said that curing comes from without. A cure can be effected temporarily without any very active co-

operation, although there must always be the response or final acceptance on the part of the patient. Curing is, so to speak, a superficial veneering which will wear off in time. The work of true healing is wrought Within, and when accomplished is accompanied by a reformation of character that makes itself felt in the life of the individual. The highest order of healing can be wrought only through coöperation on the part of Healer and Patient, of Teacher and Taught. Speech reaches the intellect first and afterwards more or less laboriously penetrates to the intuitional realm in man. Silent thought vibrations can, when the conditions are right, be made to reach the intuitive or soul plane in man directly, and if accepted intuitively will show forth in mind and body in more harmonious thinking and living, coupled with more perfect moral and physical health.

Thanks be to God, we can all of us help each other in this blessed work of healing! It is in the sacred nearness of the soul to its God, and in the power vested in each and every soul to raise itself to a higher and more ideal plane than that upon which it habitually dwells, that the chief strength of this movement lies. As has been beautifully said, "The home of His children is in the heart of God, who fills all Worlds. Realize His sacred presence in the inner sanctuary of your secret life so may you now begin to possess Him whom to know is the bliss of Heaven."

We retreat into the Silence to do the work of healing because we are standing upon holy ground and find it impossible to put the deepest and most hallowed experiences of the soul into words. Soul can best speak to soul in the sacred stillness of the Holy of Holies, in the Inner Chambers of Being. There is a Power within you that is sufficient to remove mountains; this Power can remove every atom in your physical body and replace it with healthful tissue. Omnipotent Power is with you, in you, and you are One with It. With God all things are

possible. Emphasize the first word, "with," rather than the second. There is a Power with you, in you which can remove mountains of difficulty. Consciously coöperate with that Power and you can remove every particle of "dis-ease" from your body and replace it with "health-ful" tissue. This work will be accomplished more quickly when you understand that you can and must coöperate with it by means of auto-suggestion. When once you set about doing this work intelligently you can and will hasten the day when harmony will reign in your physical body. It will be done most speedily when you hold pictures of Harmony ever, and forever, before you in imagination instead of joining forces every now and then with the powers of darkness, with the powers of discouragement, thereby helping to increase the difficulty and tending to break down what you have already accomplished.

You can be King or Queen in your own castle if you do but choose to take the Path that will lead you to the Heights and establish you on the Throne in yourself. This you can do by patiently and perseveringly turning all the course of your thinking into new and better channels. It will not be easy at first but gently insist upon filling your thought atmosphere with pictures of Harmony and Health. See yourself, in imagination, filling every cell in your physical body with a new activity that makes for health. And do not be discouraged if the New Thought of yourself does not show forth in your body at once. You must first displace the old and worse than useless atoms. This process may have to be done more or less slowly and may even cause a temporary conflict and an apparent increase of the trouble. But do not be discouraged; the old forces are being routed. Persevere, and fill in with thoughts of hope, and harmony, and health, in the face of anything and everything. If you will do this honestly, earnestly and persistently the day will come when you will reap the

harvest of your new sowing. Think harmony, think health, and you are setting forces in motion that will sooner or later make for harmony, that will sooner or later make for health in your body.

Live the life and ye shall know of the doctrine. To live up to one's own highest ideals is to be well. Fearlessly, courageously, resolutely change every thought and emotion that you know and feel to be wrong for you, into what you are sure is right thought or emotion for you. Transmute all fear, selfishness, envy, jealousy, malice, ill-will, irritation, anger, anxiety, impatience, hurry, worry, and every other ignoble sentiment into higher and holier emotions. Appropriate only the suggestions from the outer world that make for the good, or the beautiful, or the true, and deliberately leave all others outside your own consciousness. Annihilate them by non-resistance, non-recognition, non-appropriation. Employ auto-suggestion, wherein alone anything can really become part of yourself, to raise the standard and quality of your own thinking and speaking and acting continually.

Here is the secret which everyone may practise for himself, if he does but choose to do so, exercising patient, persevering, untiring effort in the midst of discouragement however great. Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die! Wake up, and consciously coöperate in the wonderful work of Healing and all things shall come to pass. In conscious coöperation with the God Power that is With you, In you, all things are possible to you. With God all things are possible.

Act—think, consciously, with that God Power that is love and that is with you, in you, and you can remove mountains of difficulty.

Act—think, against, that God Power that is with you, in you, and you are hindering the mighty work that could be accomplished. All sickness is an effort of health to establish

itself. Once understand this and unite your forces intelligently in the effort to throw off the illness by filling in, in the more interior realms of yourself, with thoughts of health and harmony and wholeness, and all things will be possible. Crowd out the old by bringing in the new and better thought, by means of auto- or self-suggestion. You have but to unite understandingly with the power that is with you, in you (that Power that can remove mountains), and you will some day prove that working with the God whose name is Love and who is within you, all things are possible.

Form and doctrine and dogma have taken the place of the living truth in these latter days, and, would we witness the rebirth of pure Christianity in the world, we must follow after the spirit of the Great Teacher and Healer.

Blessed, beautiful, beneficent work! "The works that I do shall ye do also—and greater works than these shall ye do." These signs shall follow them that believe; in My name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall in no wise hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

"They shall speak with new tongues."

"If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal."

"And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing."

"And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

"Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God, and everyone that loveth is begotten of God and knoweth God."

"He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love—and he that abideth in love, abideth in God, and God in him."

"There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear."

Love is the Healing Power. The growth of love in the heart will do more to heal than any amount of concentration upon formulas. The yearning desire to help another, regardless of whom that other may be, and a strong sympathetic heart abounding in the love of God and consciously recognizing its at-one-ment with him who is the only source of its supply, and the only saving, healing principle in the universe, will never fail to do the work.

The person whose presence is a healing power is a person, the underlying principle of whose life is based upon that wonderful command of the Master, Love one another, Love all, Love your enemies—or better still, have no enemies to love!

Beloved, love one another, for Love is of God, and, indeed, and in Truth, God is Love.

If one would be a healing power in the world, he must allow naught but thoughts of Love and Harmony and Good Will to have a place in his inmost secret soul. This done the benign influence of that wonderful Love that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things"—and that "never faileth," that taketh no account of evil, but habitually overcomes evil with good in thought and word and deed will render one's very presence a Healing Power.

If one would awaken to this healing Power within, one must walk close with God, one must walk consciously, continually in the presence of God. The governing motive of the life must be the desire toward a conscious union and communion with the Infinite Source of Being, with that Infinite Eternal One whose name is Love.



Habit of righteousness becomes heart of holiness.—J. M. S.

THE SPIRIT OF SUCCESS.

BY HENRY FRANK.

I am Success. Like bounding waves that beat
On echoing shores, athwart the billowy main,
My spirit onward strives, nor brooks retreat,
Nor heeds the groans of Failure's dismal train.
For, though a thousand times by Fate cast down,
It vaunts its prowess, and demands its own.

And well it knows, impervious it stands
To all the arrows of contending foes,
And laughs at fears and frowns of foolish bands,
Who fly to cover from the raining blows.
For, with fair Peace above the maddening strife,
It bides with liberty and deathless life.

Its beauty none can mar, its courage thwart;
For, like a rock mid-sea that waves bombard,
Undaunted it sustains its sturdy part,
And calmly bears its fate, unstirred, unmarred.—
I AM SUCCESS: none can defeat my power;
O'er all I ride, and claim the Victor's dower!

I will not own or weakness or defeat,
Or droop my head, or let my brave heart sink;
For, when I seem to fail, the watchword I repeat:
"I AM SUCCESS," and, though upon the brink
Of deep abysses of despair, I see
My brow bedecked with bays of Victory.

MOTHERHOOD.

BY MARGARETTA GRAY BOTHWELL.

The solution of Motherhood is the solution of the race. In Motherhood lie the vices and virtues of humanity. Motherhood understood and realized is the function than which there is none holier or more sacred. Motherhood is humanity's custodian. The individual's or the nation's estimate of Motherhood is the level of its culture and refinement, its civilization and its harmony, its Spirit of Love.

In Motherhood converge all soul-possibilities. In it lies not only the redemption of the race, but the incarnation of Deity. The right to invite another Soul, another Son of God yet unmanifest, into the theatre of manifest activity wherein it may find and know itself and thus know God, is the soul's choicest boon; for accompanying this and inseparable from it are the privilege and obligation of conducting that honored guest, of leading and guiding it through that Palace of Experience that is in the midst of the Garden of Life. Such an hostess is Motherhood in its highest conception.

How many mothers or prospective mothers to-day have this conception of their high calling? Why is this holiest of all functions so misunderstood, so shunned? Why is it so half-heartedly or no-heartedly entered into, and in most cases, then, only when inevitable? The woman is exceptional who eagerly and joyously invites Motherhood, or who radiantly and reverently awaits its advent. Farther than sight can follow, deeper than sound can reach, lies the remedy for this condition.

Either to reproduce the perfect likeness of an individual in cold, inanimate marble, or in the warm coloring of oil, is con-

sidered a superlative gift, and ranks among the highest accomplishments. The ability to produce a word-picture in form accurate and exquisitely dainty, is another rare gift. Gifts are many. Yet the most marvelous of them all, the supernal gift of Motherhood, lies ignored or rejected at the threshold of almost every woman's life.

To reproduce the image and likeness that thinks, that breathes, that acts, that lives; to reproduce God's likeness in living form; this is the holiest gift of all, the sacred privilege of Motherhood. No visible intermediary of chisel and marble, or brush and oil is required for the coloring or fashioning of this most wonderful of all portraits. The coloring in fleshly tints is direct from the Source of Light; the grace and symmetry of form and outline are direct from the Source of Unity and Love, for with the mother's every thought is colored and fashioned the soul she has bidden come.

But what of the father? Has he no part? Is he not a factor in Motherhood? Yes, a mighty and potent one, but as the greater always includes the lesser, so Motherhood includes Fatherhood. Every woman has the power to choose the father of her children, and accompanying this divine prerogative is the discernment and the ability to select the qualities and attributes she desires to combine with her own to the end of their development and perpetuity in the life of an immortal soul.

The mother who is complaining and finding fault with her childrens' undesirable traits and characteristics, and who would place the blame and the burden of responsibility for these upon the father, fails to analyze the situation rightly. Otherwise she could but see that at her own door lies the initial responsibility for it all.

Let every such mother restfully and quietly ponder over these problems, and in the silence—which indeed is golden, for

it sheds sunlight upon many a knotty life problem—ask herself these questions, and consider well their true and honest answers: Who chose for me the father of my children? Did I or did another? Who? If it was I direct, then am I not alone responsible? If I permitted another to persuade me against my better judgment, still am I not as responsible, though indirectly? If I have been deluded all these years into believing I was forced into marriage, may I not disillusion myself, and even now see the truth, and in a great measure rectify the mistake? If I married only to please another, or “for the sake of peace,” was it not because I preferred to please and temporarily to pacify another even at expense of my own peace?

Whether by direct or indirect freedom of choice, what was my motive in marrying? What possibilities and responsibilities did I foresee? What principles and methods did I recognize as indispensable to the harmony of the relationship? Perceiving, did I subscribe to all of them? Did Motherhood appeal to me as the natural, legitimate and probable—if not inevitable—result of marriage? And if so, was I willing to believe myself ready to make all the sacrifices necessary to its fulfilment? Did I through prayerful meditation consecrate myself to Motherhood as the noblest calling I could have? Had I awakened to the consciousness that the significance of Motherhood lies in its unceasing opportunities for self-expression through service? And did I realize that, to fulfil my sacred trust, justice, integrity and simplicity should vitalize every action of my life?

Did I look only to character and the principles and consciousness thereof that alone make for character, as the essentials? Did I see in my choice only the qualities I wished perpetuated in the life of our offspring? Did I discover sincerity and purity as the well-spring of his character? And above all else,

did I make it my business to know that we had a common purpose and object in Life? Did I discuss all these and other questions with him, and did we mutually understand them, and did we plight each other's troth concerning them?

These are test questions, for it is to the fulfilment of these that every man and every woman pledges fidelity when true marriage is consummated, when the holy (whole) bond of wedlock is signed and sealed; for wedlock entire includes the union of soul, mind and body; spiritual, intellectual and physical; and a marriage that excludes any one of these is not a holy, not a whole, not a complete marriage, since it has separation instead of unity for its basis, and such misconception must carry with it a measure of discord and inharmony.

Fundamentally, marriage is of the soul, and when soul-fully consummated it is a marriage of love. The admonition, "Let no man put asunder," is quite unnecessary, since no man can put asunder a holy (whole) marriage. Verily, it is of God. And a marriage not holy, not whole, cannot remain intact, and should not, for it carries only desolation and misery in its trail.

The woman who, by the grace of her Womanhood, the power of her Godliness, and the sanctity of her Motherhood, has fathomed the soul-depths that respond affirmatively to these search-light questions, is a law unto herself; and long before the conventional marriage rite is enacted, there has been consummated in her life a rite and a ceremony that neither eye hath seen nor ear heard, for invisible and soundless is the soul's bridal. Soul plights troth to soul, to principle; not to personality nor to mere whims and opinions. The man who bears this aloft as wedlock's standard, selects for wife the soul whose embodiment reflects the principle she lives in daily life. Already his fidelity to her is pledged, when he asks to share her life.

And she? When she answers, "Yes, I will be to thee a wife," this soul, this embodiment of integrity, simplicity and justice, already is his wife in spirit; in thought and in word, if not in deed. Upon such foundation, "to announce an engagement" is to announce a spiritual marriage, for such it is truly.

Service is the impulse of every love-awakened soul. The individual devoid of kind and generous service is, as yet, unconscious of love's quickening power. Service is love's unfailing test, for love's nature is giving and doing. And the most far-reaching opportunities for love's expression through service is in the realm of Motherhood. It is this wherein Motherhood is the type of Godhood. It is this wherein the human and the divine meet and are merged.

The list of questions herein given might be called "The Motherhood Catechism." Its practicability makes it none the less religious, for the truly religious is ever the truly practical. How do the questions apply to your case? If you can answer them all affirmatively you are on the right road, and only blessings will attend you.

Suppose you cannot answer a single one of them in the affirmative! Suppose you married to please another, or for a home, or money or "position;" and suppose you never once thought of Motherhood, its significance or its responsibilities? You are married, and you have come into Motherhood's legacy; whatever the motive, whatever the methods. Are you weary and heavy laden with its responsibilities, perplexities and disappointments? Are you utterly discouraged? So much the more reason for purposeful action on your part from now on.

Who is there who does not make mistakes every day of her life? "When ye think ye stand, take heed lest ye fall!" Do you know the ecstasy and the blessedness that follow the admission of a mistake? It is an act that liberates and sets free

a portion of the Spirit of righteousness, and it will vitalize and vivify your entire being.

If you are persuaded that present conditions are unsatisfactory and are not the best possible, and therefore not in harmony with your ideal, and if you are ready and willing to make the effort to change and right them, it can be done. Not by running from them, or by ignoring them, or by denying their existence. Not by any of these methods. But by forming for yourself ideals that are high and holy and inspiring; and through dint of self-discipline and self-control putting them into practise daily and hourly.

To have ideals and to live them does not mean merely talking them; for the more one lives principles the less necessary is it to discuss them. Even though your life has not been one of service, or lived from principle, there is yet time to begin. Of necessity, each soul must express its nature in material form. Sooner or later, each soul must formulate consciously, and, through manifestation, return to the Universe all of the spiritual sunlight it has absorbed. In other words, the time is assured in the life of every individual when, if it would be at peace with itself, it must choose and prefer to live a life of principle, a life of integrity; a simple, natural, sincere and genuine life, a life of service. The question for each one is, "When shall I begin?"

It is never too late to tell the truth. It is never too late to do one's duty. It is never too late to perform an act of kindness for a fellow-being. It is never too late to be just, or loving or charitable. It is never too late to cease slanderous thought or speech. If it were, then it were too late to begin to live, for the enactment of these alone is Life. Who does less than this knows not life, for he perceives not even the meaning of life.

It is not merely what you think or talk that is significant, or

what you tell your child to think or talk or do. It is what you *think and do*. Make the break once for all, and admit the mistake, your false standards of life! Bridge the chasm with dauntless courage and determination to be every inch a woman every minute of time, and the battle is more than half won!

Have you been at cross purposes with your children? Have you failed in your duty by them, and therefore failed in your Motherhood's fulfilment? If so, go to them and say so. Be a woman! And there is no greater evidence of womanliness than the willingness and ability to put oneself right with one's own children. Tell them that you find some of your own ways are no better than some of theirs, nor more to be desired; and now that you see your error you intend, with their assistance and by the grace of Godliness, to start afresh. Decide then and there upon a unit of measurement by which your life and theirs shall be gauged thereafter. Let integrity, simplicity and justice be this unity of principles, and let service be their active form. Make a compact with them whereby each is to remind the other lovingly when a discrepancy is evident, not critically, but sympathetically, lovingly. And much satisfaction and comfort will result in the search for and the discovery of "the angle of departure."

Be a child with them by endeavoring to see things and life from their view-point. Let their interests be yours. Cease saying to them, "Do this because I tell you to!" Say, "Let us together see what appeals to us as the better way; as the true, the just, the sincere and honorable course." You will be amazed at the effect. The nature, the essence, the spirit of the child will have been touched, and it will respond and be quickened into life. Principles and the virtues are child-substance, and the law of response is inherent and exact. You will have smitten the rock, and the waters of life shall have gushed forth.

This is life's only working basis, for any degree or in any phase. Harmony is possible only when every instrument in an orchestra is tuned to the same pitch, and to the same key. Life's harmony results only when every instrument, Soul, is attuned to the universal key, Integrity.

How many mothers study to know the substance and nature—the soul-nature—of their children, and the principles and laws governing it? Extreme physical neglect of children is considered criminal, and when it exists the authorities step in and interfere. And the law presumes to dictate to what extent mentality shall be cultivated. Thus indirectly the law makers are disseminators of moral and spiritual laws. As yet, the teaching is seldom direct, because few people are ready for it. They can be made receptive to it through educating them in the principles and laws of life.

The child's education consists in educating certain latent potentialities by means of contact with, and intelligent understanding of and adjustment to, the nature, the substance, and the use of everything about it. The only means by which this can be done is through the understanding of the Principles and Laws inherent in these things. And what should be said of child-nature, soul-nature; and what of its use, its purpose, its object, its principles and its laws? The thing preëminent, the holiest of all holy things—the human infant—has more untruths told about it than are told about all other things combined. But it does not have to be so.

Light is fast dawning upon this most vital of all problems, and parents are realizing as never before the necessity of studying to know and understand the principles and laws of life, and sincerely and reverently to practise them, and to teach them to their children. The instant a child has interest and intelligence enough to ask a question concerning its environment, that instant he has intelligence enough to under-

stand, and should have an intelligent answer, framed in well-couched language suited to his plane of understanding. But whatever is told should be the truth. If the truth is not told, sooner or later the child will have a rude awakening to and painful realization of your untruthfulness. You never can fully reinstate yourself in his enduring and unshaken respect. This is not a matter to be trifled with. It is a problem requiring the most profound and serious handling and solution. Your own answer will be your conviction or your acquittal. The truths of nature are not demoralizing. It is lies told and lived concerning nature that are demoralizing and destructive to character.

For prayer and meditation let the following be every true mother's creation-motif: "In the dawning of my conscious desire for Motherhood, I realize that in the inception and at the centre of all life is God, the eternal substance of Good. The nature and essence of my soul is God-nature; God-essence. And the soul that I invite into my innermost sanctuary, into the Holy of Holies, that offspring of my life and of my soul which I am now creating, is the same in substance, though yet uncreate, unformed. It is for me, or for my spirit of godliness to penetrate the darkness wherein as yet this formless soul abides, and to brood over and care for it with such power for good—for integrity, uprightness and nobleness, for purity and for holiness—that the formative power of these laws shall clothe it in raiment sublime; for spirit-substance and body-matter are one and inseparable.

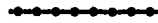
"My spirit of Integrity watches, nourishes and cares for my child as God watches, nourishes and cares for me. Into every thought, into every word and deed, into every breath and into every pulse-beat, shall be incorporated only the consciousness of Integrity, Simplicity and Justice. These are they that mould and shape this soul-substance. My body is the instrument and

my consciousness is the channel through which this incoming soul is to be made aware of the world external and, through this contact and this knowledge to know the world internal,—itself and God.”

God is Love, and the offspring of such union can be love only. This is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. This is the immaculate conception. This is Motherhood’s ideal. Think it, and Motherhood’s seed is sown; speak it, and Motherhood’s plant is grown; act it, and Motherhood’s flower is blown; live it, and Motherhood’s fruit is ripened. The fruit of such sowing and such reaping shall be symmetrically beautiful; and in substance, life-giving and life-sustaining. This is the image and likeness of God revealed. God’s image revealed is Motherhood fulfilled.



God gives a man children through whom to understand him.
—J. M. S.



That revenge only is sweet which transmutes the blight of enmity into the bright of friendship.—J. M. S.



INGRATITUDE, the most popular sin of humanity, is forgetfulness of the heart. It is the revelation of the emptiness of pretended loyalty. The individual who possesses it finds it the shortest cut to all the other vices.

Ingratitude is a crime more despicable than revenge, which is only returning evil for evil, while ingratitude returns evil for good. People who are ungrateful rarely forgive you if you do them a good turn. Their microscopic hearts resent the humiliation of having been helped by a superior, and this rankling feeling filtering through their petty natures often ends in hate and treachery.—*William George Jordan.*

PRESENT STATUS OF THE NEW THOUGHT MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND AND THROUGHOUT THE BRITISH COLONIES.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Though it is not always very easy to clearly define exactly what may fairly be included in the New Thought Movement, it is safe to say that, under different names, a great deal of successful work is now being accomplished in Great Britain and, indeed, all over the British Empire. My own very recent sojourn in London and my visits to many large towns in Lancashire and Yorkshire, in addition to my several trips to Brighton, during the spring and summer of the present year (1904), have only served to still further confirm my long-standing conviction that England is an excellent and highly fertile field in which to sow the generous seed of liberal spiritual philosophy. English conservatism is by no means universal in England, for, though there is a large conservative element to be met with all over the British Isles, the Anglo-Saxon temperament is one that very often takes eagerly as well as kindly to new ideas of life, always provided the one who offers the novel mental aliment is able to logically defend his or her positions.

The present condition of the established Anglican Church is decidedly one of excitement and unrest. Four distinct parties are to be found within it and it is sometimes evidently no easy matter to keep peace between them. The extremes of "High" and "Low" church are clearly defined and both these parties have a definite dogmatic theology which they seek vigorously to sustain. The two other parties which may be called "Conservative Moderate" and "Radical Broad" Church, are

more ready than the two first named to accord a welcome to new opinions as well as to new methods, and the last mentioned is without question a stronghold for the advocacy of extremely progressive views. Though the broader aspects of the New Thought Movement must of necessity include very much more than simply a spiritual system of therapeutics, the healing element must always be an important integral portion of New Thought in its entirety, and while anything like heretical theological opinions would be instantly spurned by extreme Ritualists in the Church of England, it is interesting to note that the sacerdotal party is at present making strenuous efforts to revive the practise of healing which was long considered a vital part of Christian ministry. The very High Church element in the Anglican Communion has organized special meetings and held special services during the past summer, in London and elsewhere, for the express purpose of restoring certain ancient ecclesiastical customs, including priestly anointing of the sick, with the two-fold end in view of doing good, practical work among the afflicted and arresting the progress of Christian Science which has already attracted quite a considerable number of intelligent and philanthropic English church people.

Every lover of humanity ought surely to rejoice in the accomplishment of benefit to sufferers anywhere through any agency, and as there are many people who can be decidedly helped through a sacramental system who can be successfully reached through no other available channel, it is a cause for sincere thankfulness that a popular and influential element in the English National Church has undertaken to live up to some of its best traditions which unfortunately have been long permitted to remain practically defunct. It is useless to attempt to introduce so-called radical religious theories among sacramentalists and sacerdotalists, but among them a great deal of effective healing work can be accomplished, provided those

who undertake the work are in full sympathetic agreement with the leading articles of what is known as the Catholic faith.

In the distinctly Broad Church almost any doctrine can be considered, though not necessarily accepted, and, as the hold of Broad Churchmen upon time-honored creeds is rather elastic, the eclectic or unattached mental healer or suggestive therapist is merely called upon, in that circle, to expound his theories reasonably and prove, to some extent, by actual demonstration that they are worthy of respectful consideration. In the very Low, or to speak more genially, decidedly Evangelical section of the English Church, healing by faith and prayer often receives earnest attention and in that circle the door of approach is through close adherence to Bible language and by means of cultivating increased trust in the efficacy of gospel promises. Outside of the Established Church there is also a great interest in spiritual and mental modes of healing, but, with a few definite exceptions on the part of numerically small denominations, there is little organized effort in the religious world to make the ministry of healing a prominent feature.

In the Medical Profession healing by Suggestion is gaining great prominence, and many influential physicians are doing much excellent and highly effective mental work. The very fine books written by Dr. Schofield, a man of real eminence in his profession, have done much to set physicians working as well as cogitating, and the impression made by such literature upon the cultured laity is highly beneficial. Dr. Schofield is a very moderate man, but thoroughly in earnest, and his works abound in citations from a great many contemporary authors whose words must carry weight with thinkers who attach any value whatever to human testimony.

London is the hot-bed and headquarters of everything, so it is in the Metropolis chiefly that we encounter places and per-

sons devoted to the promulgation of Higher Thought (the name employed at Kensington) and very much else that sets the public wondering. The famous Higher Thought Centre has long been a great international meeting place for enquirers into all such topics as MIND particularly deals with. The large premises known as 10 Cheniston Gardens contains a good lecture hall, seating 150 people; a fine library and reading room, consulting and treating rooms, secretary's office, and indeed, all necessary apartments for a well equipped headquarters. The spirit of the place is unmistakably Anglo-American, and from time to time one has the opportunity to listen to all the leading exponents of "Higher Thought" who may be residing in or passing through the great Metropolis. Lilian Whiting, Ursula Gestefeld, Dr. and Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Kohaus, Louisa Stacey, Prof. Troward, and a great many other well-known lecturers and teachers have often appeared upon the hospitable platform of that celebrated centre which maintains two public meetings every Sunday and rarely a day passes but some important function is in progress.

Among other important centres in London I found an excellent New Thought rendezvous conducted by Mrs. Kohaus, assisted by other active workers, at 118 Southampton Row, not far from the British Museum, where "The Science of Being" has for a long time been faithfully and regularly expounded. Mrs. Bell Lewis has a centre at 13 Somerset Terrace, Duke's Road, immediately behind St. Pancras Church, and close to the terminus of the Midland Railway. Mrs. Lewis was, some years ago, a student with Charles Brodie Patterson, and, through assimilating and practising the teachings she then received, this very active lady (widow of a physician), has not only overcome her own long-standing ailments to a remarkable degree, but has also devoted her energy to teaching and healing with marked success.

The Christian Scientists in London are a growing body, and, as in all other places, they constitute a denomination entirely apart from other organizations. They make decided headway and they accomplish good work, but their marked exclusiveness renders their system non-acceptable to people who want to enjoy more of the liberty of the spirit than can be enjoyed in any close corporation.

Manchester and Liverpool are great centres of progressive thought, and Scotland is experiencing a marked awakening. All associations, whatever their type, are apt to be limited; therefore many workers prefer to be "free lances," and whenever any person of ability undertakes an independent work and adheres closely to it, it proves successful. I have worked with all sorts of societies and found attentive hearers and many earnest inquirers everywhere. The Spiritualist newspapers, *Light*, in London, and *The Two Worlds*, in Manchester, open their columns frequently to articles dealing directly with mental modes of healing, and the London and Manchester Spiritualist Alliances invite to their respective platforms many outspoken New Thought advocates. Occupying a position quite unique is *The English Magazine of Mysteries*, edited by a highly enterprising woman known to literary fame as O. Hashnu Hara. The words of this intrepid thinker are particularly outspoken, and, because of their singularly fearless and bracing character, they stir many minds which seemingly remain untouched by milder ministries. Astrology, chiology, chromoscopy and all nominally occult sciences are favored in England at present, though there are occasional outbursts of newspaper indignation against all that is classed as "fortune telling," but this is chiefly a sensational mode of advertising and serves to call added attention to whoever and whatever may be assailed. It cannot be denied, that mixed with Palmistry and much else that is founded on the rock of the science of anthropology, a good

deal that is questionable is mixed, but the public must learn to discriminate between the elevating and the depraving in all concerns, and the British temperament is one which will not submit to repression of thought or speech. The typical "John Bull" is a freethinker and a free investigator, and for that reason every cause gets a hearing in King Edward's dominions.

Theosophy was the most popular topic of interest during the early part of the summer of the present year. Mrs. Annie Besant was most extensively advertised by the action of the Bishop of London, who refused to permit a clergyman in his diocese to preside at one of her lectures after his name as Chairman had appeared. The controversy which followed increased the popularity of Mrs. Besant's lectures enormously; so much so, indeed, that the crowds seeking entrance at fair prices of admission were often, in large numbers, refused admission owing to lack of room. Reincarnation and all Oriental doctrines are being vigorously discussed in Great Britain now, and, though it may not be true that multitudes have recently become full-fledged theosophists, a very great change has certainly taken place in religious opinions very recently. Canons Wilberforce, Henley, Henson, and other advanced thinkers and preachers at Westminster are the life of the liberal party in the established Church and they show great readiness to accept whatever appeals to them as truth, regardless of the channel through which it flows.

The Unitarian denomination in England needs new life infusing into it, for though there are many earnest and brilliant men occupying Unitarian pulpits, the vitality of the denomination could be immediately increased if more attention was paid to the New Thought message, and, as there is no restrictive creed to prevent ministers from advocating the newest aspects of truth within the denomination, there seems a great opportunity for Unitarianism to re-invigorate itself, if it will move

a little more energetically than it has been moving of late. When I was invited to conduct services in the Unitarian Church at Reading (a few miles from London) and to lecture, in the hall adjoining, on Emerson and Browning, I was greeted with truly inspiring congregations and audiences, and the same was my experience three years ago in Australia when I was invited to occupy the then vacant Unitarian pulpit in Sydney.

Having, by a stroke of the pen, traveled from England to Britain's most distant colony, I must indulge in less recent reminiscence when I refer to the progress of the New Thought Movement at the Antipodes, for I have not very recently come into possession of entirely first-hand information concerning the work now being carried on there. It was in March, 1900, that I first set foot on Australian soil, and it was in the beautiful city of Adelaide that my work commenced. Great praise was due to the enterprising spirit manifested by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cardew, of Sydney, for they were the moving power in the great Progressive Thought Movement which maintained a fine lecture hall, library, reading room, and a splendid monthly magazine, *Progressive Thought*, at Norwich Chambers, Hunter street. Henry Cardew, coöperating with other earnest-minded people, arranged for a very successful series of lectures before my arrival on Australian shores, and, when I reached Adelaide, that good gentleman met me on the steamer and informed me that I was announced to speak in the Town Hall on the following evening. I shall never cease to remember, with grateful appreciation, the many hundreds of friends who contributed to the success of the several courses of lectures I was privileged to deliver in beautiful Adelaide, where, from first to last, I found an unusual amount of interest displayed in all that comes under the heading "New Thought" in its widest acceptance.

From Adelaide, Mr. Cardew took me to Ballarat, which I

found animated with the rather depressing idea, "it's not what it used to be." The cessation of activity in the Gold Fields had induced a sense of financial depression, and, though there were many nice people in Ballarat, and I had many good audiences, I was glad to return to Adelaide, while Mr. Cardew went forward to Melbourne and made most satisfactory arrangements with the Victorian Association of Spiritualists and the Progressive Lyceum for two lectures each Sunday during my visit, which lectures were overflowing attended, and also for courses of instruction during the week on neutral ground, which proved a success from all standpoints. While in Adelaide I published, on my own responsibility, a great many single lectures on the Science of Health and kindred topics, and, at a popular price they sold by thousands, thereby scattering the printed word where the spoken word alone might not have penetrated.

From Melbourne I went to Sydney, and there, still under Mr. Cardew's able management, I lectured constantly during several successive months to excellent audiences in a great variety of places. I found a Metaphysical Society established there with a very efficient secretary with whom I made arrangements to give class instruction, as well as at Progressive Thought Hall, where I made my headquarters. In the School of Arts Hall, in the Unitarian Church, in Odd Fellow's Hall, and also on the platforms of the Psychical and Theosophical Societies I appeared frequently, and never in any part of the globe have I met warmer-hearted or more intelligent truth-seekers than in Sydney.

From there I went to New Zealand and found Wellington and Christ Church large enterprising cities, though much smaller than the great cities of Australia, and wide awake to the New Thought Movement. There also I coöperated with the local workers, both Metaphysicians and Spiritualists, and

found everywhere great interest displayed in all philosophy which can prove its excellence by the good results in life it is capable of producing.

I was in New Zealand as the 19th passed into the 20th century, and then I became convinced of what a very progressive country New Zealand really is. I do not believe there is any spot on earth at present more fully open to receive the most advanced and elevating thought than those beautiful islands in the Pacific Ocean which present every variety of climate and scenery and are peopled by some of the most highly progressed men and women on this planet. I returned to Australia early in 1901 and revisited Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide. I also lectured in New Castle, Geelong, and many smaller towns.

In October, 1901, I went to Brisbane and found there a most hospitable welcome extended to all progressive thought. I shall never forget the kindness of the Mental Scientists and Theosophists among whom I worked most harmoniously for all too short a period, as I had agreed to revisit New Zealand before going on to California.

My second visit to New Zealand, which occupied the latter half of October and all November, 1901, was even more enjoyable than my first. Auckland was my chief centre of operation, though I revisited Wellington and Christ Church and had excellent success in all those places. In Auckland I found Metaphysical headquarters most efficiently maintained by Mark Hawthorne, who is not only a very good organizer, but also an excellent teacher and demonstrator of mental healing. In Auckland, Theosophists, Spiritualists, Unitarians, and unattached inquirers into New Thought flocked to all my many lectures, and, could I have postponed my departure, I should certainly have prolonged my stay in Auckland and its vicinity quite indefinitely. Miss Louisa Stacey, Mrs. Verlage and other well-known teachers and mental practitioners have done

splendid work in New Zealand and Australia since I left the Southern Hemisphere, and I am credibly informed that the interest is now greater than ever.

So attractive does the Antipodean field appear to me that my hopes are centered upon a speedy return to it, and I sincerely trust that many workers beside myself may be attracted thither. I find that centers of New Thought activity can readily be established everywhere, and public interest is easily maintained, provided there is someone in residence to sustain the work after it has been well started. Public lectures stir up great enthusiasm, but to keep the fire burning those who water like Apollos are needed to follow those who plant like Paul. From South Africa I have received recent tidings of an awakening interest in all matters psychical, but as I know nothing of that country from personal experience I do not feel competent to write of it in any authoritative tone.

After a number of years of active work in what may broadly be termed the New Thought interest, I find that it is easily possible to do effective work anywhere, provided a worker will steer clear of personal prejudices and restrictive partisanship and teach the Science of Life as comprehensively as possible. In unity is strength, but in attempted uniformity is weakness. This is a proposition which must ever be borne in mind by the pioneer missionary worker, and in many parts of the British Empire pioneer work needs to be done, and in the truly missionary spirit, which is not that of proselyting or converting, but only seeking to meet a need and give to an inquiring public what its most awakened elements are craving to receive.

Coming very near to the United States, the great Dominion of Canada, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, needs a large number of workers. Very successful work has been already done in Toronto and in Montreal, also in Victoria, 3,000 miles distant, but still in British North America. I un-

derstand that just at present there is little active public propaganda in that vast territory, but there are many private workers doing excellent service as healers and instructors. While it is often claimed for Christian Science that it progresses more rapidly and forges ahead more vigorously than the New Thought Movement, it can also be stated that Christian Scientists, by their steady refusal to coöperate with anyone outside their special school of faith and practise, render it imperative that non-affiliated workers should bestir themselves to establish centers of operation whence can radiate a less restricted light.

The books of Henry Wood, Chas. B. Patterson, R. W. Trine, Ursula Gestefeld, and other excellent and instructive writers, have already circulated very widely in Great Britain and in Australasia. There is yet another field to be worked, and that is India and Ceylon where the Union Jack floats also. The Theosophical Society is very useful in the East and it adapts its methods well to the special requirements of the Orient. The Buddhist School for Girls, conducted at Colombo by English ladies, should be visited by all travelers whose vessels touch at Ceylon, and all over India English people are working actively in the Theosophical Society. But New Thought advocacy, pure and simple, reaches many English people who do not readily embrace the specific tenets of Theosophy, which, to many minds, savors too much of Hinduism to commend itself to European susceptibilities; and it appears in many places that the doctrine of Karma, as generally interpreted, fails to bestir those who accept it to rise above the limitations of their present depressed existence.

Spiritualists are doing a great deal of good in Great Britain, and they are not at all inactive in the British Colonies, but though they clamorously insist that Spiritualism contains all the truth which the New Thought movement holds, far too

many Spiritualists ignore the therapeutic aspects of any spiritual philosophy and foolishly cling to prevailing misbeliefs concerning the alleged necessity for sickness. With the central fact of spirit-communion New Thought has nothing to do except to acknowledge it whenever there is evidence to prove it, but "Here-and-Nowism," as some of our friends have designated our philosophy, is needed by multitudes who are inquiring now and here for a mental attitude which shall bless and transfigure our immediate terrestrial existence. In my own experience I have always found that spiritual eclecticism is what is truly needed, and we are often hampered in our work because we stickle too much for comparatively narrow issues.

New Thought itself is a term which needs defining. If it signifies a formulated body of doctrine susceptible of dogmatic enunciation by the leaders of a special cult, then, though quite new when first presented, it will soon grow old and must, in the course of inevitable events, be superseded by something newer. But, if New Thought means constantly renewing thought, then it is impossible to define its scope further than to emphasize a few fundamental propositions. All New Thought advocates seeking to work in new places would do well to digest the main statements made by Henry Wood in his excellent work, "The New Thought Simplified."

I have found that such a mode of presentation proves quite acceptable to many thoughtful British subjects who do not take readily to metaphysical abstractions. To deny the material world and the physical body often provokes needless opposition, and even ridicule, in quarters where the rational and wholesome doctrine of the power of thought to rule the body and govern circumstances meets with cordial welcome. The average Briton or Colonial, the world over, is very much of an individual and he can be successfully reached by appealing to the force within him which he can learn to exercise in self-

mastery, but not in bullying his neighbors. A purely Secularist propaganda, which flourished less than twenty years ago all over Great Britain and its Colonies, is now nearly defunct, but the old type, known as "emancipated freethinkers," has not become orthodox; they are to be found on the thresholds of psychical investigation, and to this large class of somewhat agnostic people New Thought readily appeals.

There are three distinct classes of people to be met in every community. First, the satisfied religious class; with these we need not interfere. Second, the indifferent agnostics, who are numerous everywhere; but as they are generally apathetic they afford little good material with which to work energetically. Third, the truly seeking minds who are not contented with the dogmas of theology and cannot sink into mental deadness. This large and ever-growing class furnishes abundant material with which to work energetically and successfully.

Having been requested from many sources to outline a few of the leading methods of work which I have found particularly successful I would say:

First: Make yourself known as a thoroughly convinced exponent of a practical philosophy of life which you have found beneficently workable in your individual career.

Second: Entertain the fixed conviction that you are a center to which inquirers will be drawn. Do not refrain from simple announcement of your presence in a neighborhood, but make no strenuous endeavors to secure a footing or to draw a following.

Third: Take a fearless affirmative, but not an aggressive attitude. Never force yourself or your opinions anywhere, but embrace all opportunities and respond to all desirable overtures.

Fourth: Gather together the most earnest among your students and instruct them how to form useful centers whence the light can continue to stream after you have left a locality.

Encourage the formation of Reading Circles and Study Classes and resolve to put the whole matter on a permanent self-sustaining foundation.

Fifth: Avoid entanglements with established organizations which would limit your influence and usefulness, but be ever ready to coöperate with all societies which invite you to their platforms, or in any way extend a hand of hospitality.

These five suggestions are extremely rudimentary, but they will probably be found sufficiently explicit to constitute a basis for work in districts where much seed can readily be sown, even though little or none has been sown already.

While the United States presents an enormous field for further cultivation, the present agitated state of thought and feeling all over the British Empire augurs very favorably for a wide and rapid increase of New Thought principles. Spiritual Science is what the multitude is longing for, and though many yearning hearts and eager intellects do not know exactly what it is they are demanding, they soon discover, when they listen to a plain statement of what the New Thought really stands for, that it is exactly what they have long been seeking; therefore, they eagerly embrace its philosophy and honestly bestir themselves to make this practical in bettering all conditions.



The hand that throws the silken thread of thoroughness can never weave regrets.—J. M. S.



WHILE we sit brooding over our troubles and the hardships of our lot, the great world goes tranquilly on, the infinite sky hangs over us, the everlasting order abides, and "God is where he was." Can we not forget or endure our pestering "insect miseries" for a little while in the presence of the eternal laws and eternal powers?—*Charles G. Ames.*

THE WORTH OF LIFE IS ITS FRIENDS.

BY JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

"A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly : and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," says a proverb, shining like a star from the dusk of centuries. In the lights of that star shall we listen together a little while about the worth of friends?

The beauty of the world is the human face. The joy of the world is its human love. The worth of the world is in its friendships. The dearest fact of our human life is that God has set the solitary in families.

A tree has a grandeur of its own ; it has even a friendliness ; and he has missed out of life a great joy whose heart is not stirred to the nobleness of a tree. But a tree associated with man, lifting in benediction over the roof of home, under which friends and lovers have sat, enjoying its cooling shade, its murmurous leaves blending with their happy talk, this enriches the joy we have in a tree because the human associations humanize and make it some part of our human love.

Gazing full-fronted at the mountain awakens the emotion of sublimity in our hearts ; its vastness fascinates and yet appals ; it greatens us as its largeness seems to enter into our hearts. But when it holds in its bosom some little town, on its far heights some hut of the hunter, when in the midst of its wildness there appears a human form, a human face smiling upon us, it is a more splendid mountain to us ; it has become sanctified as the home of our kind.

The vast sea when enchanting our eye realizes to us our kinship with the everlasting, so infinite, so exhaustless it seems, so mighty, so overpowering its grandeur. But to be alone on

it, to have no answer to all our eager gaze but just wave upon wave, the far vision losing itself in the sky as in an aching loneliness, this is to realize desolation, to be smitten with the horror of homesickness. Then it is that a sail is heaven, a human face as the very peace of God passing understanding.

Enoch Arden felt the oppression of the sea, unassociated with a human face—the sea that was a beautiful sea to him when he saw it from his heart framed in the friendships of home.

“He could not see the kindly human face,
Nor ever heard a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch’d
And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck’d sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon the island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollow-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.”

As was the loneliness of the sea to Enoch Arden, so was the loneliness of the desert to the eye and the feet of a Jew; and doubtless it was this which made Isaiah say his great word: “And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.” The sea is beautiful in its ships that carry men, in its homes along the shore, the single fisherman’s cot, or the group of houses making the village. It is the human face that saves the beauty of the sea from oppressing us with its lonely grandeur.

There is even a sea of humanity which is oppressive. Who of us has not felt lonely in the midst of a great city, with its countless homes, its surging, numberless multitudes? And when it has yielded out of its giant deeps the one home to whose portals our feet are welcome, the one face of a friend, then we have had a new experience in the preciousness of life as sanctified and gladdened by a friend.

Surely the worth of life is in its friends, for us the meanings of the creation, human meanings, the light, above the light of sun, that is on sea and land, that sea and land's redemption from the horror of loneliness, just the light that burns in a friend's dear eyes.

We need each other. We should be grateful for each other. We should live for each other. Life sings for us in the heart of another. Life moans for us when that heart has grown indifferent or ceased to love us.

Our past was made joyous by the friends we knew and love, even by those of our playmates and acquaintances for whom we never felt the nearer, tenderer tie. Sometimes when life is a fever of weariness to us, the sight of the old school-house, the voice of some past friend, is like a spring of water to a pilgrim measuring his days by the leagues of desert sand over which his faltering feet have walked, like the shadow of a great oak threaded by a brook and beating back the sharp javelins of the noonday sun that else would slay.

"Like a livin' pictur' things
All comes back; the bluebird swings
In the maple, tongue and bill
Trillin' glory fit to kill!
In the orchard, jay and bee
Ripens the first pears for me,
And the 'Prince's Harvest' they
Tumble to me where I lay
In the clover, provin' still
'A boy's will is the wind's will.'

Clean forgot is time and care,
And thick hearin' and gray hair—
But there's nothin' I forget
'Mongst the hills o' Somerset!

There's the dear old home once more,
And there's Mother at the door—
Dead, I know, fer thirty year',
Yet she's singin', and I hear;

Dusk's a fallin'; and the dew,
'Pears like it's a-fallin' too—
Dreamin' we're all livin' yet
'Mongst the hills o' Somerset!"

Love is the central value of life. With no one to love life were not worth the living. Without heart answering to heart in some great and unselfish tenderness, the human life were not as noble as the life of beasts—the beasts of prey, the beasts of uncleanness. That there are friends who awaken our love to its blossomings, as the sun awakens the fields unto their flowers, who enlarge us in some generous growth, as the autumn enlarges the vine, is life's diamond value. Among all the treasures of the earth it is the most precious, the most priceless. It is a star to pharos the midnight, hiding safety in the heart of the dark. It is the voice of a thrush singing in the dawn till its tremendous song seems that edging of light foretelling the mantling splendor to fall upon all the hills of the day.

The strength of the oak is that the sunshine melted into its heart. That the vine out of its loving soul creates the grapes is because the sunshine melted into its heart. That every green and growing thing, that every flowering and fruiting thing is at its worth of service in the world is because the tender sunshine melted into its heart. The sunshine of human love makes many a man strong in righteousness like the oak, generous in helpfulness like the vine, and all alive in high love and great thoughts that fruit in noble words, in true deeds, in splendid

living, like orchards filling the hands of autumn with amorphas of wine, as if rainbows had broken apart and globed them in separate dews to cluster on trees and on vines in largeness of generous joys. Take away the sunshine from the oak, and it is not oak that you have left; it is some waste destruction. Take away love from the heart of man, and it is not men that remain; but a waste destruction, a mockery of this splendid humanity that in the midst of all its shame has inexpressible glories over which those shames can weave no perfect night.

It is said that when Charles Kingsley was asked the secret of his life—a life that was a beautiful flame of human passion, so intense that it too soon left but the white ashes of an honorable memory upon the hearth—he replied, “I had a friend.” Stand at the center of whatever worth you are to-day, of whatever nobleness your life is, and let me ask you, “Why is this?” and see if your answer is not, “I had a friend.” It may not be the supreme friendship of some one friend, but the gentle mingling of the many friendships. There may be in an oak’s life a supreme day, a supreme summer, putting upon it an especial mark of growth and greatness; but all the days and all the summers, these are they that have realized the greatness of God’s idea of an oak. We forget the days, we forget the friendships, but yet they abide in us a glory or a shame. We perhaps never recall some, perhaps seldom recall others, who yet because we have enjoyed them for a day or the few days have left upon us some indelible mark, some abiding influence that is secretly at work helping to determine us what we are.

I love to quote the words of a teacher of mine who has paid this tribute to the worth of life as lying in its friends: “When we have been years out of college, we find that it was not the struggles in the recitation room or the society hall, but the

quiet evenings on the chapel steps, the simmerings of heart at the hearth of a friend, from which sprung the influences that have made us free of the realms of beauty and of truth." It was the friendly love in human faces in the little New England college that gave him that life's direction by which he has done his great work of scholarship in the world, a work so great that the two venerable English universities using his Anglo-Saxon text-books, gave him, the other year, the highest degree of honor in their power to bestow. If you would make your life worthy, if you would make yourself noble, love and be loved by some excellent human heart, strive to be worthy some great love, some divine friendship, which seems to believe yourself the fairest, truest ideal actualized.

Joy is a creator in the world. Nothing is but has a joy singing at its heart, and under the inspiration of that joy that thing becomes, joy at the heart of a lily, in the soul of the kine; joy at the heart of the earth, the soul of the sea singing the tides; joy in the heart of a Christ burning its flame of a life like a sun in the sky. Joy more certainly than sorrow and clouds can create. Sorrow and clouds may modify, may help the creation; joy alone is creator. Human hands are busy in creation because human hearts rejoice in such tasks. The more joyous is our heart's intent upon doing a thing, the more excellently is that thing done. But that there is joy in the heart of God, He could not be the perfectly good, He could not create His world, He could not set a star in the sky or a daisy in the sod. It is joy that weaves the thews of the horse, that makes the kine lowing in our fields, the sheep bleating in our pastures. It is joy that spreads out the wings of the thrush for its flight of a morning hymn. It is joy that fashions the baby's heart and sets the light in its holy face. Without joy no man can be good. Without joy no man can be great. Without joy life cannot be noble and true. And a minister of joy

unto us is just love in the faces of the friends we may love again. Every friend adds to the sum of our joys, and by that much is a creator singing his creative song in our inmost soul. Multiply your friends, and you multiply your joys; multiply your joys, and you multiply your goodness; multiply your goodness, and you multiply the success of your manly living, the growth of your manly grace.

Peace is an essential of the creation. Out of God's lovely quiet all things come. It is the peace of his heart that is a rose. It is out of the stillness of his heart that the orioles awaken to break the silence and sing for our ears the songs of his love. In his beautiful, silent imagination the thought of a child takes shape and becomes that silence broken into speech and saying to our hearts and our homes a grace, mercy and peace.

It is not in the noise of this busy world that a soul grows. The clamors of battle cannot make a nation great. When peace broods like the heart of summer over a people, the nation greatens. In the quiet of homes, in the stillness of communion with some great book, in the silence of inner loving and thinking, the soul of man grows. Out of such quiet, lengthened through years, the great souls come that do the great deeds, that live the great lives, showing our human nature divine. Put a child in a fevered hurry, allowing nothing of quiet, allowing nothing of silent thinking, and you have a dwarfed and inefficient soul. The great world-moving souls have come out of obscure places, because that in quiet are the lovely meditations of God which make great human souls, "the inward eye that is not only the bliss of solitude," but the divinest visions which an earnest hand can compel to awaken and come true.

The quiet of sleep accomplishes more for us than we dream; the sleep, which as Shakespeare sings, "knits up the raveled

sleeve of care, the death of each day's life." The quiet of sleep clears the brain and makes our thoughts stronger and truer. It purifies the heart and makes our moral perceptions of cleaner impulse, clearer vision. If we could only leave the things that in the hours which sleep has purified we regret, if we could only strive on to be what in the clean hours of the morning we desire for ourselves, we would be as pure as the dew, as sweet as the lily, as noble as the morning itself, the deed of a splendid day achieved and greatening all the earth.

Friends are to us a grace, mercy and peace. What a lovely quiet they make in our lives, when we think of them, when we talk with them face to face! When our life is full of struggle, disappointments, defeats, our friends make for us a peace in which is the renewing of our courage, the brightening of our hope, the re-enforcement of our strength. The quiet that some great love makes for a man's soul, tumultuous in passions of evil, clamored at by the loud voices of the world's temptations, is his salvation from the destruction of evil, from the ruin of selfish indulgence—is the creator within him of a new and noble life.

The peace of our friends is the worth of our life.

It is the truth of the thing that makes it be in this great busy world. It is truth that creates. A lie can do nothing but destroy. Falsehood is ever a hollow pretense. It is a truth of God's that rounds into the oak, that purples into the grape, that flies into the thrush, that smiles into the little child. It is the truth in the steel that makes possible its great service in the world. It is the truth in the marble that makes possible the telling of its beauty to the centuries. It is the truth in the earth that makes its rounded beauty possible, that makes its seasons come and pass in endless ministry of faithfulness. The worth of everything is its truth; the worth of every life, its truthfulness. Whatever, therefore, contributes to our truth-

fulness, to our sincerity is a minister unto the worth of our lives, unto the worthiness of ourselves. It is in the service of truth that friendship ministers at the altars of our lives. More or less before the stranger we pretend, we seem to be; but in friendship the masks are all down and we are as we seem. This element of reality in our lives will, if the friendship be noble, make a contribution to our truthfulness, to our sincerity, to our elemental greatness.

The fidelity which friendship calls forth, in ways cruder or more refined, is a gain to our truthfulness and sincerity. Loyalty to a friend is one of the divine greatnesses of our human nature. The greater the soul of the friend to which we are loyal, the diviner will be our transfiguration in that loyalty. By its fidelity to a friend many a mean soul has been ennobled and made great. The reality between friend and friend, the fidelity of friend to friend is a minister of truth to the human soul, helping to mate us with that truthfulness of God in which all things become and are.

The worth of life is in the truth of its friends.

We cannot overrate the value of our friendships. They make or mar us. They are to us character; they are in us destiny. They may pass away from any consciousness of our lives holding them dear; they may become forgetfulness; but yet they abide in us an inward grace or deformity, an inward strength or weakness, an inward capacity for joy or sorrow, a fate of being smiling or frowning.

I wonder if in the autumn the purple globe of honeyed wine remembers the blossom of the springtime, which has perished, indeed, but in the perishing has been renewed, in the passing away has abode, and become the tenderness of the ripening grape. In the friendships, seemingly born but to perish, character is fashioned, deepened into that abiding worth which can bear the many fruits of a life. In these clusters of emo-

tions, of thoughts, of purposes, of words, of actions that are the ripened fruits of a human soul, the passing, the most fleeting friendships abide, and are a marring or a fullness of gracious life.

Because of all this we should multiply our acquaintances with the members of our human family. To make a new acquaintance may be of more value than to read a new book, may give us more of pleasant thoughts, of cheering remembrances, more of high and blessed impulses. More of our education, than in our moments of exaggerated self-esteem, we dream, we owe to our friends, to "the quiet evenings on the chapel steps, the simmerings of heart at the hearth of a friend."

We may therefore be careful

"Not to dull our palm with entertainment
Of each new hatched, unfledged comrade;"

We should, therefore, heed Polonius' advice to Laertes,

"Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;"

We should, therefore, heed what the Friar Laurence said,

"Naught so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but strained from that fair use
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse;"

We should remember that friendship can say with Juliet,

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite."

It is the sharing of life that makes it divine. A shared joy becomes a diviner joy, deepening its graces in our hearts. A shared thought becomes a truer thought, clearing its truthfulness in our minds. A shared love becomes a holier love, deepening its eternity within us. A shared life becomes a sweeter life, all of its graces blossoming more beautiful, all of its words singing as if in tune with the morning's choir of birds. A

shared service multiplies efficiency, its power and wisdom deepening in the human fellowship. A shared book is a greater book, its meanings through the fellowship of other minds clearing to our thought. A shared anything is more of a thing, its reality, touched by the infinite, deepening our growth in the grace of loving, thinking life. A shared earth is a divinely beautiful earth. Were it unshared with any life, it were a desolation in the midst of which our hearts would break for very loneliness.

It is the Friendliness of the universe, the Love of love, that enters into us, the grace of living, the joy of loving. God is a perfect humanity and so sets His heart in the lovely ways of children, that in the human fellowship we have come to be and are becoming diviner and yet diviner men. When we think of the tenderest and the truest of human friends, lo! there lies discovered in our breasts a thought of God. When with a pure passion we love someone who is to us the human beauty and the human joy, lo! we find that our souls are stirred to God's soul, our hearts burning in the fires of his love for us. We look upon some human face lit with the glory of an unselfish, deathless love, and lo! we are looking into God's beautiful eternity. Some dear hand touches our fevered brows with a blessing of quiet, and lo! it is God saying to our souls a benediction of grace, mercy and peace. When the human friends are about us with their cheer, with their helpful words, with their smiles, their fellowship, their love, it is as if we are folded in God's great peace, as if we are at a rejoicing childhood in the center of his great love, as if his truth glorified us in a perfection mating his own, as chords in the anthem meet and marry for the glorification of the music.

It is a great joy to think that God is so near to us, not in star and sun transcending us, so that the very thought of his power and glory is appalling, but in lily and sparrow, in the

happy heart of a little child, in the soul of our tenderest, truest friend. It is a joyous truth that God is not afar from us in the great of the earth alone, in the ones who have so lived and are so living as to make history great, but, as well, he is so near unto us as to smile on us in the face of a friend, to be a joy in our own hearts, a holiness in our own souls, a creator of fuller life for the earth in our patient and lowly ministries, in the home, in the community, in the citizenship we are able to honor with any fidelity. Because he thus dwells within us and within our fellows, we should strive to be so tender and true as that we may reveal something of his loveliness that others may desire him. We should be so kindly and generous, that men may find it easier to believe in him, easier to have a confidence in his justice and goodness, because they learn to know us and learn to love us.

Because God is made known through us, we should always have a joyous thoughtfulness to report him true. Because God lies discovered in the human friendships, we should have a rejoicing carefulness to be good and true friends in all these ties that bind us to our fellows. Because of our gratitude for all the human fellowship is to us, we should strive to become more and more each day for fulfilling well our part in that human fellowship; that being enriched we may enrich; that being helped, we may help; that being loved, we may love again; all love, as all life, enlarging itself, perfecting itself in the fellowships of our earth. We should strive on in every duty, that we may never fail in that loving and faithkeeping by which God can make himself known to us. We should strive ever for a realization within us of his holy, human deeps, that so in all our outer life we may become a nearer realization of his perfect child, as a tree deepening its life sets its blossoms in a fairer beauty and its fruits in a more generous perfection.

God is the most precious possession of the heart, and God is human. Through every friendship that is pure and high-minded, we enter into some possession of that preciousness; in every steadfast and holy human love, we are entering into partakership of the divine nature. For the loves that stir our hearts with a generous fullness we should ever be grateful. For the faces of the friends making the world joyous, we should ever lift a hymn of praise to the Friendly Heart out of which all friends come.

The light that is in human eyes is the Shekinah of God upon which those who worship in the priesthood of love may look without any shadow of death befalling, and know what the truth says about great and divine living.

God and the soul can meet manywheres; in the stillness of the soul at peace; in the busy thought striving after truth; in the lily breathing fragrance; in the bluebirds breathing song; in sky or sea so fair in all their colors of the year; in mountain and meadow graced of the forests and the fruits; at the sacrament of our daily bread, in the grain and in the grape; but the divinest meeting place between a soul and God is in the face of a friend, in heart answering to heart in a great and pure love, in the human tenderness at any of its lowly or high services.

A word of God that is the aster, the grape, or the chickadee, makes the autumn beautiful. But God's divinest speech that charms is the human voice, saying truth and love and life to our human heart that answers to it all as a Cremona to a Paganini's rejoicing hand.

The soul of music sits glorified in a human voice thrilling to say out the heart's love. The heart of beauty shines in a human face lit from the fires of a great soul in love. The soul of religion is a flame upon the altar of a life rejoicing in loving kindnesses and tender mercies done unto every human

need. It is worship acceptable to God when we love, it is obedience acceptable unto Him when we serve any one of our fellows in life whose need may ask of us as the sod asks of the sun, getting the answer of the buttercups.

Where love is the sky is low and heaven can commune with the soul. Where love is God is in creative presence, and a multitude of tender and true thoughts become, we grow in grace and in wisdom, and our ideals draw near to actualize in ourselves.

Every friend is an enlargement of soul, a deepening of the heart, a fineness added to the brain, a power added to the life. We grow by our friends. The greatening of a man is in his friends. Every new one adds to the worth of life. They become in us character and destiny, and, therefore, should be chosen with the deliberation with which we would choose destiny; and the wisdom of a deliberate choice is not in any slowness, may be in a great swiftness, is in a pure heart and a high mind eager always to know and to possess the best.

Because the joy and worth of life is in its true friends and tender lovers, in the large brotherliness in which we live and greaten together, may we be eager always to give the best that is in us for the enrichment of the holy fellowship, may we withhold no good thing of heart or hand or mind from those who can receive it and thereby be helped to walk uprightly and joyously.

As it gives itself to the winds, the blossom receives and is glorified in the tints of the sky; so as we give ourselves to our friends, to all our fellows in the human life, we receive the beauty and the tenderness of the Divine Heart and are glorified in its great and eternal love.

God of the human heart, the life
That hallows all our days,
For each dear face of holy love
We give Thee grateful praise.

Thy unseen deeps of perfect love
 In these dear faces show,
 But for their gentle faithfulness
 Thyself we could not know.

In them so tender and so true,
 So beautiful Thou art,
 That in Thy love's transforming power
 Thou winnest all our heart.

We give Thee love in loving them,
 And service when we do
 Whatever makes them happier,
 Whatever good and true.

They do Thy kindness unto us,
 Thyself incarnate still,
 And in their graciousness Thine own
 Makes life with goodness fill.

So for each human face divine
 Ennobling all our ways,
 We give Thee now, remembering them,
 Our tender, grateful praise.



SOMETIMES melancholy is greater than it would otherwise be through selfishness,—through not rejoicing with them that do rejoice.—*William Mountford.*



AND yet we do not provide for the greatest good of life. We take care of our health; we lay up money; we make our roof tight and our clothing sufficient; but who provides wisely that he shall not be wanting in the best property of all—friends?—*Emerson.*



THE man who wears an oppressive, pompous air of dignity because he has accomplished some little work of importance, because he is vested with a brief mantle of authority, loses sight of the true perspective of life. He is destitute of humor; he takes himself seriously. It is a thousand dollar scabbard on a two dollar sword.—*William George Jordan.*

THE SUMMER SCHOOL AT OSCAWANA.

BY EUGENE DEL MAR.

The New Thought movement already has assumed various phases in its development, and there are others yet to be reached. The Summer School has become one of its popular features, and such gatherings are now held regularly each year in many parts of the country. That at Oscawana-on-Hudson, New York, has just completed its third season.

It seems but natural and fitting that the conceptions of unity and optimism with which the New Thought is permeated should manifest themselves in vital expressions of brotherly and social feeling. While its teaching is individualistic, it is so only from that broad point of view which identifies the interests of each and all.

The general idea of the Summer School is a place of meeting during that season where those who are desirous of further unfoldment or development may come together in an atmosphere of love and tolerance, under conditions peculiarly favorable to receptivity and expression. The natural country life assists to break down those barriers and limitations which formalities and conventions are always busily engaged in erecting and intensifying.

The wide range of subjects and topics discussed at the Summer School would be confusing were it not for the constant emphasis placed upon fundamental conceptions of truth. The New Thought is inclusive. It finds the same center and the same truth from whatever point it pierces through the circumference of manifestation. Possessing this consciousness, one is enabled to absorb that which he may appropriate beneficially,

whilst that to which he fails to respond at the time is readily avoided.

The program of the Summer School at Oscawana was carried out almost exactly as planned. The afternoon lecture was seldom omitted from the day's exercises, while the morning's devotions emphasized the essentially religious character of the movement. Most of the classes were held during the morning hours, and two or three evenings each week were devoted to music, dancing and general entertainment. The Summer School was characterized throughout both by activity and opportunity.

The addresses on the opening day (June 28th) were given by Charles Brodie Patterson, Ralph Waldo Trine and Eugene Del Mar, while the farewell talk of closing day (August 31st) was by John Milton Scott, who will take an active part in the future shaping of the Summer School. About midway between these dates, two days were devoted to addresses by representatives of The New Thought Federation, among whom were its President, the Rev. R. Heber Newton, Helen Van Anderson, Charles Brodie Patterson, Margaretta Gray Bothwell, H. Bradley Jeffery and Eugene Del Mar. These talks served to convey some idea of the inclusiveness of the Federation, and the broad lines of policy to which it is expected to give vital expression.

So many subjects and points of view were presented in the talks given during the season that comparison is impossible, even were it desirable; and space forbids more than casual mention of particular persons or events. Perhaps the most widely known of the speakers are Rev. R. Heber Newton, Edwin Markham, Rev. Adolph Roeder and Rev. Henry Frank, to each of whom the Summer School owes its debt of gratitude. Each is a host in himself, and it is the spirit manifested by such men that vitalizes whatever it comes in contact with.

Dr. Newton spoke on "An Ancient Jewish Poem of the New Thought" and "Parsifal;" Dr. Frank's addresses were on "The Force of Right Thinking vs. The Force of Heredity" and "The Duties of Citizens of a Republic;" Edwin Markham gave an analytical criticism of Edgar Allan Poe and his works; while Dr. Roeder delivered a characteristic talk on "The Problem of the Races."

What might be regarded as the distinctively New Thought part of the program was represented by Miss Georgina I. S. Andrews, Mme. Gertrude de Bielski, Mrs. Margaretta Gray Bothwell, Eugene Del Mar, H. Bradley Jeffery, Charles Brodie Patterson, Miss Anita Trueman, Mrs. Helen Van Anderson, Mrs. Josephine Verlage, Miss Eva Augusta Vescelius and Walter N. Weston, several of whom remained during the entire season. The coöperation of so many earnest and advanced workers for the truth has great significance, and the spirit prompting their coming together—and which has brought about other similar groupings in various parts of the country—seems to be preparing conditions for a federated work of far-reaching and most comprehensive character.

The ideas presented by these speakers might possibly be extracted here and there from the literature of the New Thought, but there was a vitality in and behind their utterances which is not to be found in printed words. Propositions that are purely intellectual may be transferred by means of inanimate symbols, but it is only as soul responds to soul that the spiritual depths are reached. It is the propelling force behind the words that give them power and carry conviction. It is the spirit of integrity animating the teachings at the Summer School that make deep and abiding their influence for good.

Mr. James A. Edgerton very appropriately might be ranked among those distinctively representing the New Thought, but he is even more closely identified with the economic movements

of the day, to which his best productions in prose and verse have been devoted. This is indicated also by the title of his talk, "Spiritual Democracy." It was Mr. Edgerton's efforts that brought together, and his spirit that animated the "Unity Meetings" in Denver, where the many shades of the New Thought represented in that city were welded into harmony.

Mr. Bolton Hall is one with Mr. Edgerton in his general conclusions, though he has traveled along very different paths of thought; but his keen and analytical mind penetrates to the depths where individual and social interests are seen to be identical fundamentally. His talk on "Money Getting" was both interesting and instructive. A most entertaining talk was that given by William R. George on "The George Junior Republic," in which undertaking he is absorbed completely, and concerning which he possesses a delightful fund of reminiscence and anecdote.

There were other speakers, each of whom deserves special notice. But the matter of a few words of mention will not affect their influence in any way, and is of slight importance. Dr. Louis K. Anspacher delivered many interesting lectures on Greek and Modern Philosophy, while the addresses given by Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch on "War and Woman's Work" and "Arts and Crafts for Women" were original and forceful presentations of vital issues of the day. Mlle. Marie de Palowska again conducted her lessons in diaphragmatic breathing and scientific physical exercises, and Miss Ella Powell presented her original methods in regard to tone production and the psychology of singing.

The readings of "As You Like It" and "The Tempest" by Joseph Adelman were artistic treats; while Arnold C. Stephen's recitals, from Whitman, Kipling, Schiller and other of the great poets, were not less entertaining. He recited the verses at the piano to accompaniments of his own composition, the

spirit of the music giving emphasis to the words and serving to reveal their deeper meaning.

Miss Isabel Goodhue conducted classes in Nature Study, and gave fascinating interest to the busy life of the woods and fields; while Haswell Clarke Jeffery, in the fragments of wood used for his carving, disclosed the birds and flowers waiting there to be liberated from their environment by his keen tools and vivid imagination.

Among the other talks was that by James E. Homans, on "Sound Waves;" by Mlle. Marie de Palkowska, on "The Significance of Right Breathing;" by Miss Francesca Del Mar, on "The History and Philosophy of Art;" by William W. Bosworth, on "An Architect's Notes of a Trip to Morocco and Tangiers;" by Mrs. Margaret S. Organ, on "The Organic Brain;" by Miss Margaret H. Hard, on "Our Gestures and Their Correspondences," and by Mrs. Jane Pierce, on "The Work of the Sunshine Society;" and there were other discourses, lectures and classes which can be referred to only in a general way. Rev. Alex. Irvine, Mme. Irene V. Plunkett, Miss Bertha Dawson and others took part in the exercises from time to time, and assisted materially toward the success of the season.

The Musical Program formed an important part of the Summer School, and was under the able direction of Prof. Clarence de Vaux-Royer, violinist, and leader of the orchestra and musical instructor at Cornell University. Prof. de Royer's violin has a message of beauty to deliver, and it assisted greatly toward the unfoldment of that deeper consciousness of truth which awaits only one's receptivity to its inherent harmonies. Not only was the violin heard at the lectures and talks, but especially at the Saturday evening musicales, which constituted quite a feature of the season. These were eminently successful, the talent secured being of a very high order.

Prof. de Royer was assisted by Miss May Wills, Miss Laura Patterson, Miss Maud Del Mar and Mrs. Elizabeth Homans, pianists; and among the others who participated in the various musicales were Miss Cornelia Dyas, pianist; Mrs. C. F. Dyas-Standish, soprano; Mr. Paul Miersch, celloist; Miss Ella Powell, mezzo-soprano; Mr. John Perry Boruff, baritone; Mrs. Margaret S. Viohl, contralto; Mr. Carl A. Schinner, French horn soloist; Mrs. Anita Hendricks-Spence, elocutionist; Miss Martea Gould Powell, elocutionist; Mr. Lynn Hall, baritone; and Mr. Reed Miller, tenor. The Saturday musicale was followed by dancing, to which each Tuesday evening was also devoted. Other forms of entertainment were instituted from time to time.

The Summer School at Oscawana is the realization of an ideal of Charles Brodie Patterson; the manifestation of a thought held to tenaciously and acted upon persistently. The three seasons of its existence have proven its need, demonstrated its value, and indicated its future. It has passed through the initial and crucial stage of its development, and is awakening to a deeper consciousness of its vital significance. May it always attract to it that measure of wisdom necessary to guide it along the beautiful lines of its natural and normal unfoldment! Then will it prove a lasting monument to the wondrous beauty of those new-old conceptions of truth, the consciousness of which make both for harmonious individual unfoldment and social development.

To Mr. Del Mar's summation of the summer's work might be added what follows from other pens:

There were certain lovers of Nature here before the season formally opened. Tents were erected as soon as the weather would permit, in the orchard behind the hall, on the hillside opposite and near the building now known as "The Book Concern," which was formerly "Harmony Hall." Gradually "The

Locusts" found occupants for its many rooms, and numbers were added to the family groups in the homes near Upland Farms. During the season proper, the population has been large, though constantly changing, and all the general meetings have been well attended.

The order of the day has always been attractive and interesting. After a morning walk, or an hour's conversation on the verandah, we gathered for the devotional meeting in the grove. This little shrine of silence and soul-communion is on a wooded hillside, where a few discarded pews from a country church, and a circle of rocks, are the seats, and the roof of translucent green leaves is supported by slender, branching columns more beautiful than any architect could plan. These morning meetings were conducted in turn by the different speakers who have taken part in the program, though they were always informal, and the listeners generally took some part in the service. The direction of thought in these meetings tended always toward the realization of unity with God and Nature and Mankind, which is the pervading ideal of the New Thought Movement.

Art has had representatives at Oscawana this summer in the persons of Haswell Clarke Jeffery, whose chisel makes water-lilies blossom from inert wood; Miss Helen Pettes and Miss Grace Clarke, whose water color sketches and charming miniatures pleased all who saw them; and Mrs. Turner, of New York. Photography has found numerous devotees, whose work will carry suggestions of the life and beauty of Oscawana into many homes.

At the close of the season we welcomed two strong souls, Rev. and Mrs. Alex. F. Irvine, of the People's Church, in New Haven, Conn. They have proved themselves true to the noblest ideals of the New Thought movement, and we are glad to have them at Oscawana, and give them our heartfelt encour-

agement in their work for the people. They expect to establish a New Thought center in New Haven.

Almost every visitor to Oscawana has found his way to the beautiful new home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Waldo Trine. It stands on a bluff, commanding a superb view of the Hudson River Valley, and is a dream of art within and without. Mr. and Mrs. Trine have been cordial hosts, and it has been a frequent pleasure to welcome them at the meetings held at Upland Farms. A delightful hour was spent with Mrs. Trine in hearing her tell of the cliff dwellers, whom she knows well, showing interesting specimens of their work.

Several homes have been established here by those wishing to be in touch with the work, and a more beautiful place for a country home could not easily be found. Miss Mary Green has established an elegant residence on the northern slope of Hessian Hill, commanding beautiful views in all directions. Mrs. Evelyn Roberts has built a model cottage which she intends to occupy the year round, and Miss Rita Tomson is reconstructing an old farmhouse which she has recently purchased. One of the happiest meetings of the year was held there by Anita Trueman, the Sunday after the regular season closed. Others are planning to build next year.

An excellent spirit of coöperation has been found among the original residents of Oscawana, whose homes are scattered through this lovely valley. This has been especially evident at the Saturday evening socials, when, the work of the week being done, they turned out in full force.

A comprehensive circulating library has been maintained at the Book Concern, and many have availed themselves of this opportunity to obtain a more extended knowledge of New Thought literature than their own libraries afforded. The retail business of the Alliance Publishing Company has been conducted during the summer at this office.

Much of the success of the work this summer has been due to the untiring efforts of the Secretary, Mr. Eugene Del Mar, and the "Mother" as she is lovingly called, Miss Eva I. Fulton, to whom all vexing problems have been referred and all so graciously solved in the sunshine of her beautiful soul. She was the friendly face of the Summer School, its welcoming hand. The complex machinery of a growing community, with all its fluctuations and occasional confusions, they have handled wisely and well, and they deserve all gratitude for the work they have done. Mrs. P. V. Allison has acquitted herself nobly in the management of "The Locusts," a task which has required large executive ability and experience. Withal she has found time to be the friend of every guest.

Dr. Patterson, the founder of the School, has presided at most of the meetings, and conducted several classes, during the summer. His beaming face has lent a touch of gladness to our gatherings, even when he was but a silent listener and observer, and his presence radiates health wherever he is seen.

Nature has brought her ministry of truth and beauty for all who had eyes to see and ears to hear. From the blossoming of the orchards to the fulness of the fruit, these hills have been inspiring. There has always been a chorus of songsters on the boughs and among the grasses. There are beautiful rows of stately trees along the road-sides, which are universally admired, and wonderful stretches of upland meadow commanding magnificent views. The influence of all this sinks into our souls. We shall carry its benediction with us wherever we go.

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There is a transcendent power in example.—*Madame Swetchine.*

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There is a magic in the little word "home"—it is a mystic circle that surrounds comfort and virtues never known beyond its hallowed limits.—*Southey.*

UNDER THE CHIMES.

FULL OF LOVELY YEAS.

Not to extinguish dear desire
Attains the perfect bliss;
I'll follow Thee in gentleness,
But not, O Buddha, not in this.

'Tis dear desire that builds the rose,
And weaves the sparrow's wings;
From out a heart of love its grace
Each thing of worth and beauty brings.

'Tis not a nay that wrought our earth,
A nay that curved its hills;
No nay makes all the rivers flow,
Nor one dear heart with rapture thrills.

God's deeps of tenderness assert
His fond, his fair desires,
And worlds round out, and every life
In yea for yearning yea aspires.

God's heart is full of lovely yeas,
And so he says the rose;
He sings the summer, and its heart
With birds and blossoms overflows.

God's heart is full of lovely yeas;
I see them in the air,
When summer suns so kiss the winds
That lilies make them fair.

I hear them when the thrushes sing
Their raptures to the skies;
I see them when the clovers kiss
Their honey to the butterflies.

I hear them when the gentle sheep
To one another call;
It seems my heart is then bowed down
That benedictions fall.

I hear them when the bobolink
Sings ecstacies to June;
My heart then beats an answering yea,
And raptures God a tune for tune.

I hear them in a lover's love,
In every friend I hear
God's voice of gentle fellowship
To cheer us with his cheer.

God has a perfect dear desire,
A yea of tenderness,
And wife and husband come to be
One life that thrills to joy's caress.

God's heart is full of lovely yeas;
He speaks and children are
With hearts to love the sun's sweet day,
To wonder at the night's each star.

If I would perfect and become
A being sorrow-free,
I must assert my holy thoughts,
Compel my sweet desires to be;
Their rounded full of love and truth
Is grace from which my being springs
To fill my heart with granite hills,
With soils and tender blossomings.

'Tis only when desire creates
A rose, a thrush within my soul,
A world with trees and fruits to bless
That I know being's perfect whole.

There's not a thing but that it is
Some heart's some lovely yea;
When in a life love's voice speaks full
That life sings joy's most perfect lay.

When each desire is at its full,
I know the perfect bliss;
Your path of yea's sweet gentleness
To this, great Buddha, leads to this!

So we will not efface ourselves,
Dear Buddha, but fulfill;
To being at its utmost full
God says his Peace! Be still!

And all the lovely quiet then
Is just fulfilled desires,
Not ashes dead upon the hearth,
But suns that burn love's perfect fires.



THE DEEPS THAT ARE LIFE.

Thy tender, eternal deeps are life, and they will us life so earnestly, that these hearts of ours, abeat and joyous, are thrilling in that beautiful will. It is not Thy love's purpose to destroy. Thy love denies not. It affirms, and its affirmations become these countless lives that crowd our happy earth.

And yet, to our eyes, these lives disappear as though they took their little drink at the stream of joy and were hurried on to make place for others. It seems that Thou who art life regretted the gift and withdrew it, as if Thy lovely affirmations had turned into petulant denials. While we think of Thy palm as the open, eternal palm rejoicing to give, it seems to shut into a fist that smites us with pain, that darkens us with death.

In the midst of believing in good, we are overwhelmed with evil, its floods and its billows piling starless nights upon us. Wanting to be the generous and the true, striving to will them so earnestly that they will fulfill in our lives, we find ourselves in the grip of the selfish and the false. Hungering and thirsting after ideals, we find ourselves starving on the husks of some low actual.

And yet are we confident that the seeming is not the real, that the reality is love willing life, truth willing faithfulness for the fulfillment of every noble ideal. The bounding is in our vision, not in Thy goodness. The excess of light, it is, that blinds us with this shadow of death. Some new glory of life has overtaken these we call our dead, and not yet may we behold its grace. The joy they drank from the cup of the earth is brimming more glorious chalices. Their smiles are on diviner lips. The light of their love shines in diviner faces. The old voices have a new strength and tenderness for saying the old love. As that love brightens into its everlasting spring, all the old joys are renewed, the old sacrednesses blossomed again, and new beauties censering the air with deathless fragrance.

So ever our bruised hearts fly to Thee for the comfort of healing, and Thou dost not deny a touch of Thy gentleness to the soul. Thy kiss of comfort gives the assurance that Thy love worketh ever through all the changes that befall to fulfill our desires, to bring our longings to their perfect fruit.

So ever in the dark and the silence, we open our hearts to Thee, and Thou dost fill them with something of Thy dear presence, and the great loneliness is companioned of Thee who art fulness of life, who art the fruition of all the desires that life has kindled in our hearts, and it seems that the sunbeams wandering so far in the cold have returned to the sun's bosom to partake of a perfect grace of heat.

Surely in the valley and shadow of death Thou art with our beloved comforting them with some holy and tender life, with a fulness of being so bright as to make life here but its darkest shadow. In the same valley Thou art with us comforting us with this confidence, that death is but some life's change into greater fulness, the dear hearts beating on in answer to Thy great and eternal loving, the beautiful yea of Thy heart that so entranced us speaking them on into a more perfect song, into a more winning persuasion of human love.

Brighten this hope in our night! Make it a morning star, leading in the dawn! May it come to our experience that we do not hope but know that always Thou willest life, it our gracious master in every change, weaving us more closely and tenderly into Thine eternity.

Then will that gracious sanction to noble life strengthen our hearts to do our earth's full duties. We will do them with joyous faithfulness. The kindling of our enthusiasms will make the light of help about us, and in that light the earth will show diviner for other eyes.

Knowing Thee as our mother in life, the time of earth will be a happy childhood, the eternity of love will make the excellent passion after with a great desire. Our tears will be as in our mother's bosom, and the renewing of her kisses will make all life tender and true and strong.

When we feel that in us Thou art asserting love's eternal yea, activity grows intense, life thrills into fulness, and no failure is nor can be, no blossom of desire that fails of its fruit, no joy of being but that grows towards its perfection which is forever a part of the sacred fulness of God's life, which in its deeps is love, in its outgoings, wisdom.



The tone of God's voice speaking to men is the man through whom he speaks.—J. M. S.

OSCAWANA MEMORIES.

When the pall of the brick-bound city
Hangs heavily on my heart,
And the spirit of sadness and pity
Causes the tears to start;
When the pomp of wealth and honor,
Seems like a foolish toy,
Comes the memory of Oscawana
With its message of peace and joy.

Beautiful cloud banks drifting
Through boundless skies above,
Masses of shadows shifting
O'er orchard and meadow and grove.
Afar the gleam of the river,
Anear the golden rod;
And everywhere and ever
The beauty and peace of God.

There was strength in the sense of union,
With wisdom and love divine;
There was joy in soul-communion
At our lovely woodland shrine;
Each at his best was living,

In those distant summer days,
It was easy to join in giving,
In gladness and love and praise.

And now as I feel the pressure,
Of the turbulent city life,
The mad pursuit of pleasure,
The vain competition and strife,
I think of Upland meadow,
Sloping against the sky,
And the weariness and shadow
From my spirit seem to fly.

Once more the joy of existence
Awakens within my soul;
I lose the sense of resistance
And find myself in the Whole;
Turmoil and strife are ended;
I am loving and wise and strong;
The divine with the human, blended,
And life just an endless song.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

LIFE AND ITS ADJUSTMENT.

What we call life is at bottom a matter of adjustment. "To be, means to be in relation." To the soul whose relationship to its fellows and the things of this world is the true one, the soul of the universe is opened. As we forgive, we are forgiven; as we judge, we are judged; with what measure we mete, verily is life measured to us again. It is not our circumstances nor our environment, our friends nor our enemies, that really decide our destiny but our own attitude toward all of these. It is not the things that touch us from without—what "happens to us"—but how we receive these things—allow them to affect us—that counts. It is our adjustment to the universe that determines the influx of the universal power into our souls. We receive just in proportion as we are harmoniously related to things and people about us.

The soul of the universe is forever in touch with that soul that is in right relations—is adjusted to life on this world-side. Harmony here is, as it were, a touchstone.

It is as if by this adjustment, by our mental attitude, we open or close the valves, the arteries, the avenues, of the inflowing life. A sense of separateness from one's fellows reflects inevitably in a yet more apparent separateness from God; self-centeredness, in a loss of the realization of oneness with the heart of all things. And the mind is the great battle ground where this prize of adjustment is struggled for, is finally won. The soul is forever steadfast. The soul needs no adjustment. The soul of each of us is at this moment and forever at one

with the soul of all things. All that is needed is that the mind, the mentality, that is so wise in its own conceits, that is so jealous of its own prejudices and preconceived ideas, consent to take down these barriers that obstruct its light, these fossil faiths, this outgrown scaffolding that hampers the new growth, and let the great upwelling life in all things surge through the whole being—body and soul.

"Leave all thy pedant lore apart;
God hid the whole world in thy heart."

There is no evil anywhere and there is no sense of evil except in the partial sight of the mentality. It is the mind that discriminates between good and evil, that builds the barriers of "thou shalt not" and fixes the seeming gulf between the soul and God. It is our habit of thought that must be adjusted.

It is this war with barriers and obstructions in the soul's effort to realize its ideal, to come into its rightful relations, to express its true adjustment, that brings all the sorrow and suffering of this life, all the pain of growth. The indwelling life is forever seeking to burst its limitations. "It is with men as with trees; if there is real life in them, they are always breaking away the crust of circumstances and customs, the crust of their own living of yesterday, in noble rents, which, like the black strips of the linden's bark stand witness to their own inward strength." "Creeds are but milestones on the way to truth." We must adjust ourselves to the new demands upon us that the new day makes. There is a meaning, a divine purpose, in those demands, whatever they may be. We must learn to let go of the useless and outworn things of life in our process of adjustment. Each of us may daily generate energy sufficient for all his duties and pleasures and to keep himself in perfect health if he will only let go of the things he needs not hold.

Growth is a continual adjustment. Until a true adjustment

is attained growth is pain. But I believe there comes a time in the development of the spiritual nature when painful growth is no longer necessary. True adjustment is joy; that joy, that happiness for which every human being longs in his inmost soul. There are indeed "round men in square holes" in plenty in this world. But this seeming mal-adjustment is only for the purpose of a more perfect, ultimate fitness. Purposeless pain in the economy of the universe is impossible, unthinkable. Sorrow, disease, are danger signals only. Friction, which is partial adjustment, means forever "onward." We are not mere vacuities in the scheme of nature waiting to be filled—round and square pegs shuffled blindly and falling haphazard into square or round holes. We are creators—making worlds. We must make our own adjustments; they are not made for us. And we are not ordained to submit, but to dominate; and the ideal in the soul of each of us will give us no peace until it is fully expressed in the adjustment of the outward life. Were submission, passive reception of circumstance, all that is required, automaton—nine-pins—would have answered more economically, more satisfactorily, than thinking men. Up to a certain point of development, growth is pain; but pain is progress; every hunger a prophecy; every desire an incipient satisfaction.

No man can ever be truly adjusted, poised, happy, with his ideal unexpressed. This is the central point on which all adjustment pivots, from which the happiness-creating forces all outwork. To have is to manifest—to express, as truly as to be is to be in relations. We have a "duty to environment" in proportion to the reflex influence of circumstance—our world, upon us. We may be as blind, unsightly and apparently insignificant in the scale of existence as angle worms, but our "mission to environment," even if no more than theirs, is no small one. The grass-clad meadows, the fields of ripening grain, the

mighty tap-rooted oak itself owes a debt of development to these same small "missionaries to the clod." And is our responsibility less than theirs?

There is no organism without its ideal—some pattern by which to shape its growth, some purpose to express, from the mineral and below to the moral hero and beyond. The only difference in this respect between ourselves and the commonest cobblestone, says somebody, is that we can be conscious of the "crystallization" so to speak, can admire the beauty of the process and intelligently co-operate with it. But this is no small difference and entails no small responsibility. To hold an unexpressed ideal is miserly, is criminal. Our own unhappiness, pain, immaturity, mal-adjustment, means to that degree the mal-adjustment of all others. For we are parts of the great whole and a flaw in the part means a flaw in the whole.

We cannot plead the uncontrollableness of circumstance. Circumstances are only our dumb-bells and punching-bags by means of which we are to make our moral muscle, through which indeed we express, upon which we must impress, our ideals in the end. It is our business to adjust circumstances, environment, to ourselves as well as ourselves to our environment.

"One ship drives East and another West,
With the self same winds that blow.
It's the set of the sails and not the gales
That point the way to go.
Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate
As we journey along through life;
It's the set of the soul that decides the goal
And not the calm nor the strife."

So adjustment is also a matter of action. The kingdom of God never comes without activity—is never made manifest without work. There can be no clearness of mentality, no spiritual wholeness, without expression. A grave responsi-

bility rests with each smallest action, as well as the gradual removing of mental barriers, the outgrowing of partial views.

Now, how can this adjustment be effected? To begin with, we can free our minds from criticism, judgment, condemnation. The critical is always the partial view. In reality, we pass judgment upon ourselves when we presume to pronounce it upon another. Inevitably, in our condemnation of a fellow being, we proclaim our own limitations, our own purblindness, our own lack of understanding, the shallowness of our own lives. "Judge not as the judge judges, but as the sun falling round a helpless thing." Only he who has lived can understand; only he who loves, knows. And when a soul no longer holds condemnation for any other soul, there is then no condemnation in all God's universe, with God himself, for that soul.

Whatever the quality of our thought toward another, it will inevitably be reflected in our own lives. If it be harsh and critical, picturing dark and condemnatory conditions, not only will these make yet more difficult the pathway for that other struggling soul, but will hamper our own progress as well.

Again, we can bring about a truer adjustment to life by a truer settlement of the individual problems that come into the lives of each of us. It may seem at first impossible that the little perplexities of daily life have any part in the history-making of the wide world. But they have, they must have, or they would not have come into our lives. As we settle each of these honestly, fearlessly, as we square it with our ideal, regardless of apparent limitation, the possible criticism of our fellow men, as we solve that problem, small or great—*truly*—in accordance with the love-light in our own souls, just in so far we have contributed to the solving of that problem for the whole universe. In a sense the whole universe was waiting for our solution of it. Objectively considered, it may have

indeed seemed trivial; it is the way we go about the settlement of it that weighs in the balance. It is the character, the moral muscle we make, that counts; the gleam of truth we contribute in the solving, that helps the world.

Each of us, with maturity, begins, or should begin, to live the true, the individual life. Until this time the child lives the life of its parents, a reflected life; the life of the race, an inherited life. Thenceforth, however, the soul is making history for future race-following—the soul that lives truly. But how many of us go on thinking half our lives, all our lives, in the same old ruts, the same old mental grooves, thinking indeed the very same thoughts that have been thought over and over again, sifted and threshed out centuries before we were born. Often, alas, we do not even think, but rather allow our minds to be occupied by the purposeless re-picturing of trivial incidents and happenings, to no purpose, with no intent. This is not making for adjustment. This is clogging the wheels of progress, retarding the means of growth; this is stagnation, suffocation,—death rather than life.

“Think truly and your thoughts shall the world’s famine feed.”

Each of us must settle our own problems, fight our own mental battles, if we would come into the realization of a true adjustment to life. Another soul’s solution will never fit ours, another man’s victory can give us no relief.

Harmony or adjustment in the life is evidenced in many ways, small as well as great. The buoyancy of the carriage, the rhythm of the step, the timbre of the voice, the very texture of the skin, all these inevitably proclaim the inner harmony or the inner mal-adjustment.

But we must have patience—patience with ourselves. Conditions that have been years in making cannot be overturned in a day. Yet when we earnestly desire harmony, we have

behind us as it were, all the impulse, the impetus of universal harmony, its fulness pulsing through us and the increasing consciousness of this expressing itself in power in us.

I believe a new and epoch-making period has arrived in life's unfoldment, when the achievement of a day may rival the slow march of a thousand years of the older time. And every impulse of simple joy, of delight in life, of the expression of our own nature,—of coöperation with, adjustment to, God's plan for us on any plane—is hastening this time of swift and harmonious fulfilment, this day of the Lord—for each of us first, and then for all of us, as one.

As I write, a little dog, exuberant with the life and happiness of the animal world, is frisking at my feet, and in this very joy of life, all unconscious as it is of the "progress of the ages," the "panorama of evolution," is nevertheless furthering these by its adjustment, its joyous expression of the life impulses that upwell in and through it, as perhaps we of the larger horizon fail as fully to do.

A line of the Hoosier poet throws light, though humbly, on this great underlying principle. He makes one of his characters say:

"For it's given me to perceive,
And I most certainly believe,
That when a man's just glad plumb through
God's pleased with him same as you."

Adjustment means joy—joy, happiness, is adjustment. It is our attitude toward life and the problems of life that determines our happiness. CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

Doctor Newton's articles on "The Antiquity of the New Thought" have been delayed. But this month we print by him an article on Wagner's "Parsifal," the first of two, which the Alliance Publishing Company expect soon to bring out in booklet form.

FEDERATION'S ENRICHMENT OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

It is by the grace of fellowships that nature fulfills herself in her accentuated individualities. The fellowship of petals makes the perfect rose; and all the petals help each petal be that individual perfection essential to the enchanting whole. The deer that dares the mountain, leaping crags as if it might be dowered of wings, is such a perfected individual of its kind because of that dwelling together in unity by which deers herded for the common safety and the common fulfillment. But for its federation with other deers, it could not have become that kingship of its kind. The swan that crests some mountain-embosomed lake in Alaska, or with perfect pinion cleaves the leagues of leisured air or the storm-flow of the winds, came to its personal power by the grace of fellowship. By federation in the flock its wings were wrought to their flight's great power. As solitary bird, it were degenerate, limited, forgetting, failing. Wingbeat to wingbeat with others was as the magic artist stroke actualizing its beauty for the waters and the winds.

The best that nature gives is given by federation. Her most highly accentuated individualities fellowshipped into their heights of being. In her humankind this prentis hand becomes the master workman that o'ertops the world with the great souls that make the epochs of the race.

Howe'er so far ahead of his day, Jesus was yet the product of his times, the created of his fellows, by what they were to him of inspiration and uplift, by what they called forth from him into beautiful expression. A mountain top may seem to touch the stars with friendly hand and leave the earth lie far beneath in level languishing that dares not greatness. But

after all, what is that peak but a level lifted and domed by fellowhands, by forces moulding in fellowships?

It was first a plain, and but for that plainhood its mountainhood had never mastered the upper leagues of air. Even now it wears the ermine of its snows by the federation of rocks on which it rests, by which it has its crags. That Jesus was understood and loved by many who lifted him into fame shows how level-hearted he was with his kind; and the individualities of his disciples, in their degree, were as highly accentuated as his own.

Napoleon was as much an expression of his times, as much the production of a human federation, as the rose, that reaches to my lady's cheek proud to match beauty with beauty, is an expression of the rosebush, the product of a federation meaning roses. By himself a melancholy failure contemplating suicide. Federated with others, with the new thought of his day, thorned with companies of bayonets, he unfolds that rose of greatness which fills the centuries with his fame. By the help of legions, shaking continents with their marching tread, he carved out his colossal career, fixing himself in the immortal marbles of the world.

Shakespeare is the master poet because he is the master plagiarist. He federated his work with others, and so sang himself into immortality, as a bird sings itself into the day, a voice in a choir that leads the dawn in praise. Had not others labored and he entered into their labors, he had not o'ertopped the world with his mastery of song. He was fellowed in his day by other workers, by appreciators of his work, and so wrought his cathedrals that, lifting amid the city's trade or among the country's trees, are doing their work of spiritualizing all who stir to them with great admiration. He could not live his immortal life but for the countless other Shakespeares

who love and understand him, interpreting him to their hearts and to their fellows' hearts.

Lincoln growing greater as his tragic days mellow into truer perspective, his human-heartedness, his wisdom of kindliness, showing vaster, proves that only because he federated with his fellows did he achieve an individuality great enough to outlast centuries, becoming, as one has said, "the tenderest memory of the race."

Nature intends the individual. She means "the single, separate person" and only utters the word "en masse," that out of that mass as product her individualities merge to take her eye with beauty, to enrich her endeavor with achievement. The individual is the darling of her heart, the diamond value of her patient shop. Her repressing hand is not a tyranny. It is intent upon liberty, the liberty that frees the ways for the diviner expressions of the individualities she yearns to see. Her fellowships are not tyrannies that destroy. They are fellowships that fulfill, federations that create an individual greatness that else could not come to be.

Let us, therefore, who with a great price have purchased the freedom to do our own thinking and to be our own selves, unhindered by hoary thinkings of other days, of other souls, by conventions that cramp, by foundry tyrannies that "turn out men as foundries turn out stoves, all of the stamp and pattern," not debase our liberty into foolishness despising the paths of power that have led to our mountain's height, the pioneers whom we are following or who have helped us blaze trails and pitch our tents where now is home and garden with fair and fruitful fields and crowding cities, a peopling continent. Who would want to occupy a continent alone? That were a homesickness breaking the heart. What are continents for, the continents of truth which daring Columbases have

discovered? To be shared. To be given away. To be peopled. To be greatened with civilizations.

So of this continent of spiritual thinking which has come to be called New Thought. It is to be possessed by the people. It is to greaten the people, and in turn to be greatened by them. It is to be colonized. Its virgin forests, and as yet poorly explored mountains and plains, are to be crowded with rejoicing civilizations. Fellowships are to take it in their beauty, as the fellowship of daffodils takes the winds of March. When fully possessed by achieving lives, then new continents will open and newer civilizations will come to pass.

To be one's self utmostly, to let none hinder, by any tyranny of any kind, the most perfect actualization of ourselves so that no one else is or can be our like in all the universe of souls,—for that are we come, unto that end are we born into the world.

But this we can only achieve by federation with our fellows. We can fly into it only as we hear the fellowship of other wings beating in tune with ours as we cleave the winds of great migrations. We can row into it only as other oars beat the sea helping our stroke to be that master stroke of Ulysses sure to find the fleece of gold when Odyssees are rowed to their end. We can sing into it only by the help of other voices blending with ours to make the victor's chorus triumph to the winds. We can toil into it only as cathedrals are built by the loving help of other patient hands. While the others are silent, ponder upon the one organ note which thinks it sings the anthem. How screams, aching in the ear like a discord, what else were music. But altogether, each individuality voiced to its full, the very stars pause in their courses to hear and glorify themselves in that "concord of sweet sounds" the organ sends aloft..

Independence in overplus leans so far back from others, that it loses balance, topples and falls, cutting the scalp, sometimes

cracking the skull and letting in light the wrong way,—the light of the truth that we need each other and cannot perfect but together. Refusing to look with friendly eye upon the earth, gazing at the stars so far, so cold, as if they only were worthy of our attention, does not find the secret of greatness. Those stars may let some light of God out upon us, but they have no doors of home with friendly latch keys inviting to a warm hearthstone. Gazing so and saying that thus we must individualize ourselves, what we miss! For looking level-eyed into the face of our fellows, holding still the highest self-regard, the noblest brother-esteem, is looking into the face of God, and finding what no star can say that God has a friendly heart desiring us to ever enrich in the actualization of ourselves,—a friendly heart which we feel abeat for our courage in the hand of a human fellow. Certainly if a new book enriches us, if a new truth makes us divine, a new friend won in the sympathy of our work, yearning the same achievements for the enlightenment of the world, greatens us, contributes some new element to our character, some new chord to the anthem of ourselves. Kindling our torches together at Truth's common flame, we can go off into the night for scattering the darkness with a lighter heart and a braver foot.

The New Thought Federation, meeting in national assembly this month at St. Louis, is fulfilling the ways of the universe as it blossoms into new truths and into new humanities. Its purpose is not any overlordship. It seeks no fetters to bind upon itself or its fellows. It believes in no tyrannies of any kind. It would shape no creed. It would found no ecclesiasticism. It would simply, in beautiful and free fellowship, help each one to find his truth and live it to the utmost fulness. By interchange it would greaten each. By coöperation it would multiply the voices telling what beautiful truths have blessed that others in the blessing may have a part.

Its word of fellowship should be the simplest. In that simplicity, it should be elemental as the sunshine. Under that statement, simple and universal as sunshine, it recognizes the freedom of all to unfold as they will, to express what they can of the divine love and truth enrapturing us, even as out of the simple and elemental sunshine the rose expresses the red, the violet expresses the blue, the daffodil expresses the yellow, the acorn expresses the oak, the vine expresses the grape, the orchard tree expresses the apple or the peach.

The sunshine excludes none, includes all. It is universal, giving its beams to whatever can receive their ministries. So of this spiritual thinking which is called New Thought. Back of it, seeking expression through it, is a love, a truth, as simple and elemental, as inclusive, as the sun. Its convention is simply a getting together for a little while that the sunshine we vision may fall with equal beams upon us all. To enjoy it together we meet. In heart we would be children playing together, enjoying that sunshine's beauty, becoming acquainted with each other, greatening together, seeing vaster the truth that claims us, the service that asks our loving diligence for the enlightening of the race. We are together in the simple desire to help each other into a greater wisdom for letting our light shine in the dark places of the earth that the outgoings of the morning may rejoice. O happy eyes fashioned of light for light, and finding the light to be our eternal home. To help others see their glory and become it, for this we meet, for this separate and live our lives in their varied ways of joy.

Excluding none, including all, even as the sunshine does, in nothing disputatious, knowing that the truth takes care of itself by its truth as the light takes care of itself by its light, let us meet together, talk together, receive a common inspiration, work together, that in helping others to become themselves to their beings' happy full, we help ourselves to fulfill, so brim-

ming our being's cup that the overplash of our wine may rejoice in cups less full than ours. So for us the whole round world will gladden into a summer's full of truth and love and life.

JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

We have let the friends say about the Upland Farms summer school just what they would. For ourselves, at this time only this general word: The summer school has not achieved our ideals, but in its noble spirit it has done a work of substantial good, and everyone who has partaken of its spirit has gone away enriched, even as the fall of the summer sunshine has enriched the fields that answered them with appreciation, giving blossom and fruit and ripened grain. We are in the vitality by which things grow. We are growing. Next year everything will have some increase towards the perfection which is our ideal. There will be better accommodations, "the creature comforts" more satisfying, a larger attendance, a finer quality in the teaching work, a diviner breath in the atmosphere. To this end we want all the tender and true thoughts of our friends to bless Upland Farms, to crown its hills with the confident expectation of all good, and next year touch hands with us, as we look into one another's faces, quicken our ideals together, together enlarging our horizons, together deepening into the beautiful life of Love and Truth of which we are an eternal part.

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For our old subscribers who send us two new subscribers we will give a two-dollar Parker pen or two dollars worth of books, as they may elect.

We do not see that the objection to premiums is well taken. Any publisher must spend money to get his periodical to the attention of the people—a legitimate thing to do. This may be done in the form of advertising or of premiums—the ethical principles are the same. The only thing involved is a judgment as to which method of spending money gets the best returns.

THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

The preliminary work of The Fourth Annual New Thought Convention is being carried forward actively, and the Convention to be held October 25th-28th will be a memorable occasion.

The list of speakers is not quite complete, several of those invited not yet being assured fully of their ability to attend. These names will be withheld until definite acceptances have been received. Some of the speakers have been allotted thirty minutes each, while others have expressed a willingness to take such shorter time as the general interests of the Convention may require. It will be necessary to limit the shorter talks to ten minutes. The list of speakers, at present, is as follows:

Georgina I. S. Andrews, A. P. Barton, C. Josephine Barton, W. J. Colville, Melinda E. Cramer, Eugene Del Mar, Mary D. Fisk, Charles Fillmore, Myrtle Fillmore, Rev. Henry Frank, Ursula N. Gestefeld, Emma Gray, H. Bradley Jeffery, Francis E. Mason, Rev. R. Heber Newton, Charles Brodie Patterson, Rev. John D. Perrin, Charles E. Prather, M. Woodbury Sawyer, Rev. H. H. Schroeder, Joseph Stewart, Anita Trueman, Paul Tyner, Rev. Helen Van Anderson, Eva Augusta Vesce-lius, S. A. Weltmer, J. Stitt Wilson and Carolina S. Wolfe.

The Convention will be held in Music Hall, and the price for season ticket, securing admission to and reserved seat at all public sessions will be one dollar. The charge for admission to each separate session—of which there will be eight or more—will be twenty-five cents. Applications for seats should be addressed to J. D. Perrin, 4606 Morgan Street, St. Louis.

The St. Louis Committee having the Convention in charge is under the general supervision of Mr. Perrin, and is composed of the Chairmen of the sub-Committees (Publicity, Transportation, Reception, Music Hall, and Hotels), together with Rev. H. H. Schroeder, Edmund T. Bunting and Vintie

Root McDonald. All who anticipate attending the Convention should address Mr. Perrin in reference to hotel and other accommodations.

The literary program of the Convention is in the hands of the Executive Committee of the Federation, and all communications in reference thereto should be addressed to the Secretary, Eugene Del Mar, P. O. Box 20, M. S., New York City.

Each person who is interested in the work undertaken by the Federation is requested to manifest this interest by sending one dollar to the Secretary as annual dues for the current year. Blanks for this purpose will be found in the advertising pages of this Journal.



BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED

The following books and pamphlets have been received by us, and some of them will have extended notice later :

Balthazar, The Magus. By A. Van Der Naillen, Chevalier of the Order of Léopold of Belgium. R. F. Fenno & Company, New York.

Inspiration In Human Life. By Isabella H. Gossman. T. Fisher Unwin, London.

The Problem of Existence. Its Mystery, Struggle, and Comfort in the Light of Apian Wisdom. By Manmath C. Mallik, of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. T. Fisher Unwin, London.

Psychology. The Cultivation and Development of Mind and Will by Positive and Negative Processes. By Frank H. Randall. Fowler & Wells, New York.

Tolstoy's Letter on the War Between Russia and Japan. The Hammersmark Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

The Alkaloid in Christian Science. By An Outsider. The Lighthouse Publishing Company, Denver, Col.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE CHRISTIAN CREED: ITS ORIGIN AND SIGNIFICATION. By C. W. Leadbeater. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. John Lane, The Bodly Head, 67 Fifth Ave., New York City.

This book is a theosophical explanation of the Christian creeds—the Apostles', the Nicene and the Athanasian. One of the purposes of its writing is to enable those students of theosophy who are still earnest Christians to use these creeds with an intelligent understanding of their larger meanings, eliminating the personal element which narrowed them to Jesus and historical Christianity.

The claim of this book is that the essential substance of the Christian Creed is a part of the Wisdom-Religion which runs back centuries before the times of Jesus, "an ancient formula of cosmogenesis, and the rubric for the guidance of the hierophant in the Egyptian form of the Sohan or Sotâpatti initiation."

The trouble that befell these great truths was the materializing tendency which grouped them about the personality of Jesus; attempting to interpret these two ancient spiritual and universal documents in terms of material personality.

The hand of the scholar shows itself in this book, but it is not the scholar lost in the mazes of his scholarship when he attempts to tell others what he knows. Mr. Leadbeater writes with simplicity and clearness. The reader does not have to struggle to get at his meanings. His work is well done. It will help those for whom it is written to enjoy the Christian Creed, in its various forms, eliminating the personal and materializing element, and using only the universal truth which the author claims to be enshrined in its heart.

Others, who care nothing for the Christian Creed, who have never used that creed, who will never use it, will find Mr. Leadbeater's book a valuable contribution to general New Thought literature. The cosmic theory, of which this book

is really an exposition, is of spiritual and intellectual value to all those who are seeking to formulate for themselves a satisfying cosmic philosophy, who are pushing through the phenomenal and diverse to find the Absolute Unity in which "all things live, move and have their being;" who desire a noble working hypothesis of the creative cycles by which the One-Loving Wisdom at the heart of the universe "fulfills himself in many ways."

While the ancient theory which this book expounds does not shut its eyes to the shadows and tragedies of phenomenal life, thinking they are put out of existence by ignoring them, there is in it nowhere any room for despair, hope lifting from every entangling thicket on lyric wing with enticing song, leading on to that eternal compensation in which the Blissful Life is intent upon glorifying all the children called forth from out the uncreated depths to these strange cycles of creative journeyings.

FREE AMERICA. By Bolton Hall. Paper, 25 cents. L. S. Dickey & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Bolton Hall is a torch, burning with a quiet, steady flame in that night shadowing from greed and ignorance. It would not express the fact to call him a star shining in that night, for, while the light shining from him is clear and unflamed of the passion of the reformer, a star is too far and too cold to symbol him; for Bolton Hall's place is here on the earth, and one might easily imagine that it was he who said Father Taylor's words, that he "liked folks better than angels." Perhaps it has truth in its heart to say that Mr. Hall is a pioneer blazing a trail in a new continent, and quietly telling folks how they can escape from old tyrannies into the liberty of that new continent taken in the spirit of brotherliness, purposing justice and fullness of life for each, for all.

He says of this little book that it

"aims to convince the stupid millions that injustice is never to their interest. It has no theory to prove, nor does it advocate any social reform hobby. It shows just why a great many must work hard, in order that one may live without working. It does not attack wealth or property. It shows that we ought to have far more property than we have now. It appeals to no lofty sentiment, but places its argument on the sure ground of plain, ordinary selfishness. It indulges in no rhetorical fancies. It does not denounce existing institutions as monuments of wickedness. It points to them as marvels of stupidity. It does not say 'Do this and you will establish an ideal civilization,' but 'Do this and you will become rich.' In short, it recognizes the fact, admitted by all except dreamers, enthusiasts and impractical idealists, that people have one aim in common, which is—to get wealth. It maintains that this aim is not a mean one, but the necessary foundation for progress in education, the arts, sciences, and all else that distinguishes the man of culture and refinement from the primitive barbarian. It exalts the wise production and distribution of wealth as the chief social good."

Notwithstanding what he says, Bolton Hall belongs to the glorious company of the idealists, to those who love their fellows and believe that

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood,"

and that full economic liberty is as essential to the growth of a noble soul and noble civilization as sunshine and air are essential to the blossoming of a violet or the perfecting of an oak. A humanitarian as eager to greaten lives by the achievement of liberty in which they may grow as his ancestors were to save souls, it may yet be said of him as Dr. John Brown in his "Rab and His Friends," says of the doctors, "Pity has ceased with them as an emotion and become a motive." Pity with Bolton Hall has ceased as an emotion because it has deepened into a motive, even as June blossoms pass because the souls of them have gone into the rounding fruit. It is, therefore, he may be a safest guide.

This little book of his is an enlightenment for those who have not thought of social and economic conditions, and for those who have thought until they want them changed, it is as a well-equipped arsenal to the embattled soldier.

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Vol. XIV }
No. 5 }

NOVEMBER, 1904

{ 25c. Monthly
{ \$2.50 Yearly

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CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON
JOHN MILTON SCOTT

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—EMERSON.



VOL. XIV ★ NOVEMBER, 1904 ★ No. 5

PARSIFAL: THE OUTCOME OF THE LIFE-WORK OF RICHARD WAGNER.

BY R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D.

A letter from Richard Wagner to Praeger, dated April 8, 1865, contains perhaps the first recorded hint concerning his final work:

"I am seriously reflecting on the Christian tragedy; possibly something may come of it."

In 1872, Wagner remarked to Mr. Albert Ross Parsons:

"I am now old; but I am not as old as some would like to have me. In three or four years I shall produce the 'Nibelung's Ring' entire, and then I shall bring out one more work."

Writing to Liszt, under date of July 12, 1876, he observed:

"I have just found two admirable subjects, which I certainly must work out some day; the first is 'Tristan and Isolde' (you know it already); then comes the triumph, the most sacred of all things, complete redemption; but I cannot tell you now what it is."*

"Something did come of it." In 1880, the "one more work," "the triumph * * * the most sacred of all things," was presented to the world at Baireuth; the Joseph, fondly beloved child of the Master's old age, the swan-song of the most wonderful of musicians.*

*It is interesting to note the connection hinted above between "Tristan and Isolde" and "Parsifal." The idea of each of these music-

Wagner spared no pains, strenuous worker as he ever was, to make this the great work of his life. Its conception dates from "an hour of deep poetic reverie" on Good Friday, 1857. In 1864, he made an outline of the work; and in 1865 he writes: "Parsifal is already sketched." During the first months of 1877 the entire drama was completed, the poem appearing upon the book-market on December 25 of that year. In the spring of 1878 the musical sketches of the first act were on paper. On Christmas morning of that year he conducted for his family, at Wahnfried, the Prelude to the drama. The score was completed in Palermo on January 13, 1882. Five years were spent in elaborating the score—the whole work being the growth of twenty-five years.

It is, indeed, "the most sacred of all things" in the world of dramatic and musical art, by general acknowledgment of the critics, and by the reverent confession of the public. The most hostile criticism does not dispute its unique religiousness. And by the glad consent of the vast majority of the critics, enthusiastically applauded by the people at large, it is verily a "triumph"—a masterpiece dramatically, a solemn and holy wonder of music. To collate the enraptured expressions of music lovers is almost to suspect the sanity of judgment of those who forget to criticize in their unstinted praise. The latest critical study of Parsifal, introduced to the American public by Mr. Krehbiel with laudatory commendations, speaks of the music-drama in such language as this: "A magnificent hymn of Pity;" "an incomparable hymn of ecstasy and love;" "the deepest and most striking impression of art that the pres-

dramas was in the mind of Wagner at the same time. While busied on Tristan he sketched the rough draft of Parsifal. The first sketch of Tristan made Parsifal appear, in the third act, in pilgrim garb, trying to console the despairing lovers. Wagner was, unconsciously, perhaps, following the ancient French and German poems, which linked together the legends of Tristan and Perceval.

ent generation has experienced;" "the richest and most varied orchestration we have:"*

May we not expect a work thus heralded by the composer himself, thus labored over by genius, thus welcomed by the music world, to prove—unless indeed the Master was in his dotage while creating it—the outcome of the life-work of Richard Wagner, the crown and consummation of the ethical and spiritual aims revealed in his earlier productions, the flowering forth of his very soul?

Must we not look to find the key to this final work of Wagner in such a study of his earlier works as we have already made—and then, with this key in hand, may we not turn to these other works for an authoritative interpretation of the mission of the Master?

I.

In a previous chapter, we have studied together the work waiting to be done for the opera as Richard Wagner came upon the stage of life, the work which he set himself to do, the intellect and the character endowing him for such a task. It was natural that such a man should seek to bequeath, as his final legacy to the world, a master work, in which the aims of his life should be summed, under the consecration of his ripest powers. Long before he spoke to a loyal disciple of "the one more work" to follow *The Ring*, or wrote Liszt about "the triumph," "the most sacred of all things," it is clear, as already indicated, that he had this task in mind.

He tells us, himself, of the subjects that rose, one after another, before him, as the theme for this crowning work. Buddhism had at one time appealed strongly to him, as it reached him through the medium of Schopenhauer. Accordingly, he thought of taking a Buddhist theme for his subject.

*"The Parsifal of Richard Wagner," by Maurice Kufferath.

Under the title of *The Victors*, the Gautama, himself, was to be the central figure of the story; and his innermost group of three disciples (corresponding so closely to the three chosen friends of Jesus), were to appear in the drama; into which some of the legends of the Buddha were to be woven; while the dominant ideas and sentiments of Buddhism, pity (Chakya-Nuni was represented as becoming the Buddha, "through pity enlightened"), sympathy with the animal world, renunciation of the world and the flesh, were to be the ethical themes of the work. He was enough of an historical philosopher, however, to recognize the fact that Christianity is a later evolution of the spiritual nature of man, out of which Buddhism arose; an evolution of its truths into higher terms and more balanced proportions, in the person of a yet loftier historic figure.

Accordingly, he determined that his subject should be a Christian theme. But, while he turned away from the story of Buddha, he, with true historic and philosophic insight, carried from Buddhism over into his Christian theme not a little of its thought and feeling; and, as in the scene of the Flower Maidens, boldly copied from the legend of the temptation of the Buddha by the Daughters of Mara.

Mr. Krehbiel, in his interesting lecture upon *Parsifal*, seems to me to have greatly exaggerated the Buddhistic character of the work. According to him there is little else in it, ethically and religiously, than Buddhism. A philosophic understanding of the relations of Buddhism to Christianity, and a critical study of Wagner's writings, should have, alike, saved him from this mistake.

Wagner was drawn at one time very strongly to a dramatic presentation of the story of Jesus of Nazareth. His sense, however, of the unutterable sanctity surrounding the historic Jesus to the Christian soul, forbade this subject. Yet, since he must needs make this final work a crowning expression of

the Christian spirit, as he perceived it, he felt constrained to find a subject which should at once be, as it were, a story of Jesus and yet not that very story; which should deal with the central themes of Christian thought and feeling and should use the most sacred symbols of those themes, while yet removing the whole subject far enough away from our actual earth not to shock the sensitive soul of the Christian world; lifting it into the air, and leaving it there, half-real, half ideal, "mystic, wonderful." He sought, therefore, a legend or myth which should be essentially Christian in its spirit, which should link itself with the historic Jesus, and which, yet, as a legend or myth, should leave itself open to the handling of art. This theme he found in the myth of the Holy Grail and the legend of Parsifal. The subject was the same with that which Tennyson had chosen, instinctively, as the fitting symbol for his classic and immortal handling, in "The Idylls of the King."

In elaborating this later theme, we find Wagner reproducing, with slight change, at least one feature which he had drawn in the earlier sketch. The touching representation of the washing of Parsifal's feet by Kundry, closely follows a description of the washing of the feet of Jesus by The Magdalene in the scenario of the earlier drama.

The legend which Wagner finally chose for his theme is very ancient, more ancient indeed than Christianity in many of its features. It was a pagan wonder-tale before it became a Christian romance.

The symbols of this mythical tale, the mystic cup with its magical properties, the sacred lance, etc., are to be found in the pre-Christian stories out of which the legend of the Holy Grail grew. Many, indeed, of the people's poems of the Middle Ages prove to be transformations of the folklore of Greece and Rome and the East. Sign, this, of the fact witnessed in every department of Christian life—in its symbols, its decorations, its

rites, its institutions and its creeds—that Christianity is a regenerated Paganism, the ancient common trunk of human religion budding and flowering afresh, in nobler forms of richer life.

In its Christian form, the legend of the Holy Grail was a favorite of the mediæval poets, taking on different shapes among different peoples, yet strongly reproducing the traditional features of the ancient myth. There would seem to have been a free interchange of ideas among the peoples and races of Europe through the Middle Ages, and the growth thus of “a common poetical fund, from which all the nations borrowed.”

Two romances stand forth among their fellows as having stamped this legend most strongly with their individuality. Chrétien of Troies, in the latter part of the twelfth century, left to posterity the poem of *Perceval*, which gave form to the French variants of the legend. Of him a later writer says, “Chrétien was, in all respects, a true poet and a great writer. * * * One would be well repaid,” for the labor of reading him, “by the interest and charm which this old poem arouses.” The German form of the romance was given to it by Wolfram von Eschenbach, the poet who in many ways deeply impressed Wagner, and whom he has introduced into *Tannhauser*, entering into the Song Contest for Elizabeth’s hand and singing, later on in that opera, the exquisite Song to the Evening Star.

From him Wagner drew most largely the material for his rendering of the legend; although “the master of Baireuth has united and condensed in his drama the principal features of a whole series of mediæval poems relating to *Parsifal*.”

He troubled himself little to change the details of the story as he found them ready to hand in the mediæval romances—as little as Shakespeare cared to alter the features of the tales from which he drew the material for his immortal dramas; neither the one nor the other being at all ambitious for the sort of

"originality" after which lesser men hunger, while each did yet unavoidably stamp the raw material they boldly cribbed with the seal of his own wonderful genius.

Those who desire to study the sources of Parsifal somewhat carefully will find the subject handled at length and with great charm in "The Parsifal of Richard Wagner, with Accounts of The Perceval of Chrétien de Troies and The Parzival of Wolfram von Eschenbach, translated from the French of Maurice Kufferath, by Louise M. Henermann."

Despite his illusions on this subject, Wagner could not write a libretto which should compare with the classic English poem, but he could fashion a drama that should interpret the deepest spiritual truths of the theme as Tennyson could not have done; a drama which should be an undogmatic presentation of the very heart of the Christian theology; and he could score music which should express, as no words can ever utter, the infinite yearnings of the soul of man and the infinite revelations of the spirit of God, which together constitute the Religion of The Christ. And this he did in Parsifal.

II

It is needless to give more than the briefest outline of the story of the music-drama—referring the reader to Oliver Huckel's "Parsifal" for the best rendering of the libretto.

The Holy Grail, the cup which Jesus had used in the Last Supper, was, under the care of the knightly brotherhood devoted to its preservation, enshrined in the Castle of Montsalvat, supposed among the mountains of Spain. This holy cup possessed the power, at times, of growing luminous, and of taking on the color of the blood of Jesus. Every day the spiritual life of the champions of the cup was renewed and, in a strange and mysterious way, even the physical life of the Knights of the Grail was sustained by it.

One of those who had sought the company of this holy Brotherhood, and who had been rejected, for his unworthiness, Klingsor, filled with revenge and hatred, had, by magic arts, fashioned an impregnable castle in the vicinity; which he filled with his retainers, and from which he planned to lure the Knights of the Holy Grail into sin, and thus, through their fall, obtain possession for himself of the mystic cup. The chief instrument in his malevolent work, Kundry—a being half legendary, half mythical, a re-incarnation of famous women of the past, the female Wandering Jew, doomed, for her mockery of the Savior as he bore his cross to Calvary, to “cursèd laughter,” fated to wander over the earth until she found a human Savior,—is bound to his service by his magic spells. Under her wiles, Amfortas, the son and heir of Titurel, the royal Head of the Brotherhood of the Holy Grail, had been tempted into sin, and thus had lost the sacred spear, an invincible weapon possessed by the guardians of the Grail, being none other than the spear which had been thrust into the side of Jesus on the Cross. This had fallen into the hands of Klingsor. An incurable wound remained in the side of Amfortas, torturing and tormenting him. A more grievous wound remained in his mind and heart—the memory of the sin and shame of his fall. Under the influence of this betrayal of his trust, he no longer felt pure enough to uncover the Holy Grail, as it was his function to do; and thus the Knights were deprived of their spiritual support and of their bodily sustenance.

The drama opens upon the scene of the stricken King being borne on a litter to the healing spring, and thence carried gently back to the castle—having found no relief in the sacred waters; and thus learning afresh that no help could come until there arose one perfectly pure of heart, by “pity enlightened;” who should prove to be the redeemer of the Brotherhood, the recoverer of the spear, the restorer of the glories of the Grail.

A youth who had been kept by his mother away from the world, in the seclusion of the forest, lest he might be drawn to the knightly adventures in which his father had been lost to her, grows up in innocence of soul, but, as yet, with no touch of awakening pity for the life of animal or of man. He comes upon the scene rejoicing in having just shot the sacred swan. Gurnemanz, the aged Knight, rebukes the youth for his wrong, and enlightens him as to the sin involved therein, amid the cries of horror of the attendants, who appear bringing in the body of the swan. The first awakening touch of pity steals over the youth. In horror of his crime, he breaks his bow and casts it from him, resolved never again to take the life of bird or beast.*

Parsifal is then led by Gurnemanz, who suspects that he may be the long-awaited-for one, up into the castle of Montsalvat; where the Brothers of the Grail assemble for the adoration of the sacred relic and for participation in the holy supper of the Brotherhood, in memory of their divine human Master. Parsifal, the "fool without guile," watches this impressive scene, to him so strange, so mystic; hears the agonized laments of Amfortas with, as yet, no touch of pity for the sorrow deeper far than the loss of physical life by the bird—the tragic sorrow of the human soul. He is driven away from the castle by the indignant Gurnemanz, because of his unsympathetic attitude; the angelic chorus meanwhile softly singing from the heavenly heights the strain of mystic promise:

"By pity 'lightened
My guileless One—
Wait for him
Till My will is done."

*In this there is an echo from Wagner's own life story. He records in his letters the fact that he once, but only once, shot a bird. His tenderness towards animals is well known. He had his favorite dog buried by the side of his own tomb at Wahnfried. The agitation against vivisection enlisted his sympathetic coöperation.

The second act opens with the temptation of Parsifal. Klingsor, in his magic castle, weaves his wizard spells around Kundry, "the Rose-bloom of Hell," and compels her, against her will, to aid him in leading astray this youth, whom he, too, suspects to be the predestined redeemer of the Brotherhood.

The scene changes to the fairy flower-garden, where a bevy of bewitching flower-maidens vie with one another in the attempt to win his love. He, however, in his innocence, scarcely knowing whether they are really maidens or only flowers, passes through the temptation unscathed. Then follows the subtler temptation by Kundry, herself; who, telling him the story of his mother's death, touches the deep founts of pity in the youth and lays him open to her guile. Under the pretence of giving him his mother's last kiss, she seeks to rouse his passion and thus ensnare him. Through this final temptation, also, he escapes untouched; recoiling with horror from the suggestion of evil at the moment when she seems to be triumphing over him. This kiss renders him, as it were, clairvoyant; so that he sees the horror of the condition of Amfortas, and his heart is drawn out in pity. Pity and purity, twin-sisters of the soul, come to the birth in him at once. He has proven himself "by pity enlightened and in purity saved." Victor over himself, he is prepared to become victorious for the Brotherhood.

Klingsor, maddened by his failure, hurls the dread spear at Parsifal; but it stands arrested over his head and he holds it in triumph, while the magic castle falls in ruin.

He then disappears from the scene, and is supposed to be engaged through some years in knightly adventures, searching for the Grail vainly, under Kundry's curse; through which experiences he has been spiritually disciplining himself.

He returns in the third act, a matured man, in whom the spirit of the Christ has ripened, until his very face has grown like that of Jesus, according to the traditional representation.

He enters upon the scene clad in his armour, to the surprise of Gurnemanz, who rebukes him for being arrayed in the panoply of war upon the sacred day of peace.

Then follows a most beautiful and touching scene. Parsifal wonders at the peculiar beauty, the exquisite fragrance of the fields and the woods, the strange sense of peace and calm which steals in upon him from nature, and learns the secret in finding that it is Good Friday, the day on which

"The rapture of redemption sweet and mild
Trembleth afar through all the universe."

Kundry, who has been seeking by loyal service of the Brotherhood to redeem her sinful past, had felt, when first she met Parsifal, that he was to be her deliverer from the magic spells which were over her, from the stain and shame and sin of her career. She had divined that it was in some way through the power of human love that this redemption was to be wrought out, and, now recognizing that the love which was to save her was the divine love in the man before her, throws herself at his feet, bathes them with water and wipes them with the hair of her head; while he, who has just been baptized at the hands of Gurnemanz and anointed King, baptizes her, pronouncing over her the divine forgiveness, which restores her to her better self and seals her salvation.

Then Parsifal proceeds with Gurnemanz to the castle of Montsalvat, assumes his place as the predestined King of the Brotherhood, touches the wound of the stricken Amfortas, crying aloud for death, with the sacred spear and heals him of his mortal sickness, unveils the Grail, which again glows with color and then takes on the sacred hue of the blood, while the Brotherhood see the source of their strength once more opened and their daily sustenance provided, and bow in grateful adoration, amid celestial music. Into this scene of holy joy poor Kundry steals, clad in her hermit robe. Not hers, however, to

renew here the life which had been so stained with shame and sin, even though her sins, which had been "as scarlet" were made "white as snow." For her a quick passage to the world where "God unmakes to remake souls;" there to start her life afresh. So she falls to the floor of the sacred hall and dies.

III.

Even such a bald verbal epitome of the music-drama must make it clear that it is a Sacred Mystery, a symbol of the story of the soul, a tale of man's sin and suffering and shame turning to salvation, a parable of art concerning the essential truths of The Christian Religion—a Drama of Redemption.

"With the opening of the drama we have a picture of man's divine estate of true and mystic union with God, the Infinite Spirit of truth and love,—a pure and holy communion that gives spiritual sustenance and inspiration for stainless lives and noble knightly deeds. But, alas! this mystic union has been marred through sin, and through the sin even of their king, Amfortas. The consciousness of this sin makes the celebration of the holy rite, the unveiling of the Grail, too painful for him. The soul-inspiring vision in Monsalvat has therefore well-nigh ceased, and where there is no vision the people perish. In Amfortas we see a representation of humanity. Humanity is out of harmony with the spirit of truth and goodness."

Kundry,

"Sinful and yet desiring to be helped,
Enthralled of sin, yet seeking after God;"

the tempting beauty and love, seducing innocence while
horrified at her own evil:

"O Kundry! * * *
Thou art our human nature, after all,
Strange contradiction, mingled love and hate,
Half demon and half angel in thy moods."

Humanity must await deliverance. Hope broods over the scene of sin. Prophetic promise foretells a Deliverer. The weary world must await the coming one, spotless in purity perfect in love. The Savior is prepared.

The soul of the child-youth, not knowing to distinguish between good and evil, is wakened into moral life under temptation. The two central evils combated by the spirit of Christ, sensuality and self-centredness or selfishness, are mastered by purity and by pity. The innocent youth becomes the pure man. The self-centred lack of sympathy of the natural man rises through suffering into the unselfish pity of the man in whom the Christ is born. In this dual motivity the redeeming forces of the tragedy are found. The "fool without guile" is educated through temptation and sorrow into the man of the spirit, and thus becomes the redeemer of the Brotherhood, the savior of Kundry, the restorer of the spiritual glory of earth.

The hero embodies the Spirit of the Christ—yet is he not the very Jesus of history. He renews in a human life the saving work of the Divine Man.

"Wherever we know one whom we can absolutely trust to be perfectly true and inviolate, to be upon all occasions the soul of honor, and one who at the same time shares with us our common life, and whose heart beats in loving sympathy with our sorrow as for its own, there is a redeemer."

We too, then, may become little Christs, and "fill up that which is lacking of the sufferings of Christ for His body's sake, the Church."

Parsifal is, then, under the form of legend and myth, the story of The Spirit of Christ working in humanity, leading man up out of evil into purity and unselfishness, and thus redeeming the world unto God.

It closes with the strain:—

"Highest wonder! blest salvation!
Praise the Lord for our redemption."

The essential spiritual and ethical contents of the music-drama are the truths of The Christian Creed.

IV.

It would, indeed, be a miracle in the realm of art if a work of such lofty aim did not lay itself open not only to musical criticism, concerning which this essay can have nothing to say, lying as it does wholly beyond the sphere of the writer's competence for counter criticism, but also to unfavorable judgments as to its ethical and religious conceptions, in defence of which a preacher may well enough enter the lists. Certain of these misconceptions, as they seem to me, may here be noted.

Those who had the privilege of listening to the deeply interesting lecture by Mr. Krehbiel last winter, before the production of *Parsifal*, must have been greatly instructed in all matters concerning the stage-properties, so to speak, of this music-drama; following with unflagging zest, as they must needs have done, the wealth of learning with which he illustrated the symbolisms of the story, the mystic cup, the sacred spear, etc., and the relationship of these Christian symbols to similar products of the imagination among ancient and pagan peoples. In all that pertained to the folk-lore of this music-drama, that lecture was exhaustively instructive. But, when the distinguished critic came to interpret the significance of a work of genius generally recognized as, above all else, a musical and dramatic expression of the ethical and spiritual contents of Christianity, not a few of his hearers must have been painfully disappointed.

The impression left upon some of those hearers was that the ethical and religious meaning of *Parsifal* was no meaning at all; that this aspect of the work might well be passed by in silence, as the fancy of the enthusiastic Wagnerian rather than the serious thought of Wagner himself, or at least as the illusion with which the master's genius fooled him, while he

was giving to the world a masterpiece of music, a "triumph" of art.

As to this, it must suffice to answer the critic by the author, and to trust the sanity of the composer against the suspicions of the reviewer.

Richard Wagner, as Kufferath observes, "like all great artists, possessed a profoundly religious, that is to say, a believing soul." His religiousness became, later in life, instinctively Christian.

Mr. Parsons, in his delightful little book, "The Finding of Christ through Art, or Richard Wagner as a Theologian," makes this amply clear. Such extracts as the following, from Wagner's works, conclude the question before us.

"The Gospels have been so often and so exactly examined critically, and their origin and the facts concerning their compilation brought out with such unmistakable correctness, that, in the midst of all that excites contradiction as ungenuine and extraneous, the sublime form of the Redeemer and His work must, it seems to us, have become distinctly apparent to the critics themselves. But the God revealed to us by *Jesus, the God which none of the gods, sages or heroes of the world ever knew*, but who now, in the very midst of the Pharisees, Scribes, and Priests, was revealed to poor Gallilean fishermen and shepherds with such power and simplicity that whoever once discerned Him immediately looked upon the world with all its possessions as worthless and null,—this God, *who never can be revealed again, because then and for the first time, He was revealed to mankind, this God the critics forever view with mistrust.*"

* * * * *

"The God of Deism was condemned by art. The Deity in the burning bush, nay, even the white-bearded venerable old man looking down out of a cloud, with a blessing on his Son, did not, even when represented by the most masterly artistic hand, say much to the faithful soul; but the suffering God upon the Cross, the 'Head bowed down with sorrows,' even in the crudest representation, still fills us, as in all ages, with enthusiastic emotion."

* * * * *

"The men of physical science feel very wise over the fact that Copernicus with his planetary system has taken away from God his heavenly home. We do not find, however, that the Church has felt

materially perplexed by this discovery. For her and all the faithful, God still dwells in heaven, or, as Schiller sings, 'Above the starry zone.' But the God within the human breast, of whom our greatest mystics have always been so certainly and luminously conscious over and above all consciousness of being, this God, who needs no scientifically demonstrable heavenly habitation, has made trouble for the priests. To us Germans that God had become profoundly known."

* * * * *

"The Founder of the Christian Religion was not wise: He was Divine. To believe in Him is to imitate Him, and to seek union with him."

* * * * *

"In consequence of His atoning death, everything which lives and breathes may know itself redeemed, as soon as the Redeemer is accepted as example and pattern for life."

* * * * *

"Among the poorest and most isolated people the Savior appeared, showing the way of redemption, not by doctrines, but by His own example."

One notable fact in Wagner's life sets the seal of final authority upon these testimonies from his writings. As is now known, under the influence of Liszt, Richard Wagner, late in life, submitted himself to the Church of Rome. He died in the communion of the Roman Catholic Church.

When, then, we find this religious nature, led by his life's thought and experience out of practical Paganism into confessed Christianity, into conversion to Catholicism; when we find this genius writing and composing a final work of art, as his testament to the world, a work which he himself speaks of as dealing with "the most sacred of all things, complete redemption;" taking for his theme, at first, the story of Jesus, and then a legend enshrining the very heart of the mysteries of the religion of Jesus,—we may be sure that this music-drama is none other than "a sacred opera," nay, that it is a distinctively Christian opera.

It is an interesting historic fact—a fact which partakes of the natural symbolism of all vital experiences—that it was on a

Good Friday (1857), "in an hour of deep reverie," that Parsifal was conceived.

"On that day, as he himself said later, he heard the sigh of profoundest pity that was once heard from the Cross on Golgotha, and which now escaped his own breast. In a few hours he wrote those tender and touching verses which he afterwards put in Gurnemanz's mouth, and which explain the spell of Good Friday, that day of universal repentance and pardon, when nature seems more beautiful, when flowers and herbs, watered by the tears of repentant sinners, that holy dew, uplift their heads, and when every creature longs for the Redeemer and trembles with joy before purified man."

And to show how deeply the distinctive idea of the Christian faith is woven into the web of this music-drama, the exquisite first scene of the third act, with its heavenly picture of the forgiveness of poor Kundry, under Nature's own benediction, is presented as occurring on a Good Friday.

Any doubts upon this point left by the libretto are resolved by the score. There can be no question as to the character of the music of the drama—the larger half of the music-drama. It is unquestionably religious, as religious as the masses of Palestrina; indubitably Christian, as Christian as those musical settings of the supreme act of the Church's worship. The distinctively modern art translates the poetic symbol into the inarticulate speech of the soul, and the result is a work which is essentially spiritual.

Michael Angelo said of the bronze doors of the Baptistery of the Duomo in Florence that they were fit for the gates of heaven. So one may say that this music is worthy to be sung by the angels in heaven, in "the golden tide" forever beating round the throne of God.

The notes of the one true religion—of the religion which knows no change of time, the religion which was, as St. Augustine said, Christian long before the age of Christ—the notes of this Catholic creed breathe through this wonderful score. Every emotion of the most spiritual religion, the religion of

The Christ of God, stirs at the magic touch of the master. Reverence, awe, aspiration, worship, pity, sympathy, unselfishness, forgiveness, faith, hope and love, in successive waves of sacred feeling, surge through the soul. The leading motives, as they recur in the critical moments of the drama, illuming and interpreting the story better than any libretto could do, give the key to the parable; and that key is the central word of Christianity—Redemption. Parsifal is a Christian music-drama.

The audience recognizes this character of the score, even when the text is little known. The profound impression made by the music, an impression indistinguishable from that made in the great cathedral, at its most holy offices, sufficiently attests the character of the work. The voice of the people drowns the murmur of the critic.

But the critics, themselves, for the most part, endorse the judgment of the public. One could fill pages with the glowing testimony of musical critics to the spiritual nature of the work.

Mr. Haweis' memorable description of the Baireuth performance leaves an impression on the reader's mind of the writer's having been present at an artistic revival of religion. It is a description of the holiest offices of the church, as they are rarely rendered. Mr. Kufferath calls the great temple scene "an incomparable hymn of ecstasy and mystic love, before which analysis pauses impotent." The work is, as a clever German critic called it—meaning the expression to be its condemnation—"Christianity in Music."

The final authority, again, is the master himself. While working on the score, he confessed to a friend that he was exceedingly careful to keep the whole work in "the simple tone of sanctity." In a commentary programme which he wrote for the first rendering of the overture in Munich, before King Louis II of Bavaria, Wagner thus set forth its general ideas:

"Love—Faith—Hope.

"First theme: Love—Take my body, take my blood, for the sake of our love. (Repeated softer by angels' voices.) Take my body, take my blood, in remembrance of our love. (Again repeated softer.)

"Second theme: Faith—*Promise* of Redemption through Faith. Firm and full of vigor, Faith is manifested, full grown, expectant, even in suffering.

"To the renewed promise, Faith responds from the sweetest heights—as though borne upon the wings of the white dove descending from above, ever taking hold upon human hearts more entirely and largely, until it fills the world of nature; then, as if gently soothed, it turns its gaze heavenward again.

"Then, once more, from the strain of the solitude rises the cry of loving compassion: the agony, the bloody sweat of the Mount of Olives, the divine suffering of Golgotha—the body grows pallid, the blood flows, and, dripping, glows with a celestial light of benediction, shedding the joy of Redemption by Love upon all who live and suffer."

This interpretation of the score of Parsifal by Wagner only follows his interpretation of the general office and mission of music. He thus writes, at different times:

"The Christian Church bequeathed to the world, as her noblest treasure, music, the all-plaintive, all-saying, sounding soul of the Christian Religion. Flying abroad from within her temple walls, holy music goes forth breathing new life into every part of Nature."

* * * * *

"'To-day art thou with me in Paradise.' Who does not hear the Redeemer's words call to him as he listens to Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony? The effect upon the listener is precisely that of emancipation from all guilt, just as the after effect with which we return to every-day life is the feeling of a Paradise lost. So does music preach repentance and amendment of life in the profoundest sense of a divine revelation. As Christianity arose under the Roman universal civilization, so music bursts forth from the chaos of a heartless, materialistic modern civilization. The spirit of both Christianity and music is Love; and both affirm, 'Our kingdom is not of this world.' We are from within, you from without; we are the offspring of the essential nature of things, you of the semblance of things. Thus music excites within us, as soon as we are filled with it, the highest ecstasy of the consciousness of illimitability. As soon as the first measures only of one of Beethoven's divine symphonies are heard, the entire phenomenal world, which impenetrably hems us in on every side, suddenly vanishes into nothingness; music extinguishes it as sunshine does lamplight. In

music's enigmatically entwined lines and wonderfully intricate characters stand written the eternal symbols of a new and different world."

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"Above all thinkableness by means of concepts of Reason, the musical seer, 'speaking the highest wisdom in a language which Reason does not comprehend,' reveals to us the inexpressible truth; while we listen we have a presentiment; nay, we feel and see that this seemingly substantial world of the Will is only a fleeting show in the presence of the one truth, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'"

In that brilliant lecture on Parsifal to which reference has already been made, Mr. Krehbiel seemed to imply, even if he did not actually so say, that such ethics as there were in this music-drama were, for us to-day, unsound ethics; the ethics of mere sentiment issuing from a religion of sentimentality; mediæval rather than modern, mawkish, not human, morbid instead of natural and healthful. In this criticism, the lecturer expressed the feeling of not a few critics. But the criticism seems as faulty as the corresponding judgment upon the religiousness of the work.

True, as critics have so needlessly insisted—missing the heart of the matter in the criticism—the tale is one of a mediæval character, representing the middle-age ideal of life, enveloping the subject in an atmosphere of outgrown superstition, seeming to identify purity with asceticism, and religion with relic-worship. This, however, is only the incident of the story, and not the heart of ethical life animating it. The legend and the myth, as the natural medium for this art work, necessitate the limitations of the age of the legend and the myth. But what is the worth of the criticism which identifies the spiritual truth of the symbol with the material symbol itself? The symbol is the alabaster vase holding the precious ointment, which the serving imagination reverently breaks—and lo! the house is full of sweet odors.

Is it likely that the genius who created the mediæval Tristan and Isolde, which proves, as Bernard Shaw discloses, to be so

true a parable of our modern social and economic problem, should fail in his crowning labor, the task matured through twenty-five years, to interpret its legend of the middle ages into the thought and life of the nineteenth century? Let Kufferath's testimony suffice.

"The ingenious conceits of the poets of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries have become a thoroughly modern work of keen psychology and lofty philosophy."

The audience proves wiser far than many critics, and the unsophisticated wisdom in "the native heart of man" recognizes instinctively in this mediæval tale the story of the soul, which knows no datings of history, no periods in the universal reality of human experience.

True, again, is it that the tale is one of a monkish type, as belongs to the age from which it was drawn; but the virtue immortalized in the legend is not to be narrowed by the monastic ideal of a past age—it is as universal as humanity itself. The ideal set forth may seem to be one of asceticism—it is in reality one of purity.

Is it asceticism to resist the seduction of the senses? Then was Joseph, in the house of Potiphar, an ascetic, and not the type of clean-souled young manhood which we have fondly cherished in this ancient tale. Since when has that venerable formula of the Church's baptismal office ceased to set forth the normal, healthful, manly type of purity? Is it now holding up over the young soul an ideal of monkish asceticism for the minister, in that solemn hour, to demand:

"Dost thou, in the name of this child, renounce * * * the sinful desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow nor be led by them?"

Is it an utterance of monkish asceticism, when the prayer is then lifted up:

"Grant that all sinful affections may die in him, and that all things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow in him: Grant that he may have power and strength to have victory, and to triumph against the devil, the world and the flesh?"

A certain critic, to whom reference will be made more at length hereafter, has written :

"Parsifal's perfection is made to pivot upon a temptation which implies that the source and continuity of evil are through that sacrament from which, and through which, is the eternal procession of life. In place of Siegfried's glorified and protecting Brunhilde, we have woman pictured in Kundry as that which man has to be saved from; just as in Tolstoy, we have nothing resembling a woman, but only a breeding animal, or the vassal of man's pleasure, from which he is to be delivered. In Parsifal, as in Tolstoy, we have the stamp of infamy and evil placed upon the secret of life, that blossoms in the babe's first smile, in the blush of the rose as well as of the maiden, in the strong hope of the young man, in all that is best in art or song or revolution, and in the ultimate holiness and beauty of the world."

This seems an almost wilful perversion of the meaning of Parsifal. The union of the sexes does indeed form "that sacrament from which, and through which, is the eternal procession of life." It remains a sacrament always, even when Lust ministers at the altar instead of Love; but it is then a sacrament most foully degraded, most impiously mocked. When the harlot who posed as The Goddess of Reason sat upon the high altar of Notre Dame, amid the orgies of the French Revolution, making a mockery of the Mass, that holy office was none the less a sacrament in that it was being sacrilegiously caricatured. This is the awful sin of Lust, that it wantons in the holy place of Love, blaspheming in the very presence of "The Lord and Giver of Life" Himself. The eternal procession of life verily flows on, even through the tainted springs of impurity, but alas! with what evil forthflowings to successive generations, where such goings forth of life should have been wholly sweet and clean and healthful!

In resisting the temptation to wanton love, there is no hint even that "the source and continuity of evil are through this sacrament, from which and through which is the eternal procession of life." It is to affirm, rather, that the source and conti-

nuity of evil are, then, through the most awful desecration of that holy sacrament of love and life. It is precisely because the union of the sexes is the fountain spring of life that to poison it is such a sin as renders it man's most sacred duty to make that union a joining together of soul as well as body, a marriage of love and not a cohabitation of lust, the reverent act of the child of the "Lord and Giver of Life," not the coupling of the flies.

If this fine language of the concluding paragraph of our critic means anything, it means that all sexual relationships are equally holy, that there is no difference between love and lust, that there are no barriers to free desire, that no sex temptation is to be resisted because in no sex relations is there sin. Tolstoy can freely take his share of this sweeping condemnation—he deserves it. But thus to characterize the heroic purity of Parsifal is to break down all the barriers which man has strenuously raised through the ages between himself and the brutes, to eviscerate morality and discharge chastity of any ethical character. It is the glorification of animal desire—the apotheosis of the past periods of promiscuity!

Indeed the critics forget the mediæval legend itself. The pure-souled Parsifal, or Sir Perceval, becomes, later on in the story from which the drama was drawn, the father of Sir Galahad, the Knight, "pure in heart," who saw God; or, according to another variant of the tale, of Lohengrin, the Knight of the Sacred Swan. But the after life of the hero could, by no artistic foreshortening, be brought within the perspective of the music-drama; and so our monk-mad critics find the young man whom the flower-maidens could not seduce a monkish ascetic! A truce to such blind-souled criticism.

True, yet once more, that the drama of Parsifal centres in the gospel of Renunciation—a very questionable "good news," according to some critics. That this idea is the ethical heart

of the drama was even more clear in the first draft of the poem; which closed with the lines—

“Great is the charm of desire,
Greater the power of renunciation.”

Now this principle of renunciation, according to the ethics of our Neo-Paganism, is an unsound virtue, an unreal heroism, a morality which is essentially false.

In a brilliant article in *The Comrade* for March, 1904, one over whose lamentable throwing away of a unique opportunity for leadership in the social struggle of our land many still grieve, attacks Parsifal on this ground, savagely.

He writes thus:

“Parsifal is not only the glory of decay, the revelation of a genius that riots in that intensified selfishness which takes the form of self-renunciation; it is the word or drama of a philosophy that is a deadly poison. It is, indeed, a wonderful and terrible blasphemy of life.”

* * * * *

“Parsifal stands and sings for the denial of life; for the destruction of the will to live; for the negation of love, which is the ongoing of the will to live. All periods of decay, in either the individual or the life of the world, are marked by a creeding and bannering of the religion of renunciation or self-denial; which renunciation or self-denial always turns out to be the most degrading and unbelieving selfishness, masquerading as unselfishness. It is the denial of life, not the denial of self, which these creeds and their prophets stand for. It is the religion of the impoverished life, of exhaustion and satiety, demanding that the world shall cease to live because the prophets of denial are too exhausted to go through the problem of the whole of living. All religions are founded on this fundamental atheism; upon the doctrine that life is essentially evil; upon schemes for saving men from life, instead of bringing life to men. All religions come stamping life with infamy; with the stamp of inherent and necessary wickedness.”

* * * * *

“Buddha, Augustine, Wagner and Tolstoy, widely apart though they might think themselves, all come bearing the same deadly message of evil to the world. In recent times there has been no such frightful and malignant infidelity, no such gospel of illimitable selfishness, no such creed of deathless atheism, no such sodden and decadent spirituality as that which Tolstoy proclaims, calling men to become sordid and inverted self-seekers, and shameless deserters of the pain and shame

of the world. And Parsifal is the song of this wretched infidelity to life."

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"Now it is not the denial of life, but life's affirmation, that must summon mankind to a harmonious and beautiful world. The one faith we do need, and which Parsifal and all the religions have come to destroy, is the faith of man in life, or the faith of life in itself."

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"It is a sad and fateful spectacle,—that of the Wagner who raised a new Prometheus, in his Siegfried, to wrest love and life from the gods, coming at last to so give up life and its real problem that he could perpetrate the blasphemy and moral imbecility of Parsifal, with its black magic of death and the fascination of the serpent."

It might suffice to rest the case upon the simple authority of such a master as Wagner. He had himself been caught and borne far away from his early Christian traditions in the swirl of the currents of the Neo-Paganism of our age. It was under these tumultuously surging floods of the Paganism welling ever up under the Christian surface of our nature that he wrote *The Ring*. There is scarcely a distinctively Christian note in that splendid series of dramas, unless it be the social ethics of the *Rheingold*, which underlie the other parts of the Cycle, and the superiority of Siegfried to the divinities of Walhalla, as being one who is "freer than the gods." The ethics and the religion of *The Ring*, apart from these exceptions, are Pagan rather than Christian, far more natural than "supernatural," as we wrongly say, yet say perforce, in the limitations of language.

The heroes and heroines of *The Ring* are wholly un-moral creatures. Siegmund, Seglinde and Siegfried cannot be called immoral, for they appear to discern no distinction between good and evil in their conduct. They never seem to see the shadows of any Divine Law hovering over their souls. They know no more of the stress and strain of moral struggle than does the Nature of whom Matthew Arnold sings in his classic poem.

Siegfried, the supreme hero of *The Ring*, is never let nor hindered in hewing his way through all obstacles, so superbly, to the accomplishment of his will. He is a splendid animal, virile, masterful, the "chartered libertine" of Mother Nature, a glorious being in whom the spiritual life lies still asleep, only dreaming towards consciousness in his manly love.

When Wagner strives to create the drama which shall be his final and crowning confession of faith, he rises from this Pagan standpoint to the distinctively Christian ground of Parsifal. Does he therein "rise?" Certainly he gives no sign of failing powers. His genius is acknowledged to be at its ripest in this last testament of his art. If our critic is right, he should show some signs of the decadence implied in this failing ethical vision. If his intellect gives no hint of weakening, then perhaps his ethical sense is as sound in its intuitions.

The master work of the master musician may well be trusted, ethically, as well as artistically.

We might rest the case on the simple authority of Wagner.

But there is no need so to do. His authority proves to be the authority of all the greatest spiritual masters of mankind. "The Imitation of Christ" strikes the key-note which sounds through the voice of every teacher of religion. It is the gospel of Buddha, the "good-news" of Jesus.

We may well be content to trust a truth taught by such spiritual authorities, even though challenged by the audacious writer in *The Comrade*.

Nay, it is not the authority of any special masters of the soul, merely, upon which this truth rests—it is, as this writer confesses, the authority of universal religion, *i. e.*, of the human spirit itself, and so the authority of God. The one symbol of religion which is world-old, and world-wide, is The Cross. And the innermost secret of its symbolism is that word of Jesus, "Whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

That secret is renunciation; renunciation of the lower life as the alone way to find the higher life.

He is a bold man, verily, who dares thus challenge the universal human spirit, the Divine Spirit who reveals his own being in the being of his Child; that God the inner mystery of whose nature was divined by the seer, who saw "in the midst of the throne as it were a lamb slain."

It is on no mere outer authority of "Man writ large," or of God, as of a Being without and apart from us, that this Law of Renunciation rests. "He that willeth to do my will shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God." Whoso will live this law shall know whether it is a true law of the beautiful order, or whether it is an illusion of the soul.

James Montgomery was no genius. But, as the commonplace author of "Peter Bell" could rise to the heights of an "Ode to Duty," so Montgomery left us at least one poem illumined with the divine insight. As he tells us:

"A poor, wayfaring Man of Grief
Hath often crossed me on my way:
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer 'Nay.'"

The asking for relief by this stranger, his own hesitancy to give from his little store of what he sorely needed himself, his final giving away of his poor crust, is told simply and suggestively, the end of the story being:

"He took, but gave me part again,
Mine was an angel's portion then,
And while I ate with eager haste
The crust was manna to my taste."

Alas! could this brilliant critic but have been ready to renounce the attraction which led him to sacrifice wife and children and a high mission from God for the love of a woman not his wife, how much more clearly would he have seen the

ethical significance of Parsifal, the ethical significance of life itself!

The weak points of the drama, ethically, seem to me to be two. The hero is a guileless fool—or more correctly, perhaps, an innocent simpleton. A certain measure of simplicity is indeed found in all great souls, who are, as the apostle desired for his converts, “simple concerning evil;” or as the good Jew whom Jesus extolled as “an Israelite without guile.” But this innocence or guilelessness should be the accompaniment of intellectual strength, as it is in the real heroes of earth. And Parsifal does not impress us most markedly by his intellectual majesty. But, in this, Wagner follows, perhaps too literally, the mediæval tale. In all the variants of the legend, Parsifal was just such a divine simpleton as he is here drawn. Indeed, Wagner has modified not a little this aspect of his hero, and saved him from the puerilities of some of the incidents of the middle-age poems. Now, it is a significant fact that not alone in the Perceval legends but in nearly all the favorite poems of the middle ages the hero was just such a guileless fool or innocent simpleton as meets us in this drama. What a light this fact lets in upon the contrast between the middle ages and our modern world, with its glorification of the smart man, the man who succeeds, the man who never gets left, the man who, whatever else he may be, is most assuredly “no fool!” Our modern apotheosis of guileful cleverness, its brazen gospel of push and shove, may perhaps well be thrown into sharp contrast with other ideals by the light of this ancient thought of the true hero. It will not hurt our age to measure itself against such a strange vision.

Woman does not loom very heroic or divine in this drama. The only presentations of womanhood which it gives are the weak mother vainly trying to shield her boy from all knowledge of the actual world; the flower-maidens seeking to captivate the

chaste young man, as un-morally as the flowers woo the bees; and Kundry, the slave of the wizard, revolting against his diabolic wiles, yet herself carrying them out so evilly, in her temptress kiss—one time the would-be seducer of innocence and then again the repentant Magdalen, serving the Brotherhood with redeeming humility, dying at last in the dawn of the day of redemption. This is the whole gamut of "the eternal womanly" as it is sounded in the greatest drama of the master—the master who had pictured an Elizabeth saving the soul of Tannhauser by her pure and faithful love.

A strange limitation—which may perhaps find its key in the limitations of the legend and in the limitations of the plot of the drama.

Our fathers used to expect the whole "plan of salvation" to be unrolled in every sermon. Their children are wiser—and their sermons thus at least more living. Perhaps a play is herein much like a sermon.

V.

Parsifal, being such a sacred opera, a musical "mystery," a parable of redemption, it follows of necessity, therefore, that it moves on delicate ground. There is danger at every step; the danger inherent in an artistic handling of sacred themes. The chief danger-points are three.

The first is found in the second scene of the opening act, where the Brotherhood of the Grail gathers for the adoration of the sacred relic and for the celebration of the Holy Supper of the community.

There can be but slight objection to the mere exhibition of the Grail and its adoration; even though the red color glows within the cup, suggestive of the blood of Jesus. This is felt at once to be purely mythical. The natural criticism is that Wagner has attempted, audaciously, to present upon the stage

the Holy Supper of our Lord. The knights appear to partake of the bread and of the cup, while the words of Scripture, used by Jesus, traditionally, in the institution of the Supper, float through the air from the angel-choir above.

It is impossible not to feel a certain shock before such a scene. We must remember, however, in judging it, the lofty motives of Wagner. There was no attempt here, as one well-known clerical critic has said, to use the most sacred service of the Christian Church for the mere purpose of scenic effect. Wagner is not seeking simply to amuse and interest an audience by this novel use of the most holy rite of Christendom. He had the profoundest motive in doing what he did, whether he erred in it or not. We must recognize the reverential aim even if we think the action wrong.

But, in judging of the action, let us remember that the Supper, as represented in the drama, is not the Holy Communion of the churches. It is not the Mass of the Catholic or of the Greek Church, or, what is scarcely distinguishable from these offices, the Mass of our ultra-Episcopal churches. There is no priest present here, consecrating the elements. What we witness is, indeed, simply the Love-Feast of primitive Christianity. As the New Testament shows, and as the literature of primitive Christianity makes clear, the early disciples were in the habit of meeting together for a common meal at the close of the day. This was a "use" familiar to the ancient world, in the common meal of the fraternities or brotherhoods of working men which preceded Christianity throughout the Roman Empire. These organizations were, at once, mutual benefit societies and religious associations, charged with the helpful spirit of brotherhood and manifesting their religion in this spirit of fraternity. To this simple social and spiritual rite the members of the Christian Brotherhoods brought their contributions of food, as each was able; partaking together of the common meal thus pro-

vided, as the sign and symbol of the life of the brotherhood upon which they had entered, in realizing that they were the children of the All-Father.

In thus doing, they followed a beautiful custom of their worshipped Master. As he wandered from village to village through the flower-clothed fields of his native land, accompanied by his faithful followers, it would seem to have been the habit of Jesus to call his friends together from their several tasks to the evening meal; at the close of which, after they had refreshed their bodies by food and drink, and their minds by interchange of thought, he was wont to break bread and pass it to them, and to hand to each the cup of light native wine, in sign of their spiritual fellowship—giving them in this serene and sacred moment his blessing. It was this gracious custom of their life together which Jesus still further hallowed, in the last evening of his life on earth; when, at the end of the Jewish Paschal Supper, in passing the bread and wine to his sorrowing disciples in the old familiar way, he charged the action with a new and more sacred significance by his words, making the simple rite a memorial of himself through coming generations.

Therefore, at the common evening meal of the Christian Brotherhoods, the disciples were wont to break bread and pour out wine, the while repeating the words of Jesus at the Paschal Supper; thus directly hallowing the meal by the memory of their divine Master and thus, also, indirectly hallowing all meals and the human life sustained by the food of earth. It was a simple, uneclesiastic rite, free from all superstition, from anything more mystic than is involved in the sacramental nature of life itself. If you would understand what it really was, take up again your forgotten "Robert Elsmere," and you will have a good interpretation of the Love-Feast of Primitive Christianity. This is the scene which is staged in Parsifal.

Moreover, connected as it is with the presence of the Grail,

the Holy Supper is lifted from our earth into the realm not so much of fact as of imagination; becomes mystic, unearthly, and thus ceases to shock us.

That this interpretation is right is attested by the attitude of some of the Roman Catholic priests of our city towards Parsifal. At the dress-rehearsal it is said that there were several priests present. It is stated on what seems to be good authority, that certain priests of the city, in the weeks prior to the rendering of Parsifal, instructed their people in the nature and character of the music-drama; that thus they might be prepared to profit by it spiritually. In the *Evening Post* of the day after Christmas, there appeared the following letter from a Catholic priest, which, if genuine, abundantly sustains the position which is here taken—the position to which one is instinctively led in witnessing the first rendering of Parsifal.

"I, a Catholic priest, welcome the opera as one of the greatest helps to religion in our generation. If any Church is called upon to oppose the production of 'Parsifal' on the ground that it is a mimicry of divine ceremonies, it is surely the Catholic Church, which believes that at the Last Supper the Saviour really changed bread and wine into his own body and blood. But my Church has too real a belief to be vague and indefinite. It never thinks of confounding a series of mediæval legends, no matter how close the verisimilitude, with the sacrifice of the Mass instituted by Christ, and daily celebrated throughout the world from Christ's day to ours."

Moreover, it is to be remembered that the Holy Communion of the Catholic, Greek and English churches, the Mass, is itself a dramatization of the mysteries of religion. As we now know it, the Eucharist of these historic churches is not the primitive form of the Holy Supper. That original rite gradually grew into its present dramatic character. This is, indeed, the outgrowth of the previous dramatizations of religion in earlier paganisms—the Sacred Mysteries of the East, of Greece and of Rome. Christianity grew up amid this Pagan environ-

ment, and gradually drew into itself, under the necessities of the æsthetic nature of man, those symbolic and sacramental features which had been wrought into the mysteries of the East; and, thus, almost unconsciously, the primitive Love-Feast grew gradually into a new and more sacred "mystery." This is the very term by which the Church Fathers were wont to speak of it. It became a dramatization of the essential ethical and spiritual mysteries of the Christian faith, as the outcome, the crown and consummation of the ethical and spiritual mysteries of the larger human faith. As now celebrated, the Mass is the noblest form of religious drama which the world has ever seen, staged in the grandest of buildings, set amid every available accessory of sculpture, painting, music, costume, gesture, action; symbolically representing the most majestic mysteries of life. When any one criticizes the dramatization of the Holy Supper, his criticism recoils upon the Communion of our historic churches, upon the Mass itself.

The only purely spiritual rite is prayer—the direct communion of the spirit of man with the spirit of God. The moment we pass beyond prayer, to use art in any form—whether the art of literature in the writing of noble collects, or the art of poetry in the inditing of noble hymns, or the art of painting in the ornamentation of our churches and the fashioning of sacred symbols, or the art of architecture in the rearing of great temples for the purposes of worship, or the art of music, hushing the throngs in the temples in devout awe—the moment we pass beyond purely spiritual communion into the realm of symbolism we are, consciously or unconsciously, dramatizing our religion. A necessity, this, inevitable, legitimate, in the system of the universe which is itself essentially symbolic and sacramental; a fact which is not the reproach of Christendom but its glory, as it is thus seen to be the efflorescence of the religious nature of man.

Were such a scene staged with other than the highest possible motives, in other than the profoundest reverence of spirit, for other than the noblest and loftiest aim, it would be an unpardonable sacrilege. But this is precisely the motive, the spirit, the aim in which it is staged in *Parsifal*. The result is a scene of wonderful impressiveness, in which all that art can do is used by a master hand to thrill the soul with the emotions, legitimate and natural, stirring in the presence of the sacred mysteries presented; a scene which brings us near to our suffering and tempted and sinning humanity, close to the presence of that God who, through the experiences of man, is redeeming and saving the world. The hush of reverence over the vast audience at the conclusion of this scene, proving the emotions stirred in the souls of the spectators, is the best attestation that here a divine work is being done by a divinely gifted man.

When one hears the criticism that has been so freely passed upon this work of Wagner, the question arises, What is it that our critics object to? Is it the presentation of a sacred subject, an act of religion on the stage? Why, then, are their voices not lifted up in protest against such scenes in other works of a kindred nature? The opera that I saw just before *Parsifal* was *Aïda*. In its closing scene, there is a beautifully given representation of the priests of Egypt worshipping in their temple; praying on behalf of the general who had been condemned to death for his supposed betrayal of the nation's trust. The priests lift up their solemn invocations in the reverent attitude and utterance of prayer. Is this challenge? At another point in the opera, a most noble and beautiful prayer is offered up—a prayer full of the very spirit of piety. But, the name of the Being addressed is not Jehovah nor God, nor yet Christ. It is to us one of the strange and unsacred names used for the Deity in Egypt. Yet no one thinks of this action as being sacrilegious. The conventionality of our feelings on this

point is thus amply illustrated. The rites of religion from other lands may be properly used upon the stage, because we do not consider them truly sacred. It is only the rites of religion in our land that may not be represented without sacrilege.

The next point of danger in the music-drama is the scene of Parsifal's temptation by the flower-maidens and by Kundry. It was possible that this might have been so presented as to shock an audience fresh from the scene in the castle of Montsalvat. Had the flower-maiden scene at all resembled, for example, the ballet in *Aïda*, there would have been an instinctive revolt in the mind of the sensitive soul, a sense of sacrilege in such a sequel to the first act. But it has been carefully presented in a spirit of the utmost delicacy. The drapery of the flower-maidens is unobjectionable, surely, to the most prudish Puritan. Nor do their actions become too suggestive of seduction. This is all as Wagner planned it. And, as he, himself, points out, the music has been purposely made as free from objectionableness as the action. He declares of this scene that the music is "far removed from any sensual suggestion," and that this has been secured by "eliminating the passionate accents which usually break through from the melodic lines." Contrast, for example, the strains here with the wild wantonness, the orgiastic frenzies of the Venusberg revels in *Tannhauser*, and the spirit of the scene is recognized in its artistic delicacy.

The scene with Kundry is also thus safe-guarded. Her conveyance of his mother's kiss, subtly planned to betray him into passion, is kept from sight by the folds of her drapery.

Every effort to minimize the fleshliness of the experience of temptation has been made; and thus, while its essential nature is constantly present, it can offend no one who does not bring an impure mind to witness it. To omit it, would have been to present a drama for expurgated human nature. It is vital

to the story of the soul, whose struggle on earth is so largely with "the lusts of the flesh!"

The third point of danger in this music-drama is in the final act—the scene in which the repentant Kundry washes the feet of Parsifal, her savior, and dries them with the hair of her head. This is taken, almost literally, from the familiar story of our Gospels. If this action of the drama had been in any spirit of mere mechanical imitation, with a view only to scenic effect, it would have been offensive to the reverent Christian. But any one who has followed it cannot fail to recognize the reverent spirit in which the scene is presented, and its ethical and spiritual significance in the evolution of the drama. It is instinct with the essentially Christian thought and feeling—a perfect parable of the truth of redemption, an exquisite symbol of the central faith of the Christian creed: "I believe in the forgiveness of sins."

In Kundry we see penitence for the past, longing for forgiveness, aspiration for the new life, hope for the attainment of this restoration, faith in the God through whose love it is to come to pass. Parsifal himself presents to us the unutterable tenderness and pity and sympathy and helpfulness of the man in whom lives the spirit of Christ; who has the authority and power to speak for God the words that assure the divine forgiveness to the sinning soul, and that break the chain of evil habits, freeing the spirit for the new flight upward to God. Through the voice of the Christly man there whispers in upon us the very voice of God—breathing peace.

The music interprets the scene far more illuminatingly than the text of the libretto; becoming for us a sacrament of sound, an outward and visible sign of this inward and spiritual grace or graciousness of God in man. It is, perhaps, the most profoundly impressive point of the whole work, moving the soul to a depth unsounded by aught before or after. The scene becomes

the most perfect interpretation of the story of the woman who washed the feet of Jesus which ever has been given to the world—an interpretation impossible to the commentator, who merely writes what here the highest genius presents in action and in music.

If any one challenges the rightfulness of presenting a "mere man" in the rôle of the Forgiver of Sins, he must challenge the right of Jesus to that office. For his exercise of it lay not in any exceptional nature of his own, but in his human nature; as the true man, who is thus the Son of the Father, with the Father's nature in him; having thus the authority of the Son to declare the Father's heart, the power of the Son to communicate the Father's healing life. Therefore, Jesus said to his human disciples: "Whose sins ye remit, they are remitted." In saying this, he spake not to the twelve Apostles or to the seventy disciples, alone, but to every follower of him who, through the ages, should enter into his life and gain his power to do his work by love.

In the striking resemblance of Parsifal to the traditional face of Jesus there is an overplus of art which smacks of a staginess foreign to this great work—as, it may be added, seems also true of the descent of the dove in the final scene. But, for one, I can see nothing in the nature of sacrilege in this imitation of the appearance of Jesus, although I could wish the resemblance less studied. I remember the essential Christian thought, the thought underlying all the New Testament writings—how it is not in the historic Jesus but in the spirit of The Christ embodied in him that our salvation is to be found; how this Christ is to be incarnate in man, "born" in us; how the spirit of Christ is to "dwell" in us, the "mind of Christ" to live in us, and we, ourselves, to grow more and more "like Christ," until we come to "a perfect manhood in Christ Jesus;" when, whether on the earth or in the heavens, "we shall be like

him," for "we shall see him as he is!" When we are like him within, shall we not grow to be like him without? Must not the action of his thought and feeling in us draw out the likeness of his face upon us?

VI.

If it still be felt and said that, despite all pleas to the contrary, there is something incongruous in such a presentation of such scenes, under such surroundings, I confess that I sympathize with the criticism.

But where lies the responsibility for this incongruity? Surely, not in the subject itself, unless we fault all religious art. Nor yet in the idea of a dramatic representation of sacred themes, since the highest functions of the church in worship are, as I have indicated, essentially dramatic. Nor, yet again, in the aim of the greatest musician of the modern world, writing the noblest of music-dramas upon the most spiritual of themes, and doing it all so reverently, so religiously.

If Parsifal could always be given as Wagner meant it to be given, in a place set apart for it, such as Baireuth; a place tainted with no memories of the ignoble music of the past, desecrated by no associations with the opera that ministers merely to pleasure and amusement, removed far from the sensual, selfish, sordid world, and made, as it were, a vestibule of a higher world; to which the noblest singers and the greatest artists of the world should be drawn for a special training; where they should render the immortal work of the master in a spirit worthy of that master, catching inspiration from his soul—under such circumstances, there could be nothing to criticize in this sacred opera.

The incongruity is obvious when it is transplanted to a city like New York and presented in an ordinary opera house. It has been rightly felt that the risk of the venture lay in its sur-

roundings here. This is a real danger, a danger which we may not yet be sure will not ultimately prove fatal to the attempt. It did not at once prove fatal, as the first night witnessed. The real difficulty was felt by all thoughtful lovers of Wagner to lie not with the management, not with the artists, but with the audience. Could the opera house be filled with the ordinary opera goers, coming in the ordinary opera spirit, without at once dragging down this mystic work of the master to profane levels? The master's spirit mastered the situation on that memorable first night. The largest part of the audience was plainly and palpably in profoundest sympathy with his intense ethical and spiritual earnestness, and religiously minded to preserve the sanctities of the occasion. Perhaps a third of the audience could not restrain the ordinary opera-going instinct of applause, but the quick and firm and indignant hushing of the applause by the better-minded majority betokened that the right spirit had been found, even in New York. Behind me there were two of the ordinary chattering femininities of the opera-house, glibly and garrulously gossiping of the fashionable folk in the boxes and of their dresses, up to the moment of the mystic overture. But these unwomanly women were hushed to silence at the close, and in their eyes there was "the light that never was on land or sea."

Can this reverent spirit be maintained? This was the question in the minds of those who, after that first night, looked forward with dismay to a weekly repetition, when the tension of the experimental rendering had been let down. At the end of the ten performances a New Yorker noted with a satisfaction which was more than pride that there had been no drop from the pitch of the first night, no loss of the church-going temper of that occasion. And he drew a deep breath of renewed faith in his city and his nation.

The very success of the audacious venture now threatens it

with a new and graver danger. It is to be given in the Grand Opera House, in English—with presumably inferior artistic ability and a less reverent management. It is to be carried to other cities, and be hawked about the continent. It is to be rendered as a drama but not a music-drama—to be played but not sung.

The pecuniary possibilities of Parsifal are to be coined into hard cash by jealous rivals of Mr. Conried—regardless of its artistic and religious ideals. May the good angels forefend such desecration!

This danger lends a new and more impressive sanction to the solicitude of Wagner for his swan-song—his desire that it might always be kept in Baireuth.

Yet certain facts of notable significance have been incontrovertibly demonstrated by this audacious experiment. It has been demonstrated that the work is one which should enlist the earnest sympathy and the enthusiastic support of the religious public in our land. It has been demonstrated that, even in New York, the city of Mammon, as unfriendly critics in the land of philosophy and poverty call it, such a work can be received in the right spirit. It has been demonstrated that, if the right conditions can be secured here, Parsifal can inspire Americans, even when given in America, as no other work of art has ever done.

The one revival of religion which our country knew and greatedened with last winter centred in the Metropolitan Opera House of New York.

Surely, it is no slight matter that all this has been placed beyond a peradventure. How few can find their way to isolated Baireuth, there to drink in the inspiration of this crowning work of the great master of music!

If, then, the proper conditions can be found, all peoples may, on their own shores, come under the potent spell of this marvel-

ous work, and religion find a new and invincible ally in every land.

The question of the hour with us is—Can the right conditions for the rendering of this noble work be provided here?

In this question lies an appeal to the wealth of our country which should be irresistible. All that the greatest genius in the realm of musical and dramatic art whom the world has ever seen could do, has been done to create a work which should inspire, uplift and ennoble man; which should enshrine the essential truths of our religion in an art-symbol destined to immortality by its beauty, empowered with exhaustless resources for the renewal of religious faith and feeling in our western world.

It now remains to be seen whether the Christian wealth of America can consecrate itself sufficiently to make a worthy home for this singular religious rite, and then endow it sufficiently to secure the character of its renditions against the seductions of commercialism.

The endowment is of equal importance with the erection and equipment of the building—as the experience at Baireuth amply shows. There appears, alas, to be little question that the music-drama has been quite as effectually commercialized there as in any of the great cities of Europe or America. Wherever the profit-making possibility is found, art is in danger of this prostitution. With an endowment barely sufficient to provide for the performances contemplated, and with the proceeds of the sale of tickets devoted to the renewal of the equipment, the training of singers and actors and other kindred artistic purposes, the desecration of the sacred opera can be prevented.

Can we have such an American Baireuth?

If it be suggested that, since the performances could be given only through a small portion of the year, the sum represented

in the construction and endowment of such a temple of art would lie idle most of the time; and that this would mean a great waste of money—let it be frankly answered that this is precisely the fact of the case now concerning most churches. They are closed six days out of the seven in every week, and, further, often two months out of the twelve in the year; and yet the capital represented in these religious plants is not regarded as criminally wasted.

But there need not necessarily be any prolonged period of idleness for such an artistic plant.

Parsifal would not stand long alone in its now singular character of a religious drama. Ground has been broken in it for the sacred opera of the future. The music-drama which shall seek not merely to please and amuse man but to educate and inspire him; which shall return once more, though in nobler forms, to the original conception of the drama, historically, as a ministry to the ethical and spiritual nature of man; fulfilling the law of all evolution as a cyclical movement—this music-drama is even now born into the world. It will have offspring after its kind. Disciples will rise to take up this ministry of Wagner, in his spirit if not in his power.

Singers and artists will draw from such masters the inspiration of a new ideal in their art, and will hasten to consecrate their musical and dramatic powers to the interpretation of such holy art-symbols to the soul of man.

“Can ye not discern the signs of the times?”

In ever increasing numbers, our churches are giving such works as Bach's Passion Music in Holy Week, as the best possible interpretation of the supreme tragedy of Good Friday—a tragedy which the pulpit feels to be wholly beyond the interpretation of the intellect, through the vehicle of speech.

The annual rendering of the oratorio of The Messiah in New York, on the eve of Christmas, to crowded houses, with

the vast congregations (this is the proper word) standing during the singing of The Hallelujah Chorus, has already taken on the character of a solemn religious function in our civic life.

In its present form, the oratorio is growingly recognized as a hybrid art. It is dramatic in its spirit—yet without the staging and action necessary to dramatic effectiveness. I remember my first impressions of the oratorio, when I was taken to hear *The Elijah*; and the stern hermit-prophet, after his failure on Mount Carmel, casting himself down upon the ground beneath the juniper tree in Arabia, crying in the bitterness of his soul—"It is enough, O Lord, I am no better than my fathers," was presented to my boyish imagination as a fat gentleman from Boston, clad in evening dress, with a spreading white vest and a huge gold watch chain hanging over it; the while he held in his hands the music sheets of his impassioned appeal to Jehovah! Think what *The Elijah*—that most dramatic of oratorios—would be if staged and acted!

As we listened last winter to the noble music of that genuinely dramatic work of Elger, *The Disciples*, surely everyone who came there fresh from *Parsifal* must have felt how the composer sacrificed his greatest opportunities to the limitations of the oratorio.

How long will genius doom itself to sterility by accepting such an undramatic form for the musical interpretation of the most dramatic themes of earth?

As is well known, Rubenstein dreamed through his latter years of an oratorio which should be staged and acted—a truly sacred opera.

In the realm of the drama apart from music, we have seen in late years the remarkable interest awakened throughout Europe and America in the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play, the revival before crowded houses of the miracle-play of *Everyman*, the production in the Manhattan Theatre of Paul Heyse's

play of Mary of Magdala, with that gifted actress, Mrs. Fiske, in the title rôle—a play dealing with the most sacred story of the Christian religion and putting upon the stage New Testament personages. And there seems to be little question that in these and other similar ventures, despite traditional prejudices, there has been a deep religious impression produced upon the public, as the result of an art realizing its religious ministry and rejoicing to fulfil it.

Surely these are signs of the times to be carefully pondered by the churches, and to be turned to account by those of our multi-millionaires who sincerely desire to avoid the disgrace of dying rich.

That brilliant Celtic poet who has been visiting our shores of late, Mr. Yeates, has said, in one of his charming essays, that the mantle which is falling from the shoulders of the clergyman is being taken up by the poet and the artist. If so it be, then it behoves us quickly to provide a church for the reverend clergy of the dramatic profession.

It will be realized soon by the nobler members of the profession, as well as by the churches, that Parsifal is proving itself, in the language of Wagner, "a stage-consecrating drama."

Who, then, will build and endow our American Baireuth?



A raindrop is a little thing,
But on the thirsty ground,
It helps to make the flowers of Spring,
And beauty spread around.

A ray of light may seem to be
Lost in the blaze of day;
But its sweet mission God can see,
Who sends it on its way.

—Colesworthy.

THE LAW OF PROGRESS.

BY EUGENE DEL MAR.

Everywhere are evidences of atrophy and degeneration. Conditions both of progress and decay are met at every turn. And the questions arise: Is there a Law of Decay? Is the world progressing or retrogressing?

The modern scientific conceptions lead to an understanding of the inherent unity of all that is, and of the truth that one principle dominates all life and all growth. Each and every subordinate principle is a concomitant of the One Principle. The Principle of Life is Unity, and essentially the Law of Life is a law of progress and growth.

There is no specific, distinct or inherent Principle of Decay. Life involves an ever increasing consciousness of a wider and broader environment, and the individual accommodates himself gradually to his increasing conscious relations with the Universe. Whatever the temporary appearance or seeming, life ever becomes more nearly perfected in expression and manifestation.

Each form is complete—not perfect, but complete. Even if deformed, it is complete in its deformity. As no form either may be more or less than complete, the growth of each thought-form and its physical manifestation must therefore be by means of exchange. Creation itself consists of transformations or exchanges from one plane to another. Creation brings into manifestation that which already is in the unmanifest.

Exchange involves both giving and receiving. Alone, and unaccompanied by receiving, giving suggests decay. If one is conscious only of what is parted with, or notes only what is atrophied or degenerated, he discerns decay. But if one is to

judge rightly of an exchange, he must know the essence of what is received as well as the essence of what is given.

All growth is by means of addition. Essentially growth is affirmative. There is no inherently negative development. No growth consists entirely of elimination or subtraction. From the point of view of Life Eternal there is no subtraction, for sooner or later more is received than is given. And as progress or growth is the law of life, always there must be a preponderance of growth over decay. But from the partial view-point—or that of separation—elimination or subtraction is the sign of decay only when it is unattended by a compensating growth.

All growth involves decay. Progress and decay, generation and degeneration, are friends and allies. Decay is not an accident or a separated phenomenon, but a necessary incident of progress. All decay, either directly or indirectly, is related to the attainment of a higher growth. And progress may be evidenced by subtraction, as well as addition, of parts.

How is decay brought about? Let us illustrate. The salamander or fish-lizard can live either in water or on land. When living in water it breathes through gill-slits as fishes do; but when it deserts the water for a land existence, gradually it develops the capacity to breathe the open air to advantage. To accomplish this, it opens up a passage into its air-bladder or incipient lung, and as it develops lung capacity it loses the use of its gill-slits. The gill-slits atrophy, degenerate, and finally finally disappears.

Why do the gill-slits atrophy, and the means of breathing water gradually disappear? Because of disuse, and the consequent lack of nourishment. Wise use creates, while disuse destroys. Use and exercise incite hunger, and nourishment is thus attracted and absorbed. The organ that is used and exercised constantly is the most active and therefore most hungry, and its demands are the most urgent and imperative. It be-

comes a preferential creditor, and is paid in full before the more passive organ is enabled to participate in the division.

The active is nourished at the expense of the passive, and the latter is starved out of existence. Energy applied with increased force in one direction is withdrawn from another. The passive and useless organ becomes an impediment and a burden; it weakens, shrinks in size, loses use and function, and finally disappears.

Is the loss of the gill-slits a degeneration? From the point of view of the gill-slits, yes; but from the larger view-point of the salamander, no. As an organism it gains. The degeneration is incidental to a higher generation. Did the lungs not develop, the gill-slits would not disappear. The loss of the gill-slits evidences progress, and is incident to the animal's accommodation to a life on land. A similar development takes place in the transition of the tadpole to the frog.

The whale is a mammal, it breathes through its lungs, and has the rudiments of legs and teeth. It once lived on land, and breathed in the open air. Conditions of environment necessitated a life in the water, and the whale became a swimming mammal. Gradually it accommodated itself to its new mode of living, developed new means of locomotion, and parted with its teeth in favor of a net-work of "whalebone." It lives now as a fish, except that it must rise to the surface to breathe, and its tail is peculiarly adapted to this necessary process. It assists the distinctly upward and downward movements. While the tails of fishes generally are vertical, that of the whale is horizontal. Did the whale degenerate when—in accommodating itself to a life in the water—it lost its former means of locomotion?

The boa-constrictor has rudiments of legs and of a pelvis, and was once a walking mammal. Circumstances of environment made it necessary for it to live in soft ground, and in the ab-

sence of solid earth it was obliged to push itself through the soft mud or ooze. As the animal acquired means of locomotion by gentle undulations of the body, and thus accommodated itself to a life in the mud, its legs became useless, gradually atrophied, and finally disappeared. Afterward, when it accommodated itself to a life on solid ground, as did also other serpents and snakes, two lungs became inconvenient. The means of locomotion not only impeded the healthy and normal action of two lungs, but also it irritated and weakened one of them. The stronger lung absorbed more nourishment and acquired greater vitality, and the weaker one degenerated and finally disappeared. Serpents and snakes now have one lung only. Is their ability, to accomplish with one lung what formerly required two, a sign of decay?

The fishes in the Mammoth Cave are blind. Not only did the ancestors of these fishes have eyes, but they themselves are born with eyes. In the absence of light, however, their eyes are useless. And as they cease to appropriate nourishment for prolonging the existence of purposeless organs, their eyes disappear. Is this elimination of a useless organ an evidence of decay?

Back in the early Eocene ages the ancestor of the horse was a five-toed animal, about the size of a fox. It lived in swampy land, and fed on shrubs and branches of trees. As its environment changed, gradually it altered its mode of living to a life on the wide prairies and desert plains, where its greater opportunities for activity better enabled it to secure food and to escape from enemies. Later on it possessed but four developed toes, together with the remnant of the great toe. Then it developed three toes; the great toe disappearing, and of the small toe but a remnant remaining. In the Miocene age the horse had grown to the size of a sheep, having three toes and rudimentary splints. In the Pliocene age, it was the size of an ass,

the second and fourth toes had atrophied and only the middle toe reached the ground. Finally, the hooflets on the second and fourth toes were lost, and the horse appeared substantially as at present, walking on its one well-developed middle toe. As it changed its mode of living and became better adapted to its requirements, not only did the horse increase in size, but it changed from a five-toed to a one-toed animal; for in the course of ages, four of its toes atrophied, degenerated and finally disappeared. Concealed beneath the skin of the horse of to-day, are traces of the second and fourth toes. What is termed the *hock* is really the horse's heel, and what is called the *knee* is its wrist. With an intelligence that is almost human, and accommodating itself to a life of speed and travel, can the loss of its superfluous toes be looked upon as an evidence of degeneration?

As experiences multiply and life expands, the individual enlarges his scope of conscious correspondence with the outer universe, for he is compelled to change in order to meet the new conditions. He can do this only through acquiring what will place him in greater harmony with his changed environments. This acquisition compels the relinquishment of that which has lost its usefulness. Elimination or subtraction evidences decay, and atrophy indicates degeneration, only when unaccompanied by compensating development. Elimination is correlated equally both with progress and with decay. In fact, all progress involves decay, and all addition carries with it an incidental subtraction or elimination. Elimination and decay indicate degeneration only when the retrograde movement has affected the organization as a whole. Degeneration is indicated by loss of parts, without a compensating development of other parts and the consequent progress of the whole; while progress involves a degeneration of parts as an incident to a higher development along other and directly compensating lines. So that progress may be indicated either by addition or subtraction of parts.

Progress and degeneration are friends and allies. They are the two inseparable parts of the one operation. All progress is allied with degeneration; for degeneration is the necessary complement—on every plane—of all progressive transformation. In the interests of the Whole change is accompanied always by decay, degeneration, or elimination of some part. There is no decay and no degeneration except that which leads either directly or indirectly to a greater unfoldment. Degeneration does not follow any arbitrary path, nor can it be regarded in any way as constituting a return to primitive conditions. Growth is not reversible, and the future never repeats the past in duplicate. When whole organisms begin to degenerate, it is in the interests of some still larger organism. Those individuals out of harmony with surroundings disappear in order to make room for others who are more nearly in harmony with them. Progress as a whole, therefore, is always accompanied by retrograde processes in the single parts; and that organism is more nearly perfect the parts of which are more completely subordinated to the interests of the whole.

As there is a limit to the quantity of nourishment that the atom, the organ, or the organism may appropriate for its continued manifestation, it becomes essential that the nourishment be distributed to the greatest advantage. The growth and development of the organs most exercised, most essential and most nourished, compel atrophy or elimination of those least nourished. Either the latter are rendered useless in function, or are starved out of existence. Disuse is the primal cause of decay and elimination. While wise use creates, misuse and disuse destroy. The function of decay and elimination is the adaptation of life to a broader environment and a larger growth. This adaptation renders useless that which formerly was of value, and as this lack of use and consequent want of exercise result in insufficient nourishment, decay and atrophy of the un-

exercised and useless must ensue. Thus the useful is developed, as the useless is eliminated. Useless organs are impediments, burdens. They require nourishment without conferring compensating benefit to the organism. Being beneficial in no way in the organism's struggle for existence, nourishment of the useless part is withdrawn gradually. Decay and degeneration are the results. Thus, if associated with more nearly perfect structure, decrease in the number of identical organs is evidence of advancement in the grade or organism. The desired end may be accomplished with less expenditure of nourishment.

The more complex and the more progressed the life, the more manifest are decay and degeneration. In the sense that they possess certain organs in a less developed condition than did their ancestors, all the higher animals are degenerates. But a manifestation of life should not be spoken of as degenerate unless the retrograde movement has affected the sum total of the organization. Henry Drummond describes man as an "old curiosity shop, a museum of obsolete anatomies, discarded tools, outgrown and aborted organs."

The law of the Whole is ever the law of the part, and the growth of the individual organs and functions of the body is a counterpart of the growth of the body as a whole. The law of life is progress; development is from the simple to the complex; it is the conscious adaptation to a wider or a broader environment. Like the body as a whole, each of its parts demands its quota of nourishment. But as there is a limit to the capacity for receiving nourishment, consequently there is a struggle for existence between the various organs and functions of the body. Those organs and functions which are in use constantly, exercise the strongest attraction for the nourishment that is absorbed by the body. And as Nature always follows the line of least resistance—which is another way of saying the line of greatest attraction—the organs and functions most exercised

preferentially receive the nourishment they demand. Necessarily this operation involves a lack of nourishment of the organs or functions that are exercised less actively. In all organic growth certain parts disappear completely; and in the growth of organisms, certain organs similarly disappear. The law of the Whole being ever the law of the part, the principles governing the growth of atoms, organs, individuals, communities, states, nations, empires, the human race, and the Universe itself, are the same. Individual progress exemplifies universal progress or growth. And the law of atomic life is the law that governs constellations and planetary systems.

Atoms develop as they receive the nourishment their growth demands. Atoms that receive insufficient nourishment disintegrate and disappear in favor of better nourished ones. As, in the struggle for existence, the weaker atoms must succumb, so must the weaker organs of the physical body, the weaker individuals of the nation, and the weaker nations of the human family. As the better nourished atom prospers at the expense of the less nourished, so likewise individuals prosper, and so do nations. Growth and progress would be impossible but for the law that determines the extinguishment of the unfit and survival of the fit. This law, therefore, condemns savage races to ultimate extinction, and lower forms of civilized life to ultimate elimination. But it assures the supremacy of that degree of intelligence of life which is most suited to carry out the Divine Law that ever carries life forward to greater and greater unfoldment. To make a fit world, the unfit must be made to disappear at every stage; and there can be no more nearly perfect law than that which eliminates the unfit while it establishes the fit.

As life is conserved through the excess of growth over decay, so must be conserved the Eternal Life—the Everlasting Life of the Spirit. For even from a strictly scientific point of view,

neither matter nor energy may perish ever. They change in their form of manifestation, but never in substance or essence. What is called death, therefore, necessarily must open a path of progress that is denied for the time being on this physical plane. Death must be both an incident to progress and a necessary means for reaching a higher degree of development. Elimination simply means the replacing of that which is ill-adapted to conditions, by that which is better adapted. Elimination is involved in the more nearly perfect adaptation of structure to the ends and functions of higher forms of existence. Death, therefore, is a progressive agency in the social organism. It removes the worn out forms and leaves room for new and more plastic intelligences.

What does the law of progress involve? It involves the extinction of the unfit and the survival of the fit. Change of environment compels either change in mode of living or extinction. And growth involves the overcoming of obstacles and difficulties incidental to changing environment. Those who meet and overcome these successfully, adapt themselves to—or place themselves in harmony with—their changed environment, and are the best fitted to survive. The elimination of the unfit is regarded as decay, but it takes place only as an incident to the survival of the fit. There is a greater growth than decay. The law of progress involves the elimination of the weak in favor of the strong. And the strong are those who accommodate themselves to their environment. “The race is to the swift and the battle to the strong” only in that sense. Adaptation to environment is not the result of accepting passively what is given; but of taking actively what is required. It necessitates and imperatively demands overcoming. And the individual who surmounts the greatest number of obstacles, is the one who rises to the highest plane of intelligence and harmony.

This law obtains on every plane of life and development. The

weak thought must give way to the strong. The antiquated and useless thought of by-gone days is eliminated, as the vital and useful thought of to-day comes into full sway. Thoughts that are valueless must be dispensed with, if one is to grow. Environment is moulded into correspondence with the growth one has attained. If one would progress, he must cease to concern himself with the mistakes of the past, and must look forward rather than backward. The dead must be buried if the living are to survive to the best advantage, and the greatest benefit.

Each form of life desires and attracts what it lacks and requires for its further development. This inherent necessity and its accompanying tendencies ensure eternal growth and development. Growth does not compete with decay; it includes, dominates, directs and controls it. Decay is ever the incident of growth. Decay is the servant, while growth is always the master. This is a world of eternal progress.



"CHRIST," someone says, "was human as we are."

"Well, then, for Christ," thou answerest, "who can care?"

So answerest thou; but why not rather say,

"Was Christ a man like us? Ah, let us try

If we then, too, can be such men as he!"

—*Matthew Arnold.*



If you say, "I am hedged about, I can do nothing; I fain would help but I cannot,"—your very longing is a help. "They also serve who only stand and wait." It is never true that we are not helpers; where the fervent heart is, there is the servant of God, and unto him comes ever with the work the reward. He is still and strong in God, because he is a co-worker with God, and his life holds for itself a secret which is not known to another,—he has come in his very work to the rest that remaineth.—*Robert Collyer.*

THE NOBLE CAUSE OF PESSIMISM.

BY JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

"Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God," says an old Scripture. Translated into non-religious speech it says: Be not passive to the touch of the actual, letting it fashion you in its image, but, by new thinking, ever growing, achieve the ideal that you vision from all' the high mountains of your noble desires, in art, in conduct, in science, in character, in business, in being, until the inmost righteous heart of the universe is revealed in you perfectly. In doing this, will you not find that the very brightness of your ideal casts the shadows of your discouragements? Let us think together for a little while about this and see if there is not a noble reason for pessimism, a reason that may beckon and inspire, giving one the sanity of a great confidence in the integrity of the universe, in the goodness of the world.

The extreme pessimist regards this as the worst possible world. Some regard it so because of what seems to them the unreality of our knowledge and goodness. It is a sort of nightmare world, to be escaped from by sinking into a deep and endless sleep. Some who look upon it as an illusion think that escape from it lies not in death but in absorption in the absolute being. Some think that there is such an intermixture of good and evil, the evil so predominating, that we can have no sunny confidence in a wise and good first cause, in a righteous outcome to all the sorrowing and striving.

In addition to the philosophers who have reasoned themselves into the conviction that this is the worst possible world, there are the every-day people, who, because of their failure and sorrow, because of their lack of a radiant idea of God, of a strong

confidence that love is at work in and through all and will yet justify its ways to every heart in which its glees and threnodies have made their mingling song and sigh, think that this is not a good world, not the best possible world, and from what they have experienced a very bad world indeed.

Indeed no one of us has escaped the shadows. We all at times pessimize, and I am not so sure but that this fact is one of the blessed things of experience, as night and the clouds are a blessed part of this growing, fruiting earth, revealing what the too intense white sunbeams could not show of their inner glories.

There are diseased states of the body that feed these dark spots of the world, that make it hard for us to realize that life as we live it is a positive good. There are diseased conditions of the mind out of which it is hard to see the sunshine that bathes our human life. There are diseased conditions of the moral nature out of which it is difficult for us to be convinced that righteousness is the great reality, the abounding joy, a selfish man finding it hard to believe that unselfishness exists, a cruel man finding it hard to believe that kindness exists, an unjust man finding it hard to believe that justice exists, an evil man believing that only evil abounds, seeing things only in the murk and mud of his own likeness. As each leaf, in its ripening, shows the sun in the color of its own nature, so we report life according to our natures. We not only see as we are, but we show as we are, show others in our mood and life what we have realized the creation to be.

Is it fair to judge the world by the abnormal? Can the twisted and deformed oak report to us what God's idea of an oak is? Can the deformed body report to us the idea of a noble and a god-like frame as the creative thought means it? Can it tell what the Greeks put into those old marbles ever beautiful? Can a warped mind show the intended graces of

the brain? Can it think the truths which Plato thought? Can a nature without morality declare to us the laws and reality of righteousness? Can it feel and live the moral passion of the Christ? Can discord interpret music and sing the song of love? Can shadows kindle suns in the field, calling forth daffodils to report them true? Can ugliness grimace to you the noble face of beauty, interpreting the soul of beauty out of which all lovely things come, in which all lovely things are?

These questions answer themselves, and in their negative may suggest a wisdom for thinking out our problem of creation. The reasons these cannot report true is because there are better, and their worse is seen in the light of that better. If the worse that is seen is all there is, then we might despair with a perfect despair, calling upon the night of annihilation to engulf us. But it is in the light of the better that we discover the worse. It is that light of the better which makes us dissatisfied with the worse. If we were of the nights, as the bats and the owls are, the day would have no beauty for us, the nights would be full of charm, their dark spaces the splendors of satisfaction. If we were made for the worse, we would think it the best; but because we are made for the better the worse discontents and appalls us.

The noble cause of pessimism I find, therefore, in the possibility of a better and a best. Except that a better and a best is we could pass no judgment on the worst. It is ideal life that haunts and hurts us with its discouragements and its despairs. As a shadow is evidence of the light, so a despair is evidence of a higher self, of a nobler life, and pessimism is a tribute to the reality of goodness.

The human race has grown by its ideals. The low contents have been unable to perfectly enslave. Into some great heart an ideal has flashed, some great brain has had an insight into the better. This has filled him with a noble discontent, not

alone for himself, but for his fellows. He has gone to work to awaken in them his vision of the ideal life, and in that has blessed them with a sad and discouraging discontent. What satisfied before, satisfies no longer. What seemed good before seems good no longer. Their dreams will not let them sleep. Their old life perishes, and in the narrow vision it looks like irreparable loss; but in the larger vision we see that one life has passed away that its higher might become manifested, even as the blossom perishes that the fruit may deepen into its generous heart, even as the glory of the night with its stars passes that the day may splendor through the sky.

The higher always manifests in and through the lower, fulfilling that lower in itself, transfiguring it. So the seed is destroyed, but only that it may fulfill in the flower or the tree, in honey for the bee, in perfume for the wind. So this earth to the outward vision of its fairness has been many times destroyed, by volcano, by glacier, by the many destructions that are the mineral treasures of the earth, the rocks beneath us for strength, the soils beneath us for beauty. Darwin's patient eyes saw that the destroying worms were fashioning gardens to passion the red rose to its fulness of a perfect love revealing itself in beauty. Just as there is a creative unity from bursting seed in the ground to bursting blossom in the air, so there is a unity in the making of our earth, and through all this that looks so much like destruction the constructive has been at work to transform, the ideal has haunted the actual, until a divine actual was achieved.

As Paul saw that in the individual spiritual life outward perishing is inward renewing, so it has been and is in the growth of the race. It is profoundly true that

"All the good the past has known
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine."

The perishing civilizations have no more been wasted than the perishing this year's leaves, although we may never be able to trace them in the fruits that bless the coming years. Much of our childhood we forget. The memory grows dimmer. It is hard to relate the influences that have fashioned us. We often think we know, perhaps, but we only know in part. I am certain that our life is a unity, and that in a large sense none of its days have been wasted. They certainly abide as an inmost part of ourself, a degradation or an ennoblement, a strength or a weakness, a conscious growing goodness or a fertilizing waste of evil.

The noble cause of pessimism is certainly an evidence to us that there is a better, that indeed there is a positive good. I think that the actuals of creations are the ideals of God. There could not be so good a tree on my hillside, but that God had a better tree in his mind. There could not be so great a play as *Lear*, but that Shakespeare had a greater play in mind. There could not have been the wonderful enchantment of Paganini, but that he heard unspeakable glories of song. There could not be the wizardings of Edison, but that he sees more than he is able to realize in inventive metals that make the intangible tangible with seemingly exhaustless powers. Jesus could not have been, but that God has an infinitely beautiful and inexpressive ideal of humanity. A mother could not be, but that God has in his deepest heart an exhaustless motherliness. A little child could not be, but that God has in his deepest soul an eternal childhood, an everlasting joyfulness, an unsoilable, inexhaustible innocence. This earth could not be, but that God holds of it a transcendent ideal, an earth perfected, in which dwelleth righteousness and peace, and love is the sun o'er-brooding all, joyous human souls crowding it as flowers the fields, as birds the air.

You could not be discouraged with yourself, but that some

of the ideals of God have stolen in upon your soul. In the light of those ideals you see yourself mean; but as well when your soul speaks true you see yourself, not simply as you might have been, but as you may and ought to become, a splendor haunting and hurting you with its divine charm calling for the establishment of its beauty upon you. When we see the pity and pathos of our human life, it is because something of God's ideal humanity has stolen across our hearts as a dawn whose faint light seems but to deepen the darkness of the night. And when your soul thinks true you see not only the humanity that might have been to lament it, but the humanity that ought to be to aid it become, even as the artist helps the picture become something of the glory he dreams.

The reformer is always a pessimist. His words are often like wails of despair. He paints in shadows. He blows across you like a chill and distressing storm. Read the prophets of Israel and they picture to you a civilization dark and dreadful and failing. Listen to any of the great reformers of any age in any department of life, and you will think you are making studies of failure and proving the pessimism of God.

But that is only the one side. The noble cause of their pessimism, that it is which redeems the evil time and sanctifies their fault-finding words with a sunny creativeness. You will find, therefore, in the words of the reformer the sunniest, most daring words of hope. If their pessimism is a night, their optimism is a dawn. The Hebrew reformers, the prophets of Israel, who grieve as if death commanded universal destiny and night held everywhere the revelry of chaos, have given us words that are the very ethics of hopefulness, the very grandeur of universal righteousness, the very millennium of a perfected earth, the very raptures of an achieving ideal. What is true of them is true of all the great souls who have marked the upward and onward progress of man. Even that wonderful

sunshine which makes the Gospel of Jesus has the shadows hanging in its day! He has beatitude, as well he has a woe. If he has the light of a perfect love that purples in the lily and sings in the sparrow and sets the beauty of the evening sky, he has as well the shadow of the outer darkness, with weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, the worm that never dies and the fire that is never quenched, the parched tongue aching for a drop of the cooling water. If he has forgiveness for the Magdalene, he has a scourge for the money changers and a woe for the hypocrites.

What does it mean? Simply that his vivid vision of holiness beheld the exceeding unloveliness of wickedness. His abundant hopefulness for men made him touch with some destroying scorn whatever selfishness held back and defeated the beautiful ideal that passioned creation in his soul. The light of ideal humanity transfiguring his own soul made him plainly see the spiritual death that must be swallowed up of the spiritual life. And as one phase of the manifesting ideal is the destruction of the low actual, so he saw and said that all this which was not and could not be a final part of the final humanity, must perish and pass away from any partakership in the great glory.

The danger of a narrow use of what I have called the pessimism of Jesus is that it will paint all in black, dipping its brush in the dark of shadows, while he painted in light, dipping his brush in a radiancy of hope and love, the very brightness of his optimism deepening the shadows of what ought to pass away before the revealing diviner man.

The church has seen hell as unrelated, artificial shadow, and therein it has ministered an ignoble cause to the shadow of pessimism. Instead of letting the eternal hope make the shadows of the eternal despair, it has limited the hope, separated it from its natural, giving it an unwarranted arbi-

trariness. As in the case of the reformers, we can afford to see the hell that is here and now, the possible hell wrapped up in its shadows, if always we see it in the light of the deathless hope. It is only when we separate our hopefulness from the things needing reforming that hell becomes an idling, inhuman thing. The truer the hope, the more intimately it is a part of our human nature, the more plainly it sees the things that ought not to be, the noble that ought to possess what the ignoble defiles.

It is a shame to look at the shame of men simply in the gloom of the shame. It is noble to look at the shames of men if we look at them in the light of the honor they may become, the honor with which we may help them to honor themselves. A blow for the pain's sake, for the killing's sake, is a wickedness. A blow for the healing's sake, for the life's sake, is a blow of holiness. The criticism that is merely faultfinding debases him who criticises and him who is criticised if it is able to touch him at all. The criticism that is for health's sake, that carries in its face the sunny hope, ennobles both him who criticises and him who is criticised. All helpfulness is a criticism of helplessness. You can only lift up as you see, not only the heights to which, but the deeps from which the human soul is to be lifted.

Pessimism is the criticism of ideal life upon actual life. There is no progress without it. If you are learning to play the violin or to cut beauty into the marble, you will inevitably have your moments of discouragement, your moments of despair; in other words, your moods and shadows of pessimism. As there is scarce a day when the sky of the earth has no clouds casting no shadows, so there is no achievement which has not in the day of its becoming been filled with many clouds making their shadows of despair.

This is true in our moral life, in our efforts to achieve a good

self. You will have your moments of self-despair, when you will sigh over your ideal, "It is too high; I cannot attain it." These are not your ignoble moments; they are not your worthless moments. They are among your noblest moments because, then, perhaps, you see most clearly the task you have to do, the far splendor of the ideal you have to achieve. They are valuable moments because in them your problem clears itself and when they have passed away they are as the storm, which seems to have reknit wasted strength and made your enthusiasm for ideal life blossom in a new hopefulness. Storms do cleanse the wind and lilacs after rain breathe out to bless us the choicest of their perfumes.

If you are striving for the betterment of the world, you will have your moods of discouragement, your moments of despair. These come because you see so vividly what ought to be, what might be. You are simply in those moments experiencing a criticism of ideal life upon actual life, and a creative criticism at that. In the beginnings of the makings of something, however enthusiastically the dream of it fascinated us, we will feel the greatness of the task, and will, from the very fineness of the thing to be done, experience some despair at the difficulty of our doing it; shrink from the great beauty that has befallen us for our glorification. When something we are doing is well under way, the greatness of its perfecting will come over us at times, and we will be discouraged with what we have done, despairing of what is to do. The man who does nothing can never ache unto bliss in the experience of a noble pessimism. The man who has no ideals cannot pessimize, shrinking from a divine splendor despaired. Such experience is for the creative, busy heart.

Our life lies in shadows, and to some of us the shadows seem so constant, so deep' and dark, that we cannot realize that creation fulfils in an everlasting love. The earth of our lives

moves through summers and winters, but the chill strikes so centrally to the hearts of some of us, that summer seems never the master in our fields. So often Desire—dear Desire—lies defeated, languishing, dead, that it seems the zone of our lives makes a belt of perpetual frost where flowers and fruits cannot sweeten the winds, and the hearts of happy birds cannot break into the blossoms of song. The human evils so appall, that we despair of the human goodness. Life passes so quickly, the grave is so soon upon us, that the deed of our years seems scarcely worth the doing.

While we cannot escape the glooming of the human shadows, we should not magnify them out of due proportion, deforming our thought of the world; we should not so exclude all else from our vision as to miss the picture the creative Love is setting forth in mingling shine and shade. God's is an artist's soul, and creation is that soul at work to realize its great dreams, to set their everlasting beauty in some outward manifestation. The beauty is here in the earth, which is wondrously fair. It is here in these human hearts. We feel it as goodness; we experience it as love. Some beauty-willing Hand is still at its tasks. We feel it as pain. We experience it as joy. Its touch upon our souls makes us artists. We dream. We long to awaken our dreams into some outward realization, into some attainment of character, into some constant beauty of life. The heights of our ideals humble us. The failure to attain unto the greatness of beauty makes us often despair. The vision of the possible often makes the actual look mean.

Abiding in such moods is something of blindness, something of despair, something of defeat. We may look at the ideal with warped vision. We may enchant ourselves into an unnatural dream, impossible of realization, having no creative relationship to this earth that is, this humanity which we are.

But these of the earth who have made great literature and great art have not lost themselves in dreaming of impossible skies, in gazing beyond all clouds at the untempered fierceness of the perfect light. They have seen how dull and lifeless clods are glorified into violets by the mingling dark and light, the blending shine and shade. They have seen on the western hills how clouds can glorify the sunshine. They have seen how frail and fleeting man shows forth something of the beauty of the eternal. Seeing how beauty possible and real is some native element of our human kind, they have set forth something of man in their works, and we see a beauty that is of the earth heavenly. Being of the human heart, they move the human heart in an ennobling grandeur, in some divine summer of inner life ripening the soul, making it in its beauty realize its kinship with God.

In the pain of God's lovely haunting upon our hearts, let us think of the coming peace when the far ideal has drawn near and made its home in us. When the shadow is upon us, let us think of how it can and will reveal the light of God's perfect love as a divine human beauty. If the soil is about us with some experience of death, let us remember that the outer perishes that the inner may be renewed, that from the darkness the flowers and fruits unfold to smile their beings full in the tenderest sunshine. May we so learn that our despairs are the hauntings of great hopes; that our discouragements are the beckonings of everlasting ideals; that we may believe that even the failures that befall our noble strivings have some vast, true meanings in them, which meanings, some time, through the abundance of patient endeavor, will show themselves an essential part of the multitude of experiences through which we pass into the beauty which God's deepest and tenderest heart is dreaming that we be.

I have read this beautiful story of the artist Herkomer. His

father makes his home with him at Bushey, and in old age has taken up the work of his youth, modeling in clay. His fear, that his hands will lose their skill and do an imperfect work, makes his one sorrow. When at night he has gone early to rest, his talented son goes into the studio and makes the feeble attempts of his father as beautiful as art can make them. When the old man comes down in the morning he takes the work, looks at it, rubs his hands and says, "Ha! I can do as well as ever!"

So in the living of a beautiful life, in the making of a beautiful soul, when our hands seem feeble and failing and the fear of despair deepens its shadows upon us, our young ideal will put his talented, enthusiastic hand to the task, and we will find, not only that we can do as well as ever, but that we can do better than ever. Our helper in the endless growth and grace of soul, through all the discouraging shadows that may befall, is the child in our own heart, the everlasting youth of ideal and of dream. That which casts the blackness of despairs is the greatness of the divine light calling us to unfold the perfect blossom of a perfect soul. The pessimism of man is the optimism of God, who never despairs of establishing his beauty upon every child of his whom he has set for glory in the dark ways of the earth, and is ever at work through every hurt to heal us with the holiness of his divine ideal.

The noble cause of pessimism is the beauty of the ideal, by its very glory making a fleeting shadow of despair upon the soul yearning and achieving the best that the universe holds.

Look deep enough within the shadow, and you will find the light, its gracious cause. Look deep enough within the mood and fact of pessimism, and you will see ideal life striving to realize the soul's dream, trying to awake and come true. And this is the noble cause of the despairs that haunt and hurt us.

It is in the reality of the noble cause of pessimism that we

can hear, from the empurpled lips of the chambered nautilus,
the truth of its being and greatness as we say to ourselves

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea!"



THE VOICE OF THE INFINITE.

BY CONSTANCE MULLER.

Entering my heart in its slumb'ring quiet,
Flushing my soul with a deep mystic spell,
Light of my spirit, thy message is answered.

When the love-nature reaches a great depth and height of development, we understand then, with wisdom; and we cannot naturally know and feel religion until we evolve to the plane on which stands the only true Conqueror—Love. And though one throb of sympathy is more potent than the most subtilely worded discourse of the greatest wit, yet sympathy is the world's greatest need; consciously or unconsciously it creates a responsive vibration whenever it is given and is to the soul what rain is to the flower.

The truest and deepest artist is not the child of joy, but rather of sorrow, for who can be content, with the sympathies forever thrilled by the miseries encountered on all sides.

It is the heart that is mellowed by sorrow, poverty, suffering, disappointment and adversity—the heart in truth with every condition—that hears God's whisper soonest and knows the sunlight of his great Nature with deeper conviction than

any creed can give; and to have the rich possession of exquisitely sensitized susceptibilities and make ourselves receptive to the Divine Influx—the truest realization of the presence of God—this is to have imbibed an elixir that the soul forever more craves—an elixir that waters the Spirit with the dew-drops of wisdom that carry us on through the very portals of Heavens—the Heaven of Here and Now.

When we strive to overcome and control the lower self and recognize and develop the higher true self and its wondrous possibilities, we give our individuality the fullest swing and make ourselves an instrument through which the God-light of Inspiration unfolds the Spirit as the sunlight the seed, and by freely and ungrudgingly giving the best of which we are capable, we multiply our capacity with each endeavor and fill and refill our mental storehouse with rich treasures inexhaustible.

O my Soul! Keep ever open thy innermost sanctuary,
And let in the harmonies of God's great Plan
That I may undo the fetters of Earth's damp'ning spell
And pass ever onward and upward to higher things.



What shall we call the real things, by and by, when the vision shall have had divine anointing,—when we shall name things right?—our little victories, our successes, our joys which were hardly large enough to be consecrated; the lessons from which at first we shrank and called them sorrows, or even calamities, but which carried us along toward larger fellowship and quicker contact with the things that abide? I know not; but this I know, that deepening experience greatly reverses some of the decisions which we made earlier on the way. And so I love to think we shall one day be able to spell out some grand words with the letters we are learning with such painful labor now!—*Stephen H. Camp.*

SILENCE: BEYOND THE SATURNALIAS.

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

They who are won to silence have passed the gaudy gates of Vanity Fair—the gates that open outward to the Purple Hills of Dreams. They have famished 'mid plenty and roistered with sick heart—and the noises they brewed and the beautiful dreams they spilled on the dusty highways and the soft lies their eyes have told are no more. For them the reign of the Real has begun. In silence they hear—and their souls are the noiseless footfalls of the Eternal.

Caked in these whispering south winds, burnished by these eternal suns that warm without scorching, swaddled in these white wrappings, gulfed thus in the immurmurous—they are the supreme critics of life. Before the tribunals of the taciturn the strident is rapped to order, and the gilded gabbler of the portico is sentenced to wear the motley and caper with fish-women.

With shout and laughter we garnish the days; but Sorrow comes with finger lifted to her puckered lip, and we are silent; or if we cry aloud it is where no one may hear.

Each action contains the germ of a destiny—each action is a distinct individual in embryo—and if we had a finer spiritual organ we should find in these great silences of the soul destinies and embryos and veiled fates in myriad procession. The best of us, as we are, immured in our limitations, deafened by bodily hearing and blinded by bodily eyesight, can hear them, sometimes, scratching their messages on the walls of our being as they pass by. Some fire their way out of the eternal silences, or tunnel their way to the day, and in the blatant world-days are pounded to the smut called action.

I see a huge crowd pacing the boulevards at midnight. Fanfare, pell-mell, cackle—eyes that rove from point to point in anxious quest of elusive Pleasure; fruitless pacings to and fro, inutile phrases whispered to gold-sodden, paunchy disciples of “sociability” by papier maché women—each soul in reality gaping at each other. I see also a narrow room on the top floor of a house shrouded in silence. A youth holds Shelley’s poems in his hand. “Swiftly walk over the western wave, Spirit of Night”—he has begun that exquisite invocation written by the Boy of Spezzia Bay. With half-closed eyes he treads with Shelley the western wave and is afloat in the Spirit of Night, and he has heard more than all the mottled mobs of the boulevard, for he listens, while the mobs have only heard.

To be mewed in the marmoreal silences, to fall with sated visage and cloyed tongue and a self, hewed to a million diversities, upon this downy bed canopied and curtained with gauzes and textures of strange patterns—to hear the uproar, tragic in its inutility, inutile in its tragedy, dwindle to a world-buzz, then cease entirely—it is to feel the rapture of calm, the ecstasy of conscious surcease, a passionate peace.

There are an awe, a wonder, a sheen of the ethereal in all fine silences. We here breathe upon the adamantine—and the adamantine is not; we give ourselves to float upon a far-winding stream tinct with ancient sunlights—a bubble drifting upon a greater bubble, blown from pipes greater than Pan’s. On these stilled waters we may be immersed without fear of drowning. It is immersion without submersion, reality without illusion—and we are hidden, yet seen of all.

Hamlet’s silences are the most impressive parts of the play—in his soliloquies we recognize the soul of the troubled Dane. The destinies that lure him to the catastrophe evolve their deviltries in silence. The secret of the tragedy is spoken by no mouth—it is a presence unseen, unheard, but not unfelt by that

inner nerve that responds to the Idea in which the muddled action of the play is cradled. The secret of Hamlet is spoken by no one. It is transmitted in silence.

And with what subtle, silent motions do the destinies weave their filaments of adamant around the trusting Othello—damned by a fine virtue, undone by his own nature, discovered, routed and bludgeoned to earth by an ingrained optimistic faith in the goodness of mankind. Iago is the fiend par excellence of dramatic literature. He is the quiet, grim architect of a most magnificent palace of pain. His sense of touch is exquisite. His building is a destroying. And yet in nothing that he says, in nothing that is heard, do we discover the depths of his extremest infamy. It is left to silence—to the imagination. It is Othello who goes out in utter spiritual darkness; and though Iago is gyved, he stands triumphant—and silent. In that silence of Iago in the bedroom of Desdemona the Eumenides have paused to survey their work. Iago was but their instrument. From that seething brain wherein they held their cabals they spied one who loved his fellow-beings well but not wisely.

In those deep recesses of our being where the ashes of our dreams lie inurned in their bronzed, time-worn receptacles; in those caverns of the undersoul, where our projected but abrogated selves murmur against the decree that has sentenced them to those barren wombs—in all that past that is not, yet is everlastingly, we recognize something of the inarticulate, something that may not be uttered even by the heart to the brain.

Ecstasy is mute. Shadows curl around "I Will"—and acts are the undoing of dreams. "I Will Not" is bred of the higher view. If it is cold at the poles of ultimate negation, it is so only in spiritual prospect. When one has fought his way there he has cast his laprobes of illusions behind. The sense of op-

posites is lost. There is neither cold nor heat on these silent promontories—there is placidity, the urgency to rest. The calm of a half-humorous disdain bathes us. The soul is a rendezvous for shadows—the mind the Rialto of the dead. Postponements are postponed—and it is on the condition of perpetual silence that Eternity has made her assignation with Time.

Thought laps us all about and we are hemmed in by dreams. Speech and act at best are but a stammering. Our confessions to each other are stutterings. The finest revelations are made to ourselves. Who has never paid a pilgrimage unto himself has never touched the Kabala. The Mecca of motion is oblivion.

Elate youth darts upon Life and with rough hand and strident voice seizes his tinselled trophies. He takes the universe for his 'scutcheon, and by the divine right of vascular palpitation he claims the circling worlds. Blatant youth! where dost thou run—or, rather, where runnest thou not? In mid-life his cries have withered to a whining acerbation, and our Don Quixote has dwindled to a vinegary critic. His elder age is a discreet silence. Old age should hold its tongue. Like the walls of old houses, it has secrets to tell.

There is no soul born to flesh-woof that has not on a day heard the drumbeat of retreat sounded in his ears. We have fought and wept, replied and defied—but in the Unconscious our genius is chiselling the Hour—that fateful hour that shall put clamps upon our affirmations and sew up our lips with the golden threads of taciturnity. Our scale of life-values has been wrong. The battles we have fought have only served to cloud our brains with the dust of combat. We see we have been trying to measure Eternity by the minutes—thenceforth we shall eternize the minutes. We smile—and take the veil.

In silence there is universality. Lonely souls seek the soli-

tudes of nature because it is there the dreams of spiritual liberty come true. In these chaste fastnesses are creatures disburdened of trammels. Winged and crawling things empty their souls of impulse as they list. In the wilderness desire and attainment are one. The spirit soaked in these silences participates in the wild riot of life—riot without uproar; revels that are mum; endless muffled motion. The soul passes into all living things. The silent observer becomes the spirit of the place—and his meditations are spun into the crannies of each shadow and the crevices of unapprehended worlds.

Here man regains his lost kingdom—and sits proudly throned on Self. He feels himself at the very core of Being, flush with every conceivable future. He is coalesced, welded into a One. What has been is jettisoned, what is to come is unvisored. It is Nirvana without annihilation. The squirrel that darts up the tree carries a human soul with it, and the bird that flies overhead is chanting a finer song than it knows, for it warbles for two. The forest dreamer rides on the crest of yon fiery cloud—and the slime on the tarn—that is he, too. The individual is blotted out, and the mystery of the one in many—thenceforth it is no mystery.

This is the only liberty man can ever attain, and the path lies through silence. Each must go his own way. There is a supreme release for each, but two cannot find it together. The unthwarted will, equilibration, quiescence, the suffusion of dateless days—would these be yours?—then rivet yourself to the silences, put your ear to the dark shell of Night, and fly the hubbub.

Man is a phenomenal fragment, a temporal circumstance, a momentary coagulation of débris on the infinite stream of Being. His personality is dispersed in meditation or in death. In the vast upper silences the infantile me of daily blab fades like the shadow of a dream. The whole universe of things lies

stretched before us like islets in an ocean. The radiating streams of Time flow back to their sources and drag with them the ages.

Like a Greek naked and sweaty from the games who plunges into a cooling stream, so we, sweaty and distraught, fresh from the satanic saturnalias of action, may plunge into the lustral calms, the healing silences—and forget.



THE FACE OF THINGS.

BY HARRY T. FEE.

The vaulted dome of Heaven stands
Azure and fair amidst the haze,
Above the stretch of teeming lands;
The valleys bloom, the mountains raise
Their towering heights high in the air;
The great sun swirls through paths of strife,
And gives unto the picture fair
The kiss that wakens it to life.
The ocean chafes upon the shore
Proud in its vast immensity,
And murmuring brooks forever more
Start rivers wandering to the sea.
We stand and watch the varied ways—
The things that ceaseless come and go,
Procession of the endless days,
The changing seasons' ebb and flow—
The bounteous birth of seed and flower
A thousandfold from out the sod—
And marvel at the wonderful power
And know that this—all this is God.

WANTED: FURTHER LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

BY REV. L. C. BAKER.

The article in the September number on "The Influence of the East on Religion," by the Rev. R. Heber Newton, D.D., is most interesting and suggestive. The late Bishop Westcott, of Durham, not long before his death, expressed in embryo the same thought which Dr. Newton has so beautifully expanded.

He writes :

"The races of the Far East, we can hardly doubt, will, in their season, lay open fresh depths in the gospel which we are unfitted to discover. Already there are symptoms of such a consummation; and when once we trust the simple apostolic message, we shall be allowed to learn, as we have never yet done, how it can take up and transfigure the most difficult forms of conduct and thought, and itself become more glorious as it does so."

The vital point in Christianity is its testimony to the recovery of mankind out of the pit of sin and death into which it has fallen, through a resurrection from the dead. Its hope of a future life for man is much more clear and definite than that of any other world-religion. And yet no other article of the Christian faith has been more perverted and obscured. For the major part of mankind, the provision to raise the dead has not only been voided of all hope, but turned into an unspeakable curse. It becomes a mere prelude to a repeated judgment and an endoubled damnation.

There is no doubt that the New Testament greatly limits the number of those who pass at once out of this earthly life into that state of purified and emancipated life which it defines as "the heavenly," and which is the goal of manhood made in the image of God. There is no doubt also that it depicts the future lot of those that do evil as one of privation and suffering,

as is required by the harvest law of all life that men must reap as they have sown. Embodiment must always be expressive of character. It thus provides within itself every recompense both of reward and of retribution. But there must also inhere in it the opportunities which pertain to the possession of life. The church, however, has long overlooked the fact that the Christ-body of humanity—the chosen seed who win the crown of life—become a seed of blessing, appointed to redeem their brethren who have fallen by the way and lost their heritage. A “Church of the firstborn” implies that there are to be later born. A “firstborn of God’s creatures” implies later fruits and a subsequent harvest. The truth of the solidarity of mankind, as constituting one body in which the dead continue to hold place with the living, with the consequent value of resurrection as a “hope toward God” from which not even the unjust are excluded (Acts 24: 15), has virtually died out of modern Christianity. The moral and spiritual triumphs of those who are now victors on this earthly arena are not viewed as having any redemptive bearing and value in respect to those who have gone before.

We are obliged to regret, therefore, that Dr. Newton’s valuable article leaves a large gap at this point unfilled. It is just at these points, of the provision of a future life for man and for the race, of the common and yet graded interest of the whole body of humanity, in which the dead are still organically united with the living, that our modern Christianity needs illumination from the East. It is because it has been endeavoring to supplant the Oriental religions, while stripped of these features, that its missionaries have so largely failed. The Oriental has too true and strong a conviction of an identity of interest in life and destiny with his ancestors, to accept a faith which holds out no hope for their future, and denies to those whose life-blood flows in his veins any interest or benefit in his

individual struggle toward a better life. And yet the very primary promise of redemption in the Bible is that in a chosen seed "all the families of the earth are to be blessed."

We greatly wish therefore that Dr. Newton had tried to show us the points of contact between the Oriental doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation and the Christian doctrines of judgment for sin and the resurrection of the dead. We have no thought that the Orient can give us a better doctrine than the Christian, when rightly understood. But we are very sure that the light which Bishop Westcott hoped for is specially needed at these points, and that the Eastern mind is fitted to re-discover from our Scriptures truths concerning them which have been long overlooked.

And so with regard to the doctrine of demoniacal possession, which stands out in the forefront of Christianity as preached by Jesus and His apostles, and which is properly related to the doctrine just spoken of, in that the uncleansed spirits of the dead seek deliverance from their outcast state through obsession of the living; even China may discover to us here an important residuum of truth veiled behind its superstitions, while Japan at this time is showing to the world what power there is in this doctrine of the individual life, as having its indestructible root in the race-life, to stimulate men to self-sacrifice for the good of the whole, and to make them brave and fearless in the face of death.

It is this whole field of eschatology, in which the minds of men in Christendom are groping in confusion and unbelief, that most needs to be illumined. The vital point at which the Church has stumbled is in the denial of any redemptive value in the resurrection of the unjust. We greatly wish that Dr. Newton would extend his search in this direction, to discover whether there is no light to break forth from the East into this dark realm.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE FOR SCIENTIFIC RE- SEARCH.

BY PROF. JAMES H. HYSLOP.

I wish to present to an indulgent public a plan of scientific investigation and associated philanthropic work which may sufficiently interest it to obtain its sympathy and coöperation. I shall do this as briefly as possible.

A few friends of a field of psychology which has not received any adequate official attention in this country have incorporated what we have called the American Institute for Scientific Research, and which is designed to be the centre of all the interest in both psychopathology and the subject known as "psychical research." It is not intended that the Institute shall engage directly in any investigations of either type of phenomena, but that it shall serve as a trustee of endowments for such work and the administrative agent of the work of properly distributing the income from such funds. It will be apparent from this statement that the Institute is modelled after the Carnegie Institution in Washington, except that it is definitely devoted to a particular field of research demanding a long standing and persistent work of investigation. We do not intend that there shall, for some time to come, be any salaried officials in the organization. As I have stated its first function, until its operations become large enough to justify salaried officials, will be that of a trustee and distributor of endowments. Let me more specifically define its intended work.

Abnormal psychology has not been able to receive the attention which it needs and deserves. Psychiatry may claim to have occupied this field, but the fact is that psychiatry has been largely a physiological work. Its importance and priority will

neither be disputed nor discredited here, but will meet all the coöperation and sympathy which the conservative objects of the Institute can offer. But psychiatry has not and perhaps it cannot have the opportunities to do the psychological study that the student of mental phenomena wants to have considered. What is wanted, therefore, is the means to organize the study of abnormal psychology, either with psychiatry or without it, according as the psychiatrists themselves coöperate or not, and to see that the material which is accessible on that subject shall get some form of centralized record and classification of details.

The field here to be cultivated and studied is hallucinations, loss of personal identity, functional insanity of certain types, amnesia, and all types of mental disturbance of interest to the psychologist as distinct from the physiologist, hypnosis, alcoholism, etc. In connection with these it is desired to have some such clinic as the Salpêtrière and that of Berillon, and others where hypnotic therapeutics can be practiced while the proper psychological study of cases can be carried on, and at the same time relieve a large class of physicians who cannot with safety to their practice resort to hypnosis as a means of help in the ordinary work of their profession.

Moreover it is designed that this study and record of cases and phenomena shall be organized by the appointment of committees in all the large cities of the country, who shall report matter for record and publication. There ought to be the same "syndicated" process of collecting, sifting, and classifying matter in this field that is done in sociology and economics. There will be no need to act independently in the work, but it is rather better conducive to the proper scientific procedure that the coöperation of all the best men in the country should ultimately be sought. The Institute could be the agent for the publication of the material so reported.

The second field mentioned will also not be directly involved

in the work of the Institute. In this the object is to have the work organized in this country by its proper friends and to have such work receive the sympathy of the Institute in so far as that can be extended, and such aid granted as will enable men, trying to do legitimate work in it, to accomplish their result. It is the scandal of science that this field in America has not received the attention and endowment that it requires. One need not promise any remarkable results to justify it. If it effects nothing else than the protection of men from the dangerous illusions that haunt the path of such phenomena as it usually comprehends, it will have done as good service as any other scientific endeavor, and I do not wish to promise anything more as the results of its work. If science will not seek to educate the public, it will not deserve the credit that it claims for the advance in human knowledge and salvation from error in the interpretation of nature. I think no one will differ with this view of the subject and its work. The Institute will not be identified with any of this work, but only with the effort to financially aid it wherever it is wise and useful to conservative science.

In the end, it will, of course, require a large endowment to accomplish so large a work in these two fields. But the starting of it will not require as much as one might imagine. No buildings, in the first place, are demanded. What can be done in them can be shown without large expense at first, and it is intended that the work shall first demonstrate its merits before it appeals for its necessary permanent endowment. All that is required is a fund large enough to carry on the work for two years, and we expect in that time to show results that will justify an appeal for endowment on a larger scale.

I merely express the hope that this announcement of my plans may receive the attention and aid of all who may be interested in the organization and prosecution of such investigations. All that is needed is the small endowment to carry it on

for two years, and this can easily be supplied by a few persons. It is desired that it shall begin its work by the first of the coming year. I shall be glad to communicate with any one on the matter, and if necessary to explain more in detail the intended management of the Institute's work.



TEACH ME TO COMMAND.

BY T. SHELLEY SUTTON.

God, give me strength—or teach me to command
 The strength that sleeps within me. In my soul
 Wake thou its subtle forces, that my hand
 May do its work—my steps attain their goal.

Let thy sweet Love pervade my hopeful life;
 Let Truth and Wisdom to my heart be shown;
 Give thou thy sanction to my earthly strife,
 Make me, myself, my savior—me, alone.

Teach me this truth—that thou art All in All—
 That in thy boundless Soul am I confined—
 That from thy vasty presence I may call
 Whate'er I seek for body, soul, or mind.

Let every thought up-build my struggling heart:
 As from some Dream each golden Deed has grown—
 As every Failure doth Success impart—
 So, from the Past, let me erect the Throne!



ONE of the weightiest rules of the spiritual life is to abide in the present moment without looking beyond.—*Fénelon*.

UNDER THE CHIMES.

THE LOVE OF MAN.

Oh, the winter days have a glory fine,
Like fires in the diamonds glowing;
With a happy peace they fill the soul
When their quiet skies are snowing;
But a finer fire's in a true friend's eyes,
A happier peace in his smiling;
When voice answers voice in the human speech
Every grief has a dear beguiling.

Then sing we in joy the love of man
In each bond that binds together;
With a true friend's love as an inner sky
We can laugh at the outer weather.

Oh, the winds are sweet with the blossoms' breath
In the sunny summer weather!
And dear at their flight are the happy birds
As they mate and sing together;
But sweeter far is the human love,
And the voice of a friend is dearer;
In the face of a friend ashine with love
The path of our life shows clearer.

Then sing we in joy the love of man
In each bond that binds together;
With a true friend's love as an inner sky
We can laugh at the outer weather.

Oh, the streams are bright as they laugh along
 With the sun in their bosoms glowing!
 And the trees as they bend in the summer breeze
 Their saps into blossoms blowing!
 But brighter far is the face of a friend,
 And his words are a sweeter blooming;
 His love like a sun within the storm
 Paints rainbows upon our glooming.

Then sing we in joy the love of man
 In each bond that binds together;
 With a true friend's love as an inner sky
 We can laugh at the outer weather.

I have drunk with the bees from the clover's cup,
 And been with the lambs at playing;
 My heart has opened with all the flowers,
 And sung with the birds a-Maying;
 But a fairer field is the face of man,
 In his words a diviner quaffing;
 When face answers face all the sunny soul
 In the human love is laughing.

Then sing we in joy the love of man
 As our voices blend together;
 With a true friend's love as an inner sky
 We can laugh at the outer weather.



THE SOLITARY IN FAMILIES.

Thou, who in love createst, hast set the solitary in families,
 and therein life has an infinite increase, and joy its endless
 multiplications. Thy heart's beauty of fellowship has made the
 countless fellows of the human life.

Through many hands toiling for each other the human life has enlargement, the human nature deepening and heightening with many a beautiful increase, the human joys have skies for flight and many orchards and fields for nourishment and nesting. The touch of many toiling hands hallows our daily bread. Many are the fingers consecrating with brotherhood the shuttles which weave our garments. We cannot count the fellowships of diligence that have put together the walls about us and the roof over us and filled their interiors with the services of home. To how many loving hearts, to how many gently thinking minds, to how many nobly living lives do we not owe all our nature's higher ministries, our graces of heart, our strengths of character, our truths of thinking, our faithfulness of life, our joys of being?

When we think of all this, in some large and generous thought, it is as though a company of angels, their angelhood woven out of our very human-heartedness, were hovering about in blessed fellowship, and singing peace on earth, good will among men. The creative loneliness grows infinitely friendly in these dear human faces without number. The creative self-direction that enters into the making of us grows generous and kind in all these interminglings of service by which Thy divine providences fulfil the multitude of Thy tender thoughts and loving kindness towards Thy children of men. We rejoice that we are one of so holy a fellowship, and would have our joy speakable in all kindly and true words, full of glory in all brotherly and righteous deeds.

In the realization of our debt to others, we would think less of getting and more of giving in these mingling services by which the human life lives and greatens. May we not be despoilers eager to prey upon what our tooth and claw may tear! In all our thinking may we never look upon men as our quarry whose blood a cruel selfishness eagerly seeks. May the

symbol of our thought to be the dove on gentle wings hallowing the winds, never the hawk with its flight of death making the winds a shadowing curse! May the symbol of our loves be the lamb in quiet meadows giving to pastures a grace, mercy and peace, never the tiger in tangled jungles with stealthy step of death scarring the beautiful, generous fields! We would be as the gentle deer that ennobles the forests, not as the ravening wolf that degrades the places of grandeur where through it preys. We would be as some fruitful field, goldening into grains, purpling into grapes, mellowing into apples and pears, in our vines and our trees above us, flocks of all happy birds singing their gracious loves through all our happy summers.

Out of quiet soils touched of the gentle sun comes all these lives enriching our earth. Out of the quiet of our hearts resting in the peace of noble, unselfish love, and filled with Thy divine gentleness, may there multiply the grace of every human service, the mercy of all thoughts, words and acts that make the worth of our human kind, the peace of all goodly fellowship sweetening the years! May the very breath we breathe go forth as generous, true life, as the gracious fragrance that makes the winds enchanting, as a power of beauty and joy inviting the wearied and needy heart to the rest of noble fellowship!

Soils, in yielding themselves to service, find themselves at last transfigured into lily and grape, into grass and oak. Sand, so saving itself against any loss of itself in a fellowship of life, abides alone, no sun upon it getting any living response of violets and buttercups and the bee-enchanting clover. We would be soil, not sand! May we give ourselves over to the unselfish service of others, to find ourselves in every human grace rich and beautiful in what the noble of the earth have achieved for us.

In what Thy Christ does for the world is his glorification.

In every human heart made tender and true by his spirit there is his eternity of grace, mercy and peace through the centuries. It is the bliss of his heart to interpret the unseen powers and beauties of the everlasting Love in the countless human hearts that grow gentle and sweet and true because he was in the world; and by his spirit abideth still a creative sun upon many a fruitful field.

May all our loss and all our deaths be unto the gain, unto the resurrection of blissful being in the beautiful eternity of the human life Thou livest in men! May we be that perfect refuge of life, a tender and true friend! and everywhere find sweet answering friends until we know that all the Universe came out of and fulfils in a Friendly Heart who has made all friends for the very joy of being friendly.



Self possession is nine points of the moral law.—*J. M. S.*



THERE are more people in this world hungering for kindness, sympathy, comradeship and love than are hungering for bread. We often refrain from giving a hearty word of encouragement, praise or congratulation to some one, even where we recognize that our feelings are known, for fear of making him conceited or overconfident. Let us tear down these dikes of reserve, these walls of petty repression, and let in the flood of our feelings. There have been few monuments reared to the memory of those who have failed in life because of overpraise. There is more chiseled flattery on tombstones than was ever heard in life by the dead those stones now guard. Man does not ask for flattery, he does not long for fulsome praise; he wants the honest, ringing sound of recognition of what he has done, fair appreciation of what he is doing and sympathy with what he is striving to do.—*William George Jordan.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

NOTHING TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

"As a man thinketh so is he." As long as we think and feel separateness and aloofness, even from the so-called sinful and unclean, just so long will the All-inclusive Good be, to that degree, separate and aloof from us. There will always be differences—degrees of development and variety of expression; but such differences are neither "good" nor "bad," high nor low, clean nor unclean, to the soul that is truly wise. It is as foolish and futile for one soul to sit in judgment on another's progress, as it would be for a ripe apple to launch forth in recriminations against a green one, or criticise the blossoms on its own tree for their apparently frivolous immaturity.

We all have virtually the same road to travel, the same gamut to run, step by step, the same goal to attain. We are at different stages of unfoldment, that is all. We are all of "the same red earth," and also are we all "sons of God" and "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." We are "members one of another." Separation is suicidal. All that is commonly termed "sin" is simply separation from the source of all good—of all life, which is Love. All "evil" is merely the absence—the appearance or the assumption of the absence—of Love. "The wages of sin is death"—a like death to that of the broken branch, the severed member. Love means oneness, togetherness. A sense of superiority, or even of undue humility, is necessarily a sense of separateness, and makes for the destruction of him who holds it. Herein lies the hurt of hailing anything as common or unclean. We do not harm our brother

half so much as our own souls when we fail to recognize his brotherhood. There is no attitude that so makes for breadth and depth in the life as hospitality of thought and feeling. If we hold any belief or possess any attribute that we feel can be tarnished by contact with any, then there is some serious rift in the lute. If we feel we must draw our spiritual robes about us or hoard the wealth and light of our mental concepts from the "common herd," or, on the other hand, if we consider some view-points too low for our comprehension, if the lives of some seem beyond the pale of our sympathetic understanding, then are we yet far from that kingdom of God wherein "all is good."

Ruskin was one day walking through the streets of London with a friend who complained constantly of the mire that soiled their shoes and clothing. "Don't you know," said the older man, "that in reality we are walking through diamonds, sapphires and opals, in the making?"

"This *mud*?" queried the other in amazement.

"Yes," Ruskin answered, "this mud, as you are pleased to call it; the goal of the clay is the rich, translucent sapphire, these prisms of sand hold all the opalescent potentialities, while this soot, the carbon, is the seed of diamonds as it were. It is largely in the way you look at a thing, you know," concluded the old man with a smile. Every speck of dust is a world in itself, every drop of water a universe of beauty and activity. St. Paul said "I know and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus that there is nothing unclean of itself." Whatever tends toward outward aloofness makes for inward separation, for the outward is forever a reflection, a symbol of the inner. The truly spiritual life is not exclusive but all-inclusive. It is not an elimination but an epitome. It does not deny away the existence or forbid the gratification of any part or desire of man's nature.

The ascetic or recluse is not truly spiritual because he refuses to give the things that God made and called good their natural uses and rightful place in his life. He practically asserts that he knows better than the Creator what is best for the creature's growth. He sees evil where God himself saw only good. The ascetic in seeking for spiritual insight and development in the shutting out of his fellow men, or the denial of the gratification of his own nature, is in reality putting away the greatest opportunity of growth that has been given him. The soul grows through expression and communion, through mingling, sharing, giving. The moment that giving, that expression, ceases, at that moment ceases also the influx of the more abundant life.

It is helpful, necessary, that there should be times of quietness, periods of silence, of aloneness, of refreshment. Then come to us new and higher conceptions of life, and mental and spiritual poise is restored. But such times tend only to larger giving, to a fuller, deeper communion with one's fellow man, and are the very breath and benediction of the spiritual life. There should indeed be temperance in all things, no one part or phase of one's nature should be allowed to dominate to the detriment of any other, but this is not because the one is "bad" or "low," but only that there may be poise and harmony throughout. At some crude stages of development, renunciation is a stepping-stone and great up-lift. But it marks only a partial attainment. The ideal is the widest realization and expression and complete consecration of these.

"Let whoso will, call half that is, unclean;
And over man's backslidings sit and brood:
I have found richest colors in the mud,
And hints of beauty in the dreariest scene.
I have scant patience with that somber mood
That from the world impetuous youth would wean.
Rather be bold and learn what all things mean,

Since scratches will but teach us hardihood.
 Simple our knowledge is, howe'er we plod:
 It may be we should love what most we hate;
 But He who judges is compassionate.
 E'en in my dusty soul I found of late
 The indubitable footprints of the God."

From first to last, on every plane, man is essentially a spiritual being. He is a whole, and when all phases of his nature have simple and natural expression, he is a harmonious whole.

"Our little lives are kept in equipoise
 By opposite attractions and desires—
 The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
 And the more noble impulse that aspires."

And yet:

"Let us not always say
 'Spite of this flesh to-day,
 I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole,'
 But as the bird wings and sings
 Let us cry, 'All good things
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh now more, than flesh helps soul.'"

Those who find fault with another who is yet on the natural plane and has not awakened to his spiritual inheritance, because, as they say, he "transgresses the law of God in his daily life," do not themselves understand what they are talking about—realize nothing of the necessity laid upon every soul that comes into the world to pass through this primal phase. Man on the natural plane is not—perforce cannot be—judged by the laws of any higher plane. Each life must be measured by its ideals—the horizon and zenith of its knowledge and comprehension. That a man on the natural plane is living up to the limit of the light so far vouchsafed him, is evidenced by his physical well-being. As a matter of fact, comparatively crude as his development may appear, he may really be keeping more faithfully in touch with the laws of being than many a half-hearted worker on a higher plane. How often have we seen two people living side by side, apparently, one would say, with the same outlook on life, doing the same things. One is

weak and sickly and the other strong and whole. This is just because their outlook, their view-point, is not the same. The sickly one sees evil or illness in many things, believes that many things he does are wrong or may result in harm to him. He makes them evil in his own mind, while the other, not yet awakened to any consciousness of wrong, continues to do a thousand things without deleterious effect, which done by his neighbor, have the direst results. Good and bad are merely comparative terms, labels, one might say, for different degrees of development. But in God's great plan the undeveloped soul is as necessary and as inherently "good" as the perfected one. The Adam is as essential as the Christ, for the Christ must have been an Adam.

Every soul has a right to its individual experiences, its mistakes, even its ailments and diseases, and all the knowledge that may be wrung from them. It is when a soul begins to awaken from thralldom to these that help may come to it. While Christ was on earth he gave aid only in response to a conscious need, almost always in accession to a direct request. So far as we know Christ neither healed infirmities nor forgave sins, unasked. He recognized above all things the sacredness of personal freedom, as well as the value of personal experience, and the lowest sinner was not unclean to him. His life was one of action, not theory; of definite accomplishment, not dogma. For him simply to live was to heal, to bless. Is it so for us? Nothing was excluded from his range of interest, of insight, of sympathy. Is it so with us? With him nothing was common or unclean. He saw the image and symbol of "the kingdom of God" in the mustard seed, the fig tree, the gathering of her brood by the mother, the methods of the money-lender, the life of the lapidary. He had but that one message, "the kingdom of God is within you." That was the burden of every parable, the im-

port of every action, the inspiration of his life, and for the truth of which he finally gave up his life. He knew so intimately the poor and simple people about him that in the crowded courts of the temple he could point to this or that one and say "I know her, she is a widow, her means are thus and so, see she is giving now all her earnings." Life was so richly meaningful for him, was so full throughout of these witnesses of "the kingdom of God" just because nothing was excluded from his interest and sympathy. We to-day are living in an even richer world of parable, illustration and unfoldment. To whom among us does it proclaim the within-ness of the kingdom of God? that it is within every one of us and everything, and that therefore nothing can be common or unclean?

It is the spirit of Love alone that can open the eyes of the soul to this. Till then we are blind, or see men but as trees walking.

"No soul can ever truly see another's highest, noblest part,
Save through the sweet philosophy, the loving wisdom of the heart."

Only so can we see "the angel in the clay."

"The Christ sees white in Judas' heart,
He loves His traitor well,
And God to angel His new Heaven,
Explores His lowest hell."

How often did Christ insist that the last would rank with the first? And he who loveth much, to him shall much be forgiven. "God hides some great ideal in every soul. At some time in our lives we feel a fearful, trembling longing to do some great and glorious thing. Life finds its noblest, its eternal spring of action in this silent, secret impulse from the depths toward the heights."

"By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee take no heed,
And if men hate thee take no care;
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed."

And condemn not nor exclude another soul, however widely it may differ from you or your ideals.

One cannot touch pitch without becoming pitchy at the point of contact, perhaps, but one can most unquestionably touch pitch or anything else without being "defiled." What is pitch but the very life of the pine, refined by fire? What is the very blackest of our brother's "sins," but a "virtue run to seed," perhaps, a bruise of adverse circumstance, re-bruised by our own carelessness or condemnation?

Even "dirt," you know, is but "matter out of place;" the rankest heresy but truth in the making; pulled green, so to speak; "lost" means only "not found yet;" "too late for the good is always just in time for the best;" for in God's world there is nothing too good to be true, nor is there anything common or unclean.—CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.



Our friends will kindly notice that the premium books are given to new subscribers only. To old subscribers who send us two new subscriptions we give for their services a two-dollar Parker pen, one of the best fountain pens on the market.



Dr. Newton's inspiring article on "Parsifal: Its Evolution Through the Life and Work of Richard Wagner" will be brought out by us in a booklet, at seventy-five cents, postpaid. No Wagnerian collection will be complete without it. Those who believe that truth and beauty are one, that art can, therefore, minister to religion, that the spiritual triumphs over the temporal, good be final master of evil, will find this a strengthening of their convictions.

THE GLORIFICATION OF THE UNPLEASANT.

Whatever may be the absolute perfection, our realization of that perfection in all our conscious life is progressive. Whatever is the ultimate reality and our relation thereto, we are in the midst of growth, just as is the acorn greatening into the oak or the egg beneath the bird's wing coming into its grace of life to take the winds with the delights of song.

In this fact of growth we may so see the truth of things as to know how the universe glorifies the unpleasant. We may so use the truth of things as to glorify the unpleasant that springs up in the midst of that shaping universe we call ourselves. In the light of truth's large vision, what are the meanings of many things in human life which distress us and give us pain? Why the dust of life which gets into our eyes, which begrimes us, which distresses us, which turns the light of joy into the night of grief?

There is dust on the road getting on flowers and grasses, wantoned into our eyes, making them ache, and we are as uncomfortable in our feelings as when our ears are distressed with many discords. Does the road mean dust? Does it mean the discomfort which afflicts us? The road means a city yonder or a fruitful farm or a quiet village, the house of a friend, or the home fireside glowing like an altar of gladness. It means a way for countless errands which fulfil these purposes of our human life. By the road we are getting somewhere. Therefore we keep our feet in its way, our wheels on its bosom. The dust is but an incident, a passing phase of our journey. It is our journey which gives meaning to the road. Our journey's end put us in the midst of the dust that we might attain its achievement.

Just as true is it about the road which we call our life. There are many things that distress, many happy winds which

we expect to gentle about us as about the birds which fly them so joyously, when they seem to take a thought of mischief and blow the dust into our eyes, spoiling our vision of the beautiful meadows and hills. But what are the dust meanings? The road of our life leads somewhere. It ends for your feet in some tender and true place that is worth while. The use you are making of your road, the great end unto which your feet use it, lengthening it behind you, is the glorification of all the incidental unpleasantnesses which distress your journey. Glorify with a great purpose the dusts of life, however distressful may be the passing through their grit and grief. They are no more than the dusts of the country road when you have reached home and are sweetly and cleanly resting in the joyous achievements to which the road led.

There is dust in the shop there, where hammers are pounding, chisels and saws cutting into the steel. See how begrimed the workmen are! You come away from your visit begrimed, with the unpleasantness of dirt distressing you. But what is the meaning of the shop? Does it mean dust, begriming, befouling? It is meaning an engine, that flame of genius carrying its countless torches of progress across the continent. Next time you see it "Lyke a thyng of wytchencraft and dreame," remember it came into its greatness by the way of grime and dust. Surely it is greatness enough to glorify all the distressing dust of the shop.

Another shop! Wood is being turned into dust and shavings here. All seems confusion, a cleaner dirt, but still dirt, the waste of a purpose, the wantoning of time. The wind from that open window blows the sawdust into your eyes. You come away from that shop with eyes aching and not able to take in the full beauty of the light that lies on the Italian river, on the Italian hills. But draw no hasty conclusions. You cannot make music through discords, nor through them hear it nor

judge it. Distress can judge sanely of nothing. We should see with eyes cleared by the larger vision. Sorrow is blind. Joy is the eye by which we see true. Love attuning the being knows the truth and by the truth is made free from any despair that glooms from the heart of the unpleasant.

You are in a crowded theatre. Thousands with you are all eager with expectation as a man takes up a piece of wood, puts it to his chin and draws across it another piece of wood. You do not like my name. But hearken! The soul of the artist is passioning to your soul something of those deep harmonies by which the worlds were sung to their places in the sky. You are on a mountain of ecstasy communing with the divine, and transfigured like the Christ on Tabor's heights. Do you remember that the thing of glory through which the artist is passioning his soul came up to its blossom through the dust of the shop which distressed you?

It was this the dust meant. Surely, in this violin purpose, in this violin achievement, all the unpleasantnesses of that shop are glorified. In the meanings of that shop, the very dust becomes a thing of grandeur. It was the shop of Stradivarius meaning violins, thinking violins and fashioning violins.

There is star dust, world dust, in the midst of the shop in which God is fashioning his earths. Tyndall tells us that the sunsets whose beauty spiritualizes and exalts is wrought by these dust motes in untwisting the sun's white beams to show what lies hidden in their hearts. Not the sun glorifying these dust motes, but the dust motes glorifying the sun, revealing its secret of beauty. Even so, the seemingly broken fragments of ourselves may interpret the divine beauty, may show the noble purpose in which God purposes to establish the beauty of his holiness upon us. Everywhere the spirit of beauty, the spirit of life and love, always idealizing, always creating, is glorifying the unpleasant. The foulness in the swamp there is

glorified in the iris which answers the sun beauty for beauty, telling to our delighted eyes something of the grace that hides in the sunbeams' hearts, but telling it by the grace that hides in the swamp's unpleasant muck and mire. It is the life of yesterday going down the unpleasant ways of decay which has made the soils, that necessity out of which to-day's blossoms come. Nothing is wasted in the world. Man is learning this, and by the magic of his crucible is finding that the waste products of his mines and mills and wells are filled with qualities of beauty and use which he may call forth to their service.

The most poisonous water which ever gloomed in "a tarn dark as a murder's eye," can be purified and transfigured into the dew, which does not dishonor the heart of the rose in which it lies.

The vilest, most poisonous sewage, surcharged with the active fevers of death, can be purified so that it will rejoice the thirst of the little child, painting a deeper color upon its already ruddy cheek.

There is no rubbish in God's universe. There is no thing but what is haunted with infinite meanings, no atom but that a perfect beauty enwraps it about and hides in it for a revelation of glory at blossom time. By whatever unpleasant experiences life has grown from seed to root and climbed the heights of stalk, the blossom hallows the suffering with saint-hood, the fruit glorifies the unpleasant with the heaven of completeness. The achievements purposed, the achievements won, if they are white like the sun, are a glorification of the unpleasant. The song of joy wrought for perfect lips cares not for fire and forge, but only for the glory of interpreting love to the eternal winds.

He who is at the heart of the universe purposes so nobly in us all that when his white-hearted achievements are crowned with completion, they will glorify the unpleasant, even as the

world dust sends from out the sun's white heart those anthems of color making music for our eyes when the earth is near to its journey's end in the sweet shadows of the night.

Believing earnestly that good is in all and through all for the perfection of everything gives us a vision, a power by which we may pass through the most unpleasant experiences with a high heart, with an undefeated, joyful endeavor. If sorrow is upon us, we can think of joy as the great constant reality, as the meaning of the universe, as the normal condition of every life, as the grace by which everything becomes. This would be like light upon the clouds making the beauty of rainbows or the splendors of sunrises.

If sickness distresses, we want to believe in health, image health, knowing it to be the great normality of everything that is, the central sanity of the universe, and we will become that which fills our thoughts and our imaginations, we will realize health in the outermost circles of our being. Out of our sickness we will glory, like the earth out of the gloomings of the night, because light is master in this universe, is the splendid reality, and darkness, no thing. In failure, poverty, the way to glorify out of that unpleasantness is to think plenty, feel plenty, imagine plenty, believe in plenty, knowing that the universe teems with supplies eager to minister to our wants, even as everywhere throughout the earth nature produces an overabundance, which seems sometimes to our parsimony a wanton overplus, the acme of wasteful profligacy.

We will command what we believe in with the strength of our being, what we strive for with all the powers of our life. If it is unrighteousness that has gripped us, if we are distressed with the dust of moral failure, of ethical weakness, which haunts us from our stars, our heredity, our karma, our environment, or whatever we name it, there is a way out into the beauty of holiness. It is to believe that the universe at its core

is holy, that it means righteousness with an infinite earnestness. It is to fill our feelings, our mind, our imagination, the strength and tenderness of all our thinkings with the greatness of moral beauty until it fascinates us and we passion after it as the artist passions to paint great pictures, as the inventor is all eagerness to discover the secrets of power. We will become what we earnestly desire, for it is through desire that the beauty of the universe awakens and expresses itself through man. A noble soul can transfigure any environment, can shine forth like the morning star in the midst of any distresses and adversities that may gloom like blackest midnight.

It is what we hold in the heart earnestly, what we purpose with the life steadfastly, that will glorify the unpleasant with the noblest, the truest, divinest we can know or dream. When noble ideals are shining like a sun in our sky they can be glorified by all the dust that is flying from our wheel intent upon beautifying our world even as earth-dust makes the splendors of sunsets. If we have the large vision of noble purpose, if we have the undaunted devotion to great convictions, the dust of the unpleasant but reveals us at work upon our noble and ennobling ideal. The dust of the unpleasant reveals us making ourselves violins to interpret the music of the divine heart. The dust of the unpleasant reveals us fashioning ourselves into a world that will lie in the beauty of that dust, while the light of a great life falls athwart it in all the cloud-colors which enchant a morning or an evening.

When our purpose glows towards a perfect world, a noble achievement, all the unpleasantness of workaday dust will show in our skies wonders as fine and fair as those clouds dreaming their beauty upon the Western hills.

JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

THE FOURTH ANNUAL NEW THOUGHT CONVENTION.

BY EUGENE DEL MAR.

The Program of the Convention to be held in St. Louis October 25th-28th, gives every promise of a successful and representative meeting. To the list of speakers given last month, are added the names of Mrs. Margaretta G. Bothwell, Harry Gaze, Mrs. Fannie B. James, and Miss Harriet H. Rix. While the thirty-three speakers now on the list represent various aspects of the New Thought and nearly every section of the country, quite as many more were invited to address the Convention who will not be able to be present. Some of the names included in this list are such New Thought representatives as James Allen, William Walker Atkinson, Kate A. Boehme, Nona L. Brooks, Fred Burry, Helen Campbell, Edward Carpenter, Aaron M. Crane, H. W. Dresser, Sarah J. Farmer, Bolton Hall, Edwin Markham, Annie Rix Militz, Helen Wilmans Post, Adolph Roeder, Elizabeth Towne, D. L. Sullivan, J. Troward, Ralph Waldo Trine, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Henry Wood. As many of these are eastern people, it is to be hoped that most of them will attend next year's Convention, which, in all probability, will be held in the east.

The addresses promised for the Convention are as follows:

Miss Georgina I. S. Andrews, "Heredity."

A. P. Barton, "Social Significance of the New Thought."

Mrs. C. Josephine Bartonm, "The Ægis of True Liberty."

Mrs. Margaretta G. Bothwell, "Freedom."

Henry Harrison Brown, "The Call of the Twentieth Century."

W. J. Colville, "The New Thought and Universal Peace."

Mrs. Melinda E. Cramer, "Faith and its Application to Healing."

Eugene Del Mar, "Society and the Individual."

Charles Fillmore, "The Unity of Religion and Therapeutics in the New Thought."

Mrs. Myrtle Fillmore, "New Thought Children."

Mrs. Henry D. Fisk (Subject not yet announced).

Rev. Henry Frank (Subject not yet announced).

Harry Gaze, "The Fountain of Youth."

Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld, "Curing and Healing."

Miss Emma Gray, "Discern the Voice of the Spirit."

Mrs. Fannie B. James, "The I Am that I Am."

H. Bradley Jeffery, "Breath."

Francis E. Mason, "Man the Monarch."

Rev. R. Heber Newton, "The Significance of the New Thought Movement."

Charles Brodie Patterson, "Healing of Mind and Body."

Rev. John D. Perrin, "What Makes the New Thought New?"

Charles Edgar Prather, "Your Twelve Apostles."

Miss Harriet H. Rix (Subject not yet announced).

M. Woodbury Sawyer, "God and Man, and Their Interrelations."

Rev. H. H. Schroeder, "A New Life; the Result of the New Thought."

Joseph Stewart, "The Subliminal and the Normal Selves."

Miss Anita Trueman, "The Coming Race."

Rev. Paul Tyner, "Individual and Institution."

Rev. Helen Van Anderson, "Opportunities of Parenthood."

Miss Eva Augusta Vescelius, "Healing Through Musical Vibrations."

S. A. Weltmer, "Suggestion and the Teacher."

J. Stitt Wilson, "The Socialist Movement and the New Thought."

Mrs. Caroline S. Wolfe (Subject not yet announced).

The Opening Address of the Convention will be given by

the President, Rev. R. Heber Newton; and the Closing Address will be delivered by the Vice-President, Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld.

The Executive Committee will recommend for adoption at the Convention: I. A form of Permanent Constitution to supersede the present Provisional Constitution. II. A Resolution in reference to the legal status of healing without drugs. III. That Life Members in the International Metaphysical League (which was merged with the Federation) be made Life Members in the Federation. IV. That the Federation be incorporated. Should the Convention approve of the spirit, the purpose and the wish already made manifest in the Federation, and should it desire them to assume charge of the more permanent work for the ensuing year, the President, Vice-President, and the members of the Executive Committee (Mr. Bolton Hall excepted) will offer themselves for re-election.

The future work of the Federation will be commensurate with the support it receives, and to the extent that it represents what is truly fundamental in the New Thought. *Every person interested in the New Thought Movement should become a member.* There is a pressing necessity for each individual to do as well as think, to act as well as speak. To the extent that the New Thought accepts vitally the conceptions of brotherhood and coöperation, will it support federated organization. On the other hand, if it advocates or willingly tolerates aggressive competition and the conception of individual separation, it should do so openly, and cast aside all conceptions of unity as inconsistent with this position.

The membership of the Federation should reach one hundred thousand before the next Convention. This should not be difficult in a world-wide movement which is built upon the conceptions of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. The Annual Dues are One Dollar, payable to the Secre-

tary, Eugene Del Mar, P. O. Box 20 M. S., New York City. Each member will receive in due course the printed Proceedings of the St. Louis Convention.

There is a great work to be done, and it can be accomplished only to the extent that the interest in it and demand for it are forthcoming. The Federation offers an opportunity for demonstrating the vitality of the individual conceptions of New Thought ideals. Individually and collectively, those in the New Thought must receive exactly what their manifested faith entitles them to. The New Thought Federation will stand as an inspiring monument of the progressive ideals of the age, as soon as the individuals in the Movement it represents are prepared to manifest the ideals for which it stands.



"God holds thee in the hollow of His hand :"
So spake a voice beyond the veil of night ;
Beyond the stars ; from realms of unseen light
Breathing this message to my shadow-land :
"God holds thee in the hollow of His hand,
Fear not." As cometh to wild waters peace,
Or to a prisoned bird the glad release ;
So to my fevered heart this deep command.

Yet still the cloud shapes gather where I stand,
And lightning flashes thwart an angry sky ;
Still the sun's radiance may not glorify
These paths mysterious of shadow-land ;
But I have heard a voice,—a still command
Of messengers unseen : "Fear not," it saith,
"The light is near, walk on in steadfast faith,
God holds thee in the hollow of His hand."

KATHERINE COOLIDGE.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

PARENTAL COURTESY.

As a child, I was continually hearing about courtesy to my elders—parents, teachers, etc—but never a word did I hear about the courtesy the elders owed to the children, and this used to rankle in my philosophical child-mind. I wondered why it was that children were the only ones who needed to practise this much-talked-about virtue.

And as the many old thoughts began to come to life again and to be termed “new,” it was a source of real satisfaction to me to hear the teachers set forth to parents and grown-up folk having control over the younger ones the fact that to an ever greater degree were they called upon to practise their precept of courtesy toward the little ones.

Why is it that we have gotten into the way of governing our children by doing simply the preaching ourselves and leaving the practising to them? Should not both be mutually exercised and neither confined to one department of the household? Why should not the child be allowed—yes, expected—politely to criticise the many errors of the parents, instead of simply to “obey,” like tin soldiers? Surely, nothing is of real and lasting value in the home that is not to be entered into by each member.

I, for one, pray for the hasty coming of the time when each mother shall use the delicate consideration and courtesy of a lady, a friend of mine whom we will call Mr. M——, tells such a delightful story about:

He was taking dinner at her home, and at one end of the

table was seated the young son of the family—a typical “young America”—fairly bubbling over with exuberance, so much so that in his antics he violated the table manners of a well-regulated family. The mother tried to catch young Edward’s eye to give a restraining look, but, with great cleverness, his gaze roamed and rested in every direction except hers. Finally, she dropped her napkin, as if by accident, and called to Master Edward to “Come pick up Mamma’s napkin.” At this, the young lad immediately slipped out of his chair, and going to his mother’s side, picked up the napkin and handed it to her, receiving as he did so a kiss on the forehead. He then returned to his place at the table and continued to eat for the space of a minute or two, when he huskily broke out with :

“Mamma, may I please be excused?” To which she replied :
“Certainly, dear.”

He then disappeared, and nothing was seen of him for two hours, when he appeared in the parlor where the grown-up people were conversing. Mr. M—— was sitting on a divan, and young Edward, seating himself alongside of him, opened up an animated conversation, exclaiming :

“Isn’t my mamma an angel? She’s just the dandiest mamma you ever saw.”

Mr. M—— agreeing with him, he continued :

“You didn’t know she sent me away from the table to-night, did you? Of course you didn’t, and she didn’t mean you should, either. Oh, she’s the dandiest mamma! She did, though. When I picked up her napkin and she leaned over and kissed me, she whispered :

“ ‘Edward, go back and sit down, and in a minute ask to be excused, and go up to my room and wait there until I come.’

“Wasn’t that just fine of her? I’m never, never going to be a naughty boy again as long as I live.”

ALMA LEY.

THE DRAGON GOD.

A CHINESE FOLK-LORE STORY.

A carp is the only fish that can easily swim up-stream. Sometimes, after long practise, he can even jump to the top of a waterfall. Then a dragon floats down from the sky in a golden cloud and seizes the carp and carries him away up in the heavens and changes him into a dragon god and gives him charge of a temple on earth.

Now, a certain dragon god became tired of staying in his temple. So he made up his mind to leave it and travel and see the world. Away, high over the hilltops he flew—for dragon gods have wings—and he traveled many miles. Then he saw far beneath him a beautiful pool. As he looked at it he was filled with a longing to be a carp once more, just for a little while, that he might swim in the cool water.

So he changed himself into a carp and swam and splashed about in the pool, snapping up worms and insects and finding them very good eating.

Finally he saw nearby a big fat worm, and he seized it, hastily shutting together his jaws, that it might not get away.

But alas! though the worm was caught, so was he; for it was a bait on a fisherman's hook; and, struggle as he would, he could not escape, but was pulled ashore where he flopped about until he died.

As his spirit left the carp's body, it flew at once to the great god that rules all dragon gods and told him all about his misfortune and begged to be allowed to return to his dragon-god form.

The great ruler of dragon gods, after a long silence, said:

"A dragon god is not a creature of a pond any more. Fishermen *will* catch fish, and fish must expect to be caught."

No more did the mighty one speak to the poor spirit of the

dragon god, whose discontent made him shirk his duty at the temple, and so fall from his high estate. Beware, lest thou, too, forget thy blessings and, through discontent, lose them.

FLORENCE PELTIER.



MARGARET GOULD'S FRIENDS.

Everybody loved little Margaret Gould, because she was always so sunny and cheerful. When people asked her about it she would always shake her little head and say,

"My good friends make me a sunny little girl."

Sometimes the children would ask her who her good friends were; but she would say such funny names that they did not know any better than before.

Once I took her on a long walk, and she told me all about them; and I will tell you, for they would be your friends, too, and make *you* sunny, happy children.

When Margaret woke up in the morning she would see first her little friend "Wake-up, pleasant"; and a sunny little girl always greeted Margaret's mother in the morning; then came her little friend "Happy-to-be-dressed," and Margaret was always happy all the time she was being bathed and dressed and didn't give her mother any trouble, as some little girls do who choose "Cross-about-being-dressed" for their friend instead.

When she was dressed and started to go downstairs, a little friend, who had a very long name, was always waiting for her at the head of the stairs. Do you think you can remember the name if I tell you?—"Make-everybody-happy-the-first-thing-in-the-morning."

This fairy friend gave every day a good start. Margaret didn't for get anybody; there was the family: Papa, Mamma, Grandma, little brother Kendall, and baby sister Catherine, black Dinah, the cook; old John, who took care of the garden; Merrylegs, the horse; Rover, the dog, and White-foot, the kitty.

Our book tells us

"concentrated mental power is greater than theoretical knowledge. But greater than either of these is sound reason based on judgment—the convictions arrived at by the thinking mind, put into practice during a life-time."

"By theoretical knowledge, combined with the ordinary virtues, Self-realization is gradually reached in the course of many lives; but by practical knowledge based on man's experience combined with duties that are incumbent on him, Self-realization or freedom can at once be reached in the course of a single life."

The conclusion of the whole matter is put by the Sun in these words:

"Realizing the nature of infinity through actual mental experience of that state of consciousness, centre your mind in this state of consciousness, this mental state, until the fall of your body.

"Do the every-day duties which belong to your position in life and let there not be negligence imputed to you in these duties even in a dream."

The space used for the long introduction to this little book of dialogue would have been more fruitfully used in telling us about the Tattvasârâyana, its age and authorship, its standing in the intellectual world of India and something of those who follow its teachings. That would have been information worth while. We could have been trusted to have gotten at the message of this "Song of the Sun" for ourselves.

For the student of Hindu philosophy this little book is of value. To the metaphysical student seeking to enrich himself with a growing understanding of man and his place in the infinite universe, this little book can bring a helpful message. It is not out of place helping to complete anyone's library of New Thought books.

G. A. Materson, Esplanade Row, Madras, India, sends us a little book, "Industrial India," by Glyn Barlow, M.A., formerly editor of *The Madras Times*, now Principal, Victoria College, Palghat. This little book is of value for two classes of Americans. Anyone wishing to trade with India will find

in it quite a fair picture of trading India, its conditions, idiosyncrasies and possibilities. Some know about India simply through the religious teachers who have come to our shores, and thereby are thinking only of an ideal and religious India. Such may find in this little book a glimpse of the every-day India what will be a wholesome corrective to their necessarily one-sided view of that great and fascinating country.

TRUTH AND HEALTH. By Fannie B. James. The Colorado College of Divine Science, Denver, Colo.

This is a teaching book which, by the emphasis of repetition, makes its meanings clear to the student mind. It might also be called a healing book, giving, in condensed sentences, what truth to hold vividly in the mind until the inmost harmony of things sings out any depressing discords which make evil seem real.

For persons devoted to the Bible, centered and rimmed in it as a divine Word, this book has especial value in helping into the new spiritual thinking. Without any shock to their dogmaics or Bible-woven reverences, it makes the transition out of the old into the new by pleasant paths of positiveness, the way in which, after all that may be said about denials, is the only way of a soul's unfoldment.

While in essence catholic, and meaning to emphasize the unities of faith, in a free and untrammelled spirit, it yet seems dogmatic and ultraly ecclesiastical, which seeming, doubtless, arises from the author's certainty that she has the truth, and from her church work, having built up in Denver about her teachings a prosperous congregation; though not, as we understand, herself being the pastor of that church.

There is in it a consciousness of Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health," special pains being taken to show the differences between Christian Science and Divine Science. There is a glos-

sary on Bible terms which suggests Mrs. Eddy's "Key to the Scriptures." Like "Science and Health," the biblicalness claimed for its teachings gives it a possibility for leading church people into the new spirituality.

Its positive thought about marriage is more wholesome and cleaner than the thought abroad in Christian Science which, if not directly, then by inference looks upon marriage as something not quite nice, as a low condition to be outlived by the soul. Instead of this thought about marriage, which in the long run works towards impurity, Mrs. James holds that marriage is essentially spiritual and a part of the constitution of a beautiful and pure universe, in which the love and truth of God in eternal marriage is begetting a countless family of holy children. And this we believe is the beautiful truth.

From Fannie B. James we have also *Selected Bible Readings and Meditations for Church Service or Home Study*, the title of which is sufficiently descriptive. A few sentences of New Thought truths precede each scripture reading, which readings are consonant with the affirmation preceding. It is well adapted to its purpose; and yet has an added possibility of service in being able to help unecclesiastical minds, minds who care nothing for the Bible, to realize, if they will read it, that the Bible has a great literary and spiritual worth, and in many things is most modern.



"Hurry, Worry, Scurry, Flurry Cured" is a little paper-covered book by the Blissful Prophet and William E. Towne. Published by William E. Towne, Holyoke, Mass., at 50 cents. It is an opening to the ways of peace and power that is adapted to reach and help many minds for whom a profounder putting of truth would have no interest.

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FEB 27 1905

Mind

SCIENCE * PHILOSOPHY * RELIGION * PSYCHOLOGY * METAPHYSICS

Vol. XIV
No. 6

DECEMBER, 1904

(25c. Monthly
\$2.50 Yearly)

Editors:

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON
JOHN MILTON SCOTT

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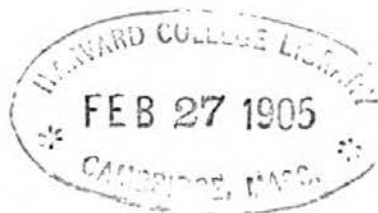
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VOL. XIV ★ DECEMBER, 1904 ★ No. 6

THE CHRISTMAS GOOD-SPELL.

BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

It would seem true and beyond dispute, that

"The outward symbols disappear
From him whose inward sight is clear;
And small must be the choice of days
To him who fills them all with praise;"

yet there is a more comprehensive view of life than that taken by Whittier's mystic, from which this is not true. SYMBOLS ARE MEANS.

It would also seem true and not to be disputed, that

"— — — beyond the things of sense,
Beyond occasions and events"

We know

"— — — through God's exceeding grace,
Release from form and time and place;"

yet this, too, from a more comprehensive view, is not the whole truth. "THINGS OF SENSE" ARE EXPRESSIONS OF THE TRANSCENDENTAL.

Our brother Mystic is "unmoved" at the "All hail!" "God's sweet peace" is upon his face, to be sure, but it does

not glow with Christmas lights, and in his ears the joy-bells do not ring, nor does his heart reverberate when "the happy children sing." He knows that "the holy Christ was born," but he does not rejoice. He sits "still apart," and that is good but he rebukes the gladness of the merry monks. He has found "the shining ways" but he has not himself the faith that "the Lord accepts the things we have." He listens to hear the song the angels sung, but does he hear it? He sits silent waiting "to know the Christmas lilies bud and blow"—do they bud and blow in him? He declares that "every morn he feels in his heart the Lord Christ born," yet a certain doubt rests upon him. No full realization cries out upon his tongue nor is his attitude characterized by absolute assurance. He is yet upon the earth and does not speak from above. Like all mystics, he is intellectually critical and outwardly stern and negative, but internally he is divine, viz., re-born.

The same doubleness of expression is the character of the Christmas season. Nature's wintry face is cold, yet the botanist shows us how the buds, just at this time, throb with the new spring and how "the wild life rushes" in the woods. The Mystic and Nature are the keys to the meaning of Christmas.

"Hark! 'Tis Hope resurges
Struggling through obstruction."

Everywhere the cry is: "Arise! Lazarus, come forth!" The herald's trumpet blast intones the New Life! The sun calls the sleeping children in the woods and the elfin prepares for a dance adown the rivulets in dusky forests. The Wise Men see the star of rebirth; the prophets hear the Word and interpret it: "Unto us a child is born!" The evangelists proclaim "good-will" among men and the pastors lay the "good-spell" upon them.

* * *

When we inquire of Folklore about Christmas we learn that this new science accounts for it as a communal feast of vast antiquity. Its scholars explain that all agricultural races have feasts of a similar kind at the same period of the year when Christians celebrate Christmas, and, applying the comparative method of study, as they always do, they declare that the Christian Christmas is merely a modification of older peasantry or pagan practices, a continuation of an immemorial custom, sanctified by an unbroken succession from one generation to another, though the civilized form under which it exists to-day is of historic origin and professedly entirely at variance with the ancient customs that accompany it. The folklorists further point out that the main element to the people, even to-day, in this feast as in most other surviving customs of similar nature, is "the good time" they have and not the ecclesiastic element, which is only the form under which civilization tolerates the old practice. "The good time" now sanctioned by sanctified custom was once a real and religious belief and represents the uplift of the heart in joy over the gifts of harvest brought home from Mother Nature. What is now merely a feast at a good table was originally a sacrificial meal by which the substance of the god was incorporated in the worshipper. It is not difficult to see that such a sacrificial meal represents renewal of life and a fresh foundation for communion with the Highest. And it is an interesting fact, that the Roman Catholic Church demands of all its followers that they at Christmas and at Easter shall partake of the Sacrament. Whichever way we define the word "communal," and howsoever we understand "communion," the old custom transmuted into modern form conveys the idea of something Fundamental which it behooves us to respect, to say the least.

The specific forms of the ancient feast have been called *cerealia*, *saturnalia*, etc. The Druids cut the sacred mistletoe,

the Norseman burned the Yulelog and slaughtered a pig. Houses were decorated by evergreens, such as the holly (later by metonymy called "Christmas"), by bright ivy, by rosemary of occult powers; by pyracanthus; green laurel, "which makes touching appeals to the heart"; by pines, firs and cypress, these flamelike mysteries, common emblems of virility. The people put on new clothes, and to this day the Anglo-Saxons gourmandize upon "plum-pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies and roast beef." Originally, however, the festal meal consisted of a cereal cake, olive oil and new wine, wherever these were harvested, sometimes a goat or other sacred animal was slaughtered and eaten.

* * *

However interesting and self-justifying the Folklore explanation of Christmas may be, it seems defective to a sensitive soul. It contains no poetry; it does not quiet the wild and ideal rage of the heart, and it does not nourish our hunger for heavenly things. We demand a heaven-translated explanation. The Christmas season is so unequivocally cosmic in its primary address, that only the blind and deaf can live without seeing that "Nature keeps the reverent frame with which her years began" and hearing in Christmas the heart-beat of the year. The melody from "the reverent frame" is "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," and the theology of it is the Eternal Atonement, though the theologians differ among themselves about the understanding of this "talk of God." At Christmas, the New Idealism re-reads the old word in Nature's Book of Life about "the lamb slain from the foundation of the world" and following this sublime theodicy it is taken back behind the human ages, behind all time and space and into the Abyss: "The bosom of the triune." It reads esoteric theology on the ancient palimpsest and divines that the Trinity is a name for "God's self-conscious-

ness and self-communion;" that "father, son and spirit" are to many revelations of the "intercourse of 'God' with Himself," or as the modern teachers in the Church say, expressions of "the Self-limitations of the Father and the Self-surrender of the Son." Translated into cosmic philosophy all these mysteries are but portions of Nature's ways. Mother Nature creates ever new forms; she builds ever and destroys ever, yet her workshop is inaccessible; she is ever moving and "becoming," yet she proceeds no further, as far as we can see; she is ever transforming herself, never standing still; we do not know the object of her acting; may be the play is for herself, may be it is for us. Her mind is her own, no one can penetrate it or touch its springs. Through all this life and decay and rebirth we hear continually "Lo, I am with you always" and never more emphatically than at Christmas. Christmas brings us directly before the scene on which the divine drama is enacted and we can see "the reverent frame."

Nature at this season puts on another order, or as the Greek would say, is cosmic, "combing her hair," viz., ordering her ways for a new departure. For a time she has been "slaying herself." Through autumn and the fall she has changed her colors, but not being satisfied with mere change, she throws off her organic robe, showing her bare arms in the naked woods and her rugged body in rocks and icy structures. Her passions and animal inclinations she wraps for a moment in snowy lace. For an instant it seems as if she were going to sleep, but "the wrathful winter" was but the short breath of her temper and "the blustering blast of wind," an exclamation and a call to all creeping things to hide awhile. On Christmas morn, "a morning full of fate," she arises again, and, turning toward the North, which has suffered most under the temporary spell, she sings out the joyous note "Lo, I am with you alway!"—again, I send my sun to lighten and lengthen

your day and soon I will lay my warm hand upon you and give you a new dress and fresh impulses. My frost work I will put away and living green tendrils will creep along the hills and reveal to you my new thoughts.

* * *

Nowadays some have spoken of "cosmic emotions" as the proper form of religion, but they have not shown us the altar of this new religion nor the temple that holds it. Others, also full of new thoughts, have pointed, and we think rightly, to the heavenly vault as that temple. Classic antiquity, however, did it before the moderns. But the altar is the human heart on which Mother Nature plays with more emotion at Christmas time than at any other season. In the winter-hour the Mother bears her child, a child that is a mystery even to her who was present and saw "in the Beginning." But she is doing the Father's will and that is enough for her. She and the Father are One; She is also One with the child. Exoterically we call the child "the New Year"; esoterically we name it the Word. Holy that heart which in cosmic emotion can speak the Word; it has become One with it! One with the Mother and the Father and the Child!

A wise Chinese, Teng Hsi, has said, "If we see with the world-eye, there is nothing which we do not see. If we hear with the world-ear, there is nothing we do not hear. If we think with the world-intellect, there is nothing which we do not understand." In this speech we may hear the Word! We see with the world-eye, hear with the world-ear and think with the world-intellect, when we see, hear and think from the Beginning of things toward their End or from the Middle to the circumference, but never if we go in the opposite direction. Therefore, if we shall have any blessings of Easter, Ascension and Pentecost, our sacred year begins at Christmas, because this is the cycleyear's beginning, the first note of the year's

symphony, the first vibration of an emotion which is cosmic. And the three are One. The Christmas Word is "let there be light!" With light comes heat, the energy or life and finally "living things." The light is seen with the world-eye; that energy is heard with the world-ear and the "living things" are understood with the world-intellect. Light, life and "living things" are One!

* * *

The Word, and very often its form, viz., sound, vocal or instrumental, is the "absolute philosophy of the emotions," as Fr. Hegel said, or as I prefer to say, verbal sound is our thoughts in a glow. It is therefore that Christmas is the time of giving thanks and presents, and is the introduction of new psychological attitudes. Everything which takes that form has a voice and "there is always a song somewhere." Across the ages it comes as "the longings of the nations" for a personal expression of their great Hope. From "the time men began to call themselves by the name of the Lord," the Word has been a realization of that Hope: the child is born; the Word has become an Incarnation. The flesh has been transmuted; the barriers between the "sinful" man and the divine man do not exist—"yea! they never were, for when the will is turned," says Meister Eckardt, the Mystic, "we are in the Eternal Now, where there is no time nor space." The Good-will then was proclaimed on earth, and the first Christmas heard it first, and for the first time; but in the heart it is always sounded. Hope played the instrument that conveyed the sound and the sound translated itself in the heart, the only place where the Word manifests itself personally.

The Chaldeans, Zoroastrians of old, saw His star, "the boundless Hope that passed the heavens," and they knew and understood that hope is not a natural passion, nor an illusion, but a spiritual sentiment, an exaltation that speaks of the in-

visible Goodness that surrounds us. But the theophany and incarnation came not to them. They saw only "the star." That mystery of God-in-man-in-one-with-man-in-God was heard elsewhere.

The New Age seeks this mystery in music "the great pathfinder in the wilderness"; it feels it in colortones as the Great Breath and new voice. Its sculptors can draw a line of beauty that has saving force of life. Its teachers endeavor to bring their fellowmen into right vibrations, the bearers of emotion, the real creator. The new thoughts men ask for are those from the heart, those born in the cave at Bethlehem of abyssal obscurity, but worth-shipped by the Wise Men as the Glory of the Highest.

A cosmic consciousness has been given to many and these do not stand any more in "separateness," they are parts of their surroundings and partakers of the All-Good. The Over-soul has become visible in the Over-man, and lately this earth has been proclaimed the center of creation after a new manner.

* * *

The subjects of "cosmic emotion" and "cosmic consciousness" bring up the subject of "the flesh." What of it?

"All flesh is grass," said the wise Hebrew, and he meant to emphasize its vanity. Ascetics of all ages have vied with each other in torturing the flesh, considering it an abomination. Plato called it a prison and every idealist, true and false, seeks his spurs of knighthood in fighting the flesh. But Christianity of all ages and under all forms has preached that God came on earth like one of us and took upon Himself this much despised and misunderstood flesh and that God now is Man. All Christendom celebrates this belief by a feast at Christmas, and a large part of it testifies daily to this belief in sacramental form, yea in some places the adoration of the incarnate body goes on day and night. An apotheosis of the flesh! Behold a

mystery! But daily life, however, ignores this mystery; even professional Christianity in praxis turns its back upon the very mystery upon which its most profound doctrine rests. How anomalous! What may be the cause? An old gypsy on the heaths of Jutland, Denmark, once told me that the devil knew what he was doing, what he caused foolish men to do, when he set them against the worship of the flesh: he set the most effective barrier against his arch-enemy, the Christ, and knew that he did not risk losing a soul, for privately the same foolish men would ruin themselves by fleshly indulgences and thus come to hell anyway. Did she give a satisfactory explanation? Was there some occult truth in her tale?

Theologically, the long history of mankind is full of stories of incarnations. All religions either worship such an incarnation or have been established by a god in human garb. Sociologically, a similar personality appears where strong and large clans have built up a community. Folklore and romance have delighted in creating divine saviors and heroes. The sculptor has contributed his share to that Sacred Epos, which sings of Herculean strength, Balder's wisdom, Apollo's beauty and Adonis's charms. But Everyday Life has not yet grasped the marvel of the flesh, its riches and elevation in the host. The body is still a Pariah and supposed to be excluded from the Holy Family. In the schools of learning only do they mention the body as a part of the human trinity, the reflex of the divine Image in which man was created; but they dare not place spirit, soul and body over against Father, Son and Spirit as their reflexes, nor do these schools freely and frankly attempt any other classification. May it not be that we of the modern times who have understood something of the mystery of the flesh and fire, seeing them as vibrations or divine indulgences, could reverently study the subject of Spirit and Body as variants of one mystery, as something like the Divine Move-

ment or "Function" in creation? Such a fundamental idea for study would have the Christmas character.

* * *

Nature does not teach the Christmas lesson under the Equator. Man there is too dull to learn invisible things by "the things that are made." Perhaps he is not rightly an inhabitant of that extreme heat. The ancient tradition of man being set in a Garden to keep it, seems to reveal his most congenial surroundings, and the equally old legend that he was driven from that Garden because he did not obey its law, its "cosmos," seems also to reveal that man's true nature is not to wander abroad, under either extreme of cold or heat. He is to stay "at home." In these hieroglyphic tracings upon the map of human experience, we may read a Christmas lesson of brotherhood and culture, of Mind and all the sciences. These ideas arise "at home," in "the garden," not in the wilderness of Nature's extremes. The Christmas lesson cannot be taught under the equator in such a radical way as in the temperate zones, where life swings to and fro, but never reaches the extreme. Christianity has really taken root only in countries thus located, or rather its habitat is in countries around the Mediterranean; elsewhere it is introduced by missionaries and suffers a poor existence. Freeman, the historian, has shown us this. Thus there seems to be a connection between man's habitat in the mid-regions of the earth and his philosophy of Christmas, brotherhood, etc., etc. What are these ideas but other expressions of Good-will among men?

The fact that Nature's imagery for Christmas fails under the Equator to express the mystery of rebirth, suggests thoughts that reach beyond Christmas. It is said in the ancient scriptures "a light came to them that sat in darkness." Nothing like Christmas teachings has come to those who were not in darkness. If by "darkness" we understand the geographical

regions to whom the Christian light came with the birth of the historic Jesus and the understanding of the Christ mystery which that fact brought to those regions, what then of the humanity living in other regions than those of "darkness" or those affected by the sun's nearness or distance according to his passing the Equator? What do the wise know on this subject? Are there other Christmas tales which we have not yet heard?

* * *

Christmas is Nature's annually recurring birthday, such as Man in the temperate zones of the northern hemisphere has interpreted certain observed facts of Nature's rejuvenescence. Why he has done so and why the southern zones have not originated the idea of Christmas is a mystery. As far back as we know man's history, the Mother with preference has used his subliminal consciousness in the northern regions as the womb to bear all her children of mind. We may therefore well conclude that there is a connection between our subconscious states and Christmas time.

The festal atmosphere is, of course, a powerful stimulus to minds not yet self-reflective and it helps them to the necessary emancipation. Earnest conversations, church services, music and poetry continue the work and fill the mind with ideas of beauty and stir the deep longings, and these elements especially are powerful and living expressions of the subliminal. The pressure which Nature puts upon her children outdoors, often full of hardships to them, is her most precious Christmas gift: it is herself. It is her own self-sacrifice. She redraws lines which the richness of autumn had made too sensuous and uncertain; she revives some of her colors and tightens her dress. The fruits of her spring and summer love have fallen to the ground to live a life like that of their mother: to be

seen, admired and carried home! She, herself, is yearning for new loves, new spring feasts and summer joys. All these palpitations are felt in the heart of her most mysterious child: Man, whose gestation is her everlasting life. Man calls this connection with the Mother his subliminal-estate. We are still attached to the Mother and live her life with her. To be sure, we have dreams and even visions of an independence in which we shall be co-workers with her, but as yet the cord is not cut. When we are tired we lie down in her lap for a rest, sometimes only for one night, sometimes for many nights at the time.

At Christmas, a time of tension, the subliminal part of mind feels assured of its heavenly parentage; the intensity of newness lifts it into the Eternal; a quickened sense of a Presence stimulates it; in joy it expands and lifts all the weak, the halt and the maimed into the Normal; yea, limitations vanish and it becomes One!

Where men lack vision they do not see that Christmas is but another name for Suggestion. They see the winter, but do not see the use of the winter; they feel the discipline, but not the eternal purpose of the change: its compelling strength, its sobering effect, its solitude and silence. And they miss the call; they do not hear the voice: the Self awakening! The howling storm may kill the noxious, but the Inner Man sees Divinity passing by and knows that "God liveth." There is a family connection between that storm, the subliminal mind and the Divine. A stout emphasis quickens the heroic in man, and have we not always thought of the heroic as the most manly trait? The telepathic relation between Nature's Christmas temper and healthy-mindedness is patent to all sane souls. A winter blast from the North and below zero is forbidding: it halts all summer softness and selfindulgence and blows away

all illusions. Clear thoughts sweep all cobwebs from the mind and good logic builds the foundations on which rests the Heavenly Jerusalem.

* * *

I hear some, not emotional, people say: Man is more than an emotional creature. All that which you have told us are old nursery rhymes, suited for emotional people. Man is Himself. As Himself he does not care more for Christmas than an old man cares for the play toy of his childhood. Some agree with this puritanic view, but others will stoutly maintain that they never will nor can give up their childlife.

What ground may those have to rest upon, who take the negative view? They are in the abstract and declare: "It is the ground we do not tread upon that supports us." Just because you can define Christmas, Christmas is not for us. A definition is a limitation and we want the limitless. You show us Christmas as an expression of existence—very well, it is! but we want That, whence existence issues! Christmas is rebirth—yes! it is the gate of mystery! but we want to pass through that gate and stay inside it! You have named a mystery: we yearn for an unnamed reality! There is nothing like keeping the inner man! The inner man knows no Christmas, though Christmas was the gate by which he entered in.

* * *

Christmas is to some the Beginning, to others the End; in both cases a rebirth; a mystic pivot, around which turns life, eternal and terrestrial. The Timœan enigma: "What is the circle whose center is everywhere and the circumference nowhere?" can from the standpoint of life only be answered by this: It is Christmas! The Christmas Mystery! It is everywhere, but ends nowhere!

THE CHRIST CHILD.

BY JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

Christianity is a fact, to be accounted for by those who must account for things; to be accepted by those who are not interested in accounting for things, for its inspiration and its help, even as some rejoice in a rose or a sunset allowing others to account for these, to set forth the reason of the rose and the sunset, how they came to be, why they are.

No discouragement should be to the mind that searches into the causes of things, no depreciation of its endeavors, no discounting of the truths it compels ignorance to give up like the stars compel the night to give up their glory to the eyes of men. In this work there is joy, and to it the debt of the world is great.

There is another kind of mind. It is more creative. It is more alive to the spirit of things, to the loving wisdom at the heart of all which ever seeks to interpret itself to those who are open to its inspirations. By this mind the world advances into life. It pioneers the unseen spaces of the continent of man until civilizations arise of which before the earth knew not. It is the mind of the poet and of the musician and of the artist. It turns easily into the mind of the worshipper, the mind that feels the worth-ship of everything because with everything it is in love, for only to love do the souls of things reveal themselves, and that revelation is rapture lifting on the lyric wings of adoration.

It is this mind that will get the most out of Christmas. To this mind the Christ child comes as a spiritual reality, awakening the grace of the mother tenderness. This mind gets an-

swer of itself in the smiles that golden wherever truth comes with a human heart, with a face alight in the human joys. To this mind dreams awaken and come true and visions are revelations. All things come to it with spiritual grace. Its loving imagination and tender reason are ever spiritualizing the world and all the events that befall, even as the eye of the artist sees pictures everywhere, and in those pictures himself grows ever beautiful.

Perhaps both these types of mind are in every one of us, the plodding mind of reason, the winged mind of love and life, one or the other dominating and so determining our mental characteristics. Indeed, do not some of us vary as the weather, having all moods in which our feelings and thoughts may work out the glory of what things are rooted in them, winter or summer, days of rain and days of sunshine, nights of gloom and dawns of gleam. So seem we fickle as weathers are, changeable as winds, inconstant as dews that caress the rose to but swiftly glide into the heart of the sunbeam's embrace, having ever that inconsistency which someone has called "the bane of small minds," and which might be called the bliss of great minds.

Whatever our type of mind, it is not best to take one day and make it stand for the year's weather, whether that be a day of sunshine or a day of storm. One note played over and over again endlessly would distress the ear and wreck the brain. We need to play life's tunes in many keys. No soul is complete who has not sung in anthems, and danced to the lyric laughter of the fiddle; who has not greatened to oratorios, and grew tender to the shepherd's voice ballading among his sheep; for whom the orchestra has not dissolved mountains and seas, the rock-ribbed earth, the solid flesh, and all life into the ecstasy of passioning sound; for whom the robin's plaintive orchard call,—that seemed as if blossoms had found a voice

to lament their fellows of yesterday that come not again into the glory of the new sunshine,—has not made that mist of the happy tears whose meanings lie deeper than all speech.

But at this Christmas time when hearts are mellow with gentle kindness, when memory has her glories of dew and dream, the poet's mood may well predominate, the weather mood of June when birds to blossoms call and all the earth is beauty, getting from the story of the Christ child some inspiration, some awakening of the heart's love for little children, some help of fineness and good cheer to those imaginings in which we all must at times question about ourselves, about the universe, about God, and what is the meaning of it all? Plato said: "All good poets, epic as well as lyric, compose their beautiful poems, not as works of art, but because they are inspired or possessed." Poets compose their poems because infinite love whispers to the poet heart something of the everlasting beauty, of the everlasting life, because love and life through the poet's thoughts enter into their own, revealing themselves in poems as the sun reveals itself in daffodils. So let us together at this Christmas time be poets, and let all which the Christ child has awakened in the world of noble emotion and thought, of aspiration and deathless hope, of human beauty and tenderness, be to us an inspiration, a possession in which our hearts shall be as the very joy of some Christmas hymn sung by simple, believing hearts.

The story of the Christ child in its simple spirituality tells that the Almighty Father through human motherhood stooped to share the burdens of mankind, to weave his great heart anew into the heart of man, that man might be redeemed, purified, made divine in a realized fellowship with the eternal love. This is not simply a truth of the long ago, a glory breaking through the clouds of earth, then disappearing and leaving but its memory and its story of something beautiful dimming and

distancing through the centuries. The truth of the Christ child is a truth here and now or it never was, because it is a universal truth of universal humanity at its problems of sorrow and its toils of duty, as it seeks to glorify its earth with what befalls it from far off sunny skies. Not only when we think of the Christ of Galilee may we sing

"Oh love divine that stoops to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,"

but when we think of all the help that visits us from on high, of all the Christ moods, of all the Christ ideals, of all the Christ inspirations, call them by what name we will. The eternal truth in the Christ story is just this: that God is always stooping to share his glory with the earth's shame, to lift up and beautify his creation, to turn it into lilies of life, though it may have fallen on the stagnant ways of death.

Every Springtime the sun stoops to share the conditions of the earth, to lift up the earth and glorify it in all the countless things that grow and bud. What we call Springtime is just the sun coming to its own and giving to as many as receive it power to become the sons and daughters of light, the sons and daughters of life, the sons and daughters of love, beautifying ever in the glories that befall from on high. It comes to its own because the earth has broken off from the central fire and, if left to itself, would wither into the desolation of a perfect winter, making it forever a ruined and out-cast world. Although once it was a very part of the central fire, it now has no fire of its own sufficient of itself to burn into the flame of the trees and the harvests, to kindle into the pink flames of June orchards and the purpling fires of autumn vineyards. The sun must descend to it, enter into its very atmosphere, into its very dark soils, into its very death, so sacrificing itself, losing itself, laying down its life that it may again

take up that life in all those living things of the earth which grow, which blossom, which fruit. The descension of the sun into our earth is always unto the end of an ascension of our earth toward the sun. The sun descends that oaks may ascend. The sun leaves its heaven that the earth's sods may grow heavenly in violets. The sunshine dies out of its very skies that the rose may come into resurrection and into life.

What is true of the outermost life must in its degree be true of the innermost life. What is true of the sun must be true of the sun's sun, that pure love of God out of which the whole creation has grown, in which the whole creation has its being. What is true of the sun and the rose must be true of God and the soul. What is true of the sunshine and the harvest must be true of the perfect divine humanity and the perfecting human divinity. Man must have been originally a part of the central love of the universe, the central humanity, even as our earth was once a part of the central fire which broke into the flames of worlds. But he has been separated from that central love, that perfect life, that life of love, and, if left to himself, would wander into some final destruction. As it is, he has not in himself the power to return to God. His love is cold, his life is sordid, material. It is only by the descent of the divine into his very nature, into the midst of his material condition, into the midst of his sin and death, that man can be made alive in his higher nature, can be awakened into the consciousness of his divine origin and descent, can be purified, can be quickened into all these human beauties which we see in the Christ and in all ideal men and women. Every descension of the divine into the human is for ascension into a quickened and ennobled humanity, into a nature, into a character that shows forth more of the divine beauty and truth and kindness. This is the way of man's redemption, this is the way of his regeneration, this is the way of his attaining unto eternal life. God is

thus always coming unto his own, and to as many as receive him to them gives he power to become the sons of God, to enter into conscious realization of their childhood to him, of their kinship with the eternal, of their comradeship with the everlasting love.

The descent of the sun to accomplish the work of the summer is as quiet, as unheralded by ostentatious clamor, as was the coming of the Christ child. It enters into the very midst of the poverty that holds all the withered fields of March. Although it comes to so greatly enrich, there is no great welcome. There are no homes of beauty to make room for it; just the inn of desolation to receive it. The waste places of the desolate not knowing their need of it, it finds but a darkness in which to shine. And yet in its coming is all the glory of the Summer, all the splendor of the autumn, the gentle beauty of blossom, the perfected beauty of fruit.

So is ever the coming of the divine into the human. We are too dull to know our need, too lost in the material to know that this quiet, spiritual life that is knocking at our being's doors is the drawing nigh of our redemption, the coming forth of the power that can inspire unto our achieving our greatest glory. It comes as some quiet baby emotion, some baby thought, some baby purpose, all so feeble that the life does not promise much, and yet for fear it may be a king the Herod of the old selfishness resents it even unto murder. Not as a storm on the sea, not as a wind havocking the earth, not in the pomp of any outward circumstance, not in the noise of man's applause, not in the glitter of selfish achievements shining afar, come God's divinest blessings to the human heart, his divinest inspirations to the human soul; but noiselessly as the sunbeams on the hillside unvisited by man, that it may beauty into the violet and strengthen into the oak. To the world of your own soul the

greatening of God may become, not as you are looking for it, doubtless, as a great and overmastering power giving you a sudden and final victory over all your foes, but as Jesus came to the world that first Christmas night.

"They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes, and lift them high:
Thou cam'st a little baby thing
That made a woman cry!"

The true greatness always comes in unexpected ways. Even those most widely read, those having a natural spirit of discernment, those having the greatest experience in matters they might predict about, cannot tell what is certain to be the great movement of the decade, the great man of the next five years, the great book of next year, even though they may be readers of its manuscript. In the things of the spirit it is even more difficult to foretell. The dominant religions of the world have come as surprises. Eyes were looking in other directions. The prophet when he came was despised, rejected, killed; and out of his very grave there has been the resurrection of his religion for its great and unexpected triumph.

Yet always has there been the humble inn to welcome, the simple shepherds to vision the coming splendor, the gentle beasts that bleat in answer to the baby's cry. Always are there the Mary arms, the Mary bosom of welcome. Always are there some first disciples who feel the stir of love to love again, who see the shine of truth to look at it with the wonder-eyes of childhood. These are the beautiful confidences by which the world through child faith can ever renew its child-heartedness. There is a pathetic beauty bringing the soul's April mist to becloud the eyes as we study the lives of the prophets of religion and come across these few first believers, so tender their love, so unwavering their faith, so essential that the word of love have

an entering into the world. It is in gratitude to these that we have our calendar of saints, that in storied cathedral windows the wise men still see the star, the shepherds still watch their flocks in the night-shadowed fields, hearing the angels' chorus with adoring faces gazing into the sky, and Mary still holds in her arms the Christ child, while the gentle faces of kine and sheep reflect her divinest joy. It is well to hold these in beautiful memory, for the beauty which strikes the eye may quicken the soul.

And let us not forget that the beasts are included in this great redemption, that forever they are associated with that loving kindness and tender mercy which blessed the world in the Christ of Bethlehem and the Jesus of Galilee. It is not a perfect redemption that does not include the whole of life, that holds not in a merciful thought every little heart that beats in some rhythm of joy to the great and divine heart which sets the tune of life to which all living hearts must throb. The perfect love asks

"That nothing walk with aimless feet,
That not a worm be cloven in vain,
Or but subserve another's gain
When God has made his pile complete."

I remember a friend of mine in the ministry of the old theology and the old thought of Jesus, who, when speaking to a congregation of farmers, was wont to insist that Christian love included the love of the beasts; that when Jesus said to his disciples "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" he meant that every creature should share in the grace of his love. My friend said that no man can be converted to the gospel of Jesus without his very horses realizing the change, experiencing the kindness of the new love. It is a beautiful story which tells of St. Francis preaching to the

birds and beasts the evangel of Jesus, enchanting even the wolf until the ferocity of its heart was stilled. However the outwardness of this story may strike our minds, its inward glory should become a grace of our hearts. All the living things of sea and air, of field and forest, should live in our kindness. No life can honor itself except as it honors all the manifestations of life. We cannot be perfectly kind if any cruelty, thoughtless or designed, makes us ruthlessly invade the sanctity of any life. The divinest grace is kindness, and were God to grow unkind the universe would cease to be, passing in chaos. When we have grown careless, when we have attempted to inveigh the sanctity of another life, it were a kingly gain if the Christmas wonder-story came back to us with its child meanings, with its child inspirations, if unto kindness we remember that when man had shut one about to become a mother out of the inn, she found a welcome among the beasts of the stall.

The sheep and the kine gave welcome hail
To the Christ-child stable-born,
While thoughtless men had no open door,
And winds made the night forlorn.
O the beasts were kind,
But man forgot.
Dear Lord forgive, forgive!
And may all beasts
For that graciousness
In our kindness ever live!

O bleat of the sheep and babe's low wail!
O low of the kine and the mother's croon!
Through the desolate winter's sorrow there
Thou breathest the heart's dear June.
O the beasts were kind,
But man forgot!
Dear Lord forgive, forgive!
And may all beasts
For that graciousness
In our kindness ever live!

O come to my heart as quietly
 Some holy Christmas night,
 And my lowly thoughts and tenderness
 Will joy in the blessed sight.

My beasts will be kind,
 If I forget,
 And thou wilt forgive, forgive!
 All beasts and birds
 For their graciousness
 In my kindness ever live.

O Christ who art child in the lowly heart,
 I'd be like the Christmas sheep,
 And give thee a welcoming love for love,
 While the snows without pile deep.

My beasts will be kind,
 If I forget,
 And thou wilt forgive, forgive!
 All beasts and birds
 For their graciousness
 In my kindness ever live.

O better than thoughtless cruelty
 To be but the lowly kine,
 But sheep with a poor dumb welcoming
 For the human love divine.

O the beasts were kind,
 While man forgot.
 Dear Lord forgive, forgive!
 And may all beasts
 For that graciousness
 In our kindness ever live!

The first fate of every new truth which love brings into the world for the help of men is quite always the fate of the Christ child. The selfishness first neglects it, and afterwards, when its power begins to reveal, kills it. A perpetual Christmas lesson is that pathetic fact, and we are dull pupils if not by it so freed from bigotry that we give a fair hearing to all the earnest new, if haply it may be the grace our hearts need, the word the world needs for its quickening into diviner life. That lesson fails because it so frees us from selfishness that we are willing

to sacrifice the lower comfort to the higher truth, unless we are growing into the Christ spirit that seeks not its own, but the good and gain of all. That lesson fails unless it keeps our loving hearts on the outlook for "Some great cause, God's New Messiah," to which we may lend the best that is within us for its triumph. That lesson fails unless we learn that in every new truth Christ is ever born into the world to redeem it; unless we learn that

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch the Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate Winter
sea,

Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key."

Christmas is set in our lives for joy. We should, therefore, see the joy, not look at the shadows so intently that the light seems to go out of the day because it has gone out of our eye. The pathos of a manger cradle is not so great as the pathos of many a cradle of gold. The darkness does not matter so much as long as it is light that enters into its midst. The descent of the seed into the soil is not a grief because of the fair gladness of the blossom that so becomes. In the backward look we see the glory that shone in the darkness and the log cabins that proved to be diviner places for welcoming a babe than the palaces of kings. Sorrow is not the great and constant factor; joy is the abiding reality. Thorns are not blighted roses; roses are fulfilled thorns. The sorrows, the martyrdoms, through which a great truth comes to its glory in the midst of men are not what the heart should dwell upon, but upon the truth that is come, upon the love that is being shed abroad in the hearts of men as the summer sunshine in the hearts of the fields. Not the desolation to which a great truth comes should hold our thinking steadfast, but the glory of the

truth that is here, the glory of the truth that is always needing only our awakened vision that it may enter into us and bless us with its everlasting beauty.

And so it was not the night but the vision of angels in the night; it was not the homelessness of an inn stable but the love that came there; it was not the poverty but the great soul that came in the midst of that poverty for the enrichment of the world, that helps us ever to the true vision, the vision through which we look for and see the positive good, knowing that all else is but fleeting shadow. While the Christ is sorrow brother to us, by his own experience touched with the feeling of our infirmities, that is not the great beauty. That great beauty is that he is a joy brother to us, and whatever he glimpsed of the everlasting gladness, coming into it for his glory, that we enter as into our native air, as much at home in it as the oriole is at home in the orchard winds.

The Christ child has indeed revealed the secrets of many hearts, but that revelation is for glory, not for shame. The shame is the passing of a shadow before the coming of the light. In the beautiful light of his love, the meanness, the selfishness and the unworthiness of our thoughts have turned into the shadow of shame and disappeared. The truer and nobler thoughts of our hearts have been revealed by him even as the sunshine shows us the beauty of violets and the truth of roses. He has been the inspiration to us of ideal life, has made it seem possible for us to attain to his goodness, to become some heart brother to him in his perfect humanity, discovered for us our own deeps, unveiled to us our own heights, shown us how divine our human nature is. When we have at last come to know this revelation of ourselves, we can never again be so mean as before; the splendor of the vision haunts us, follows us into the low ways of our desires and embitters the very sin that once was pleasant to our taste, making us ahunger

for divinest banquets. This bringing to man the vision of himself is the greatest and divinest of Christmas gifts. It is what the Christ child gives to every one who has eyes with which to behold the vision. Say what we will, and we would exclude no vision of glory which in any age and in any race has visited the human soul with hope, Jesus has made humanity forever sacred to us. He has taken his place amidst the spiritual realities of the race. However he came there, whatever our theories accounting for his story may be, he is here in our midst to-day, as much a part of our spiritual lives as a sunset is a part of the day, though all eyes may not see its beauty to desire it; as much a fact in the realm of the heart as the harvest is in the realm of our hunger, as much a part of the noble human strength of man as the oak is a part of the hills and the granite a part of the mountains; as much a fact of the human love as the father and mother is of the human life, though some children have never known anything but orphanhood; as much a fact of the human love as the little child is of the human life, although some have never known the joy of holding in their arms their own flesh and blood, bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh, spirit of their spirit. He is a fact of the human soul, and, in every goodness which he inspires, is being perpetually born into the human heart, a Christ child of the ideal life, of the higher and holier nature of man.

The Christ Child brought into the world a revelation of the human heart of God. He showed to us that the divine deeps are human deeps, as human as the heart of the mother there loving that little child beyond the sacredness of her own life. It is as though these far deeps of the sky into which we gaze and gaze, as they heighten and appall us with their infinite greatness, grew gentle and near to make their meanings known, and lo, it is a brother's face smiling into ours with a very tender, a very human love. It is as if all the mysteries

which baffle us, the sorrows that make us afraid, the deaths that darken a starless night about our loved ones, as if all this which puzzles and makes our hearts ache and oppresses us with loneliness, should draw near unto us to make known the hidden heart from which they come and, lo! a baby's face is smiling into our own, a child's face is cheek by cheek with ours,—such a gentle, such a satisfying love; a man's face with man's strength and woman's tenderness looks upon us in a great quiet and something of a peace passing understanding stills our trouble,—a man's face wearing a crown of thorns, looks into ours, not in anger, but with a compassion melting into our hardest hearts, and we know that the heart of all hearts hath its sorrow for us, with us, in us, having no wrath for our sins and shames, but only the pity of a forgiving love that yearns to purify us in itself and gladden us with all its great glories.

“As thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved
 Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being Beloved!
 He who did most, shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak,
 'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! My flesh, that I seek
 In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
 A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,
 Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand
 Shall throw open the gates of new life to Thee! See the Christ stand!”

When the truth of the infinite love is born within us, seeing that our humanity is not alien to that love but a very part of its divinity, then it is that all the spaces of the earth are filled with human tenderness. The blossom is brother to us, and its beauty human beauty. The bird is brother to us, and its song a human song. The ox is brother to us and those great eyes of calm and kindness just human eyes. The mountains are brothers to us, the rivers and the seas, and when their

grandeur enchants, their beauty is just human beauty, set there for the calling forth within us of that beauty which makes us one with God.

"Earth's crammed with Heaven,
And every common bush afire with God."

Not altars for worship everywhere but homes for fellowship. All the beauties in the world are simply houses in which God lives that he may neighbor us. The beauty of the Christ child is a beauty into which the world is being fashioned, and we are of that fashioned world an essential final part. The Christ love from everywhere is calling unto us, and when we hear and welcome, the glory of Mary is always our heart's glory.

The Christ child has value to us as we translate him into our present, making an inward veritable Christmas for our souls. Only as his spirit quickens our spirits, only as he becomes an unselfish loving and serving within us, is there any reality to this Christmas story that has sweetened through the centuries. Only as we become like little children, enter into possession of the Christ child's heart can we know that Heaven's kingdom has come down within us to hallow and redeem our earth. "If we have not the spirit of Christ, we are none of his." That is, we are not a part of him, we are not Christ's, realizing the divine ideal of our humanity, realizing the human ideal of God's divine actual. Because the earth is born anew every spring time, it lives its eternal life. The spring times that have been are a part of its present glory, but only by the grace of a spring time that is. Only by a perpetual new birth in the Christ spirit can the soul keep on in the endless divine-human life. That Christ has been upon the earth helps me indeed, but only by the fact of a living, spiritual Christ born within my own soul, and growing up there into a manhood that is gracious in the earth of our lives like that which walked the hills and valleys of Palestine. "Christ in you the hope of glory," the

power of righteousness, the grace of loving, the reality of noble living and true, is the only value, the only pure Christianity and undefiled before God, the divine Father of our divine humanity.

The reality of noble and true human heartedness is the only value, the only Christianity that is worth while, that bears within itself a conviction of its truth and eternity. Not in the Bethlehem afar across leagues of sea and centuries of time is the Christ child the world needs. Whatever the story may tell to you, it is an idle tale wasting the wind in its telling unless it helps you to express the Bethlehem glory within your own heart, within your own soul. There must Christ be born if he is to have for you any meanings in beauty of love, in fullness of life, if he is to sweeten your life with kindnesses as the blossoms sweeten the winds of June.

When we remember that God is here and now, if anywhere, that his integrity keeps together the grain of sand as the greatest world, that there is no part of his universe from which he is absent, that his fullness fills all, then it is that we can claim for ourselves all the beauty that ever appeared upon the earth, all the glory that any human heart ever dreamed or any human life ever achieved. We are dowered with it all. The everlasting God lives and moves and has his being in me. As he is essential to me, I am essential to him. Therefore it is that I may enter consciously here and now upon the Christ life which may be born in me as a baby, which can grow up in me as a strong and tender man great enough to glorify the centuries. I have here and now the right to all that God imagines of beauty and truth, and his imaginations are the universe's realities. Not backward to Bethlehem, then, to know the Christ glory; not forward through the years and death to know heaven by the grace of its light and life in us; but within is Bethlehem, within is heaven, within is the life of God, within is the soul living

its beautiful eternity, within is my consciousness and God's mingled, becoming one, the life that I live not my own life, but his life living within me, the life that he lives not his own but my life living within him. When we are awake to the consciousness of this truth, and this glory is ashine within us, this beauty is shining through us, then every cloud on body or life will be transfigured before us and pass. When man knows his true heritage, he knows that evil is not natural, that sickness is not real, that sorrow is the shadow of a dream. He knows that goodness is natural, that health is real, that joy is the smiling sun in all the human sky. He knows that truth builded everything that is, he knows that love is the genius which creates, that joy is apulse in every motion of the earth, that not a star but in its course doth like an angel sing, that not a flower in the sod unfolds but that it smiles the goodness that is eternal, that not a bird at flight but that its wings are woven with gladness everlasting, that not a sky enchants but it tells the story of eternal beauty, that not a child is born but that it is a Christ to stature full in all the Godhead, to fellowship God in keeping his universe ever living, ever beautiful. All is truth, truth is beauty, and beauty love, and love is God, and God and man are one in that Christhood here and now that is haunting every human soul and hurting it mayhap with crown of thorns and crosses of despair, but always intent upon establishing the inmost beauties of the universe in all the outward consciousness of man. To claim for ourselves all that the Christ was, all that men have dreamed him to be, all that we ourselves have imagined that he is, to claim for ourselves every thinkable, imaginable glory and perfection of being and life,—this is our right, this is the meaning of the birth of the Christ child within ourselves, the meaning of the shepherd chorus above our fields of gentle thinking, the meaning of our wisdoms when kneeling at worship, the meaning of the Mary

arms and the Mary face of mother love in the Bethlehem of our lowly glory. To claim this, to realize this, to grieve in it, to in it grow gentle, to in it grow true, is to know that inmost the story of the Christ child is true; that it was there in Bethlehem centuries ago because it is here and now and everywhere, the glory of summer in every soul, the glory that every man may claim, the joy that every child of God may teach his heart, that so in sinless smiles he may light his life as with the noons of all the happy days.



FACING GOD.

BY H. ESTELLE DUDLEY.

Facing Thee, Ah! facing Thee, naught but goodness can I see;
Naught of wrong, oppression, doubt, foes within or foes
without.

All is peace and purity, while I'm, steadfast, facing Thee.

Facing Thee, yes, facing Thee, carnate laws have left me free;
So-called matter and its claim is but Spirit's mortal name.
Little reck's its tyranny, while I still am facing Thee.

Facing Thee, Oh! facing Thee, there can come no loss to me—
Loss or lack of any good—riches, wisdom, friends and food.
There can be no poverty, facing, simply facing, Thee.

Facing Thee, now facing Thee, fear has lost its power o'er me,
Haunting, paralyzing fear, draining life of all that's dear.
Fearless of its burden be, now, the soul that's facing Thee.

Facing Thee, ah! facing Thee, shades of sin and sickness flee,
Pain and sorrow, too, take wing,—death itself, with all its sting.
Joy divine is all I see, facing, ever, only Thee!

STUDY OF SERVICE.

BY GRACE M. BROWN.

"Come," said the voice, "Give this message which I have given unto you to all the world. Write the sweet stories of infinite things which have been so freely given to you through the voice of the spirit."

"I am weary of words," answered the student. "Your teaching is of work, of service to all humanity. Why shall I write when I want to work in practical service? Why shall I use words when my desire is action? May I not be a servant in the master's vineyard and work in the field with his chosen ones?"

Again into the listening consciousness of the student came the serene voice: "There is service in words as well as in action. There is a glorious service in thought many times more potent than words. Is not all action solidified thought?"

"The service a man renders is the true expression of his growing individuality.

"Each soul has its own position in infinite life. Each life has its own center of gravitation, and every individual has unlimited possibilities and unlimited opportunity."

"Oh, friend of my soul," said the weary student, "who appreciates the work of my pen? The wages of its holiest effort are but the ashes of condemnation."

And from out the silence came the pure, quiet voice: "You mistake, dear comrade: Appreciation is inevitable. The law is a free and holy thing. Appreciation of the children of earth is as restful as the rippling laugh of a little child. When your work expresses your true self it attracts the recognition and appreciation which belongs to you as surely as the child recognizes the love of the child spirit.

"Even the flowers respond to their lovers. The birds of the air recognize their friends. The little children have faith in those who have the innocent child-heart, and the weary world-worn soul recognizes and welcomes the servant of the master's vineyard who brings unto him the message of restful love."

And the now satisfied student reached out his arms to infinite love. Oh, Truth, Messenger of most perfect love, born in the manger, worshipped by the wise men, ignored by the fools. Truth in all the glory of thy joyous babyhood, I consecrate myself to thee—in pure, sweet faith I enlist in thy service.

Who shall say which is the high and which is the low form of service? Is there any higher or lower law to him who "worketh in love as one?" Do we not all receive the penny which is the wage of the servants of the Lord?

What does it matter whether I am cleansing the garments of some of God's children or whether I am raising my voice in his sweet praise in the effort to cleanse their mentalities.

Is there not as holy a service in the work of preparing the food which nourishes the instrument of the soul's expression as in preparing the food for its spiritual sustenance.

The value of all things depends upon their relative position, and "he who worketh in love is one."

Just let us serve the Lord in perfect love, no matter what form that service takes. It is all high, all holy, all pure in spirit and in truth.

Men live exactly what they believe, otherwise they do not believe it. And they believe according to the strength of their capacity.

There are so many sides to the great big glorious truth. It has *all* sides. *It is all*. As much of the truth as we perceive

and take into our beings, in other words as much as we become, that much we work out into our expression of life.

While there is every force contained in the universe in every human being, much of it is negative and unexpressed.

The world demands the positive force. It may condone faults, but it never forgives weakness or humility.

Humility is a negative expression of fear and has no place in a constructive life.

Those who do the work of the world are strong and self-centered. Their work has brought them into true relation with constructive forces.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," and can there be greater reward than this—to recognize and so be able to bring into expression the positive forces of the universe?

The laborers of the earth, the sturdy, common people, have no time to spend in thinking how much better they are than their fellow men: No time to waste in catering to their own negative impulses, and no strength to lose in scattering the odyllic force through gossip.

The laborer of the earth knows that his heart and his home must expand to welcome all the children of men; nay, more, all manifested life is holy in the eye of the master's servant.

There is no higher position than the position of a servant. What a glorious thought is the positive thought of service. It implies capability. One must have proved himself worthy before he can be a servant on any plane. The servants of the Lord have earned the right to work in his field.

In the divine economy every man will come into the consciousness of the form of service which is peculiarly his own.

He may come into the understanding through hard experience. He may have transgressed the law. Frequently transgression is the first step from innocence toward purity. Or he may have been willing to "become as a little child," with the

receptive quality of the child-mind. He will eventually find his work, no matter which method he may choose or how many ages it may take him, and in the expression of his work he will become conscious of his relation toward the universal consummation of the infinite plan.

Let us realize the holiness of labor.

Let us accomplish our work joyfully faithfully, spontaneously.

If the work of the hour seems inharmonious, let us so purify it by our perfect accomplishment that our capacity is increased for something more harmonious to our temperament.

Joy in service compels success just as surely as disintegration follows a descent into drudgery. Drudgery is simply the negative position of labor.

Life is so fine a thing.

Love is so free a thing.

Come, let us live the life of the love service.



WHAT CARE WE?

BY MARY QUINLAN LAUGHLIN.

What care we if the Reaper, surnamed Death,
 Should swing his threatening scythe this very hour,
 And, as a harvest, bear away our breath,
 Since Being lies beyond his transient power,
 Since Time unrolls a scroll of proven sums
 So simplified and plain, we all may see
 That since from nothing, nothing ever comes,
 We always were, and so will always be.

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY AND SPIRITUAL CO-OPERATION.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

The great Columbian Exposition of 1893, which drew multitudes of human beings of all varieties to Chicago from all parts of the world, to exhibit the best of their products and to ventilate the noblest of their ideas, and now the great World's Fair, which has attracted to St. Louis an even larger concourse, cannot fairly be regarded in any lesser light than as two enormous opportunities for developing the spirit of universal brotherhood and sisterhood. Quite apart from the numberless material beauties of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition—which have been worthy of unstinted praise—we must expressly remember the many influential Congresses which have served to emphasize, in no uncertain manner, the sociological aspects of vital truths which, were it not for these great representative conventions, might easily have been overlooked. Physical beauty, high art, financial opulence, and all that indicates material prosperity, can never alone suffice to embody those sublime ideals which have been diligently fostered during the past six months through the agency of the greatest Fair in recorded history, though even apart from the still sublimer lessons taught by the Congresses of science and philosophy, the obvious teaching inculcated by the material displays alone is calculated to do very much to inspire every intelligent and reflective observer with the solidarity of the human race. The chief difficulty encountered by honest observers has been to know where to bestow especial eulogy. So beautiful have been the countless objects spread before our enraptured vision that

immediately when we have begun to sing the praise of Germany, France has claimed an equal panegyric; and no sooner have we felt ready to declare that Great Britain or America has outshone all other nations in the magnificence of its exposed treasures, than Italy or Austria has called upon us, in simple justice, to evenly divide our salutations between Anglo-Saxon and Latin races, and between gifted workers on either side the broad Atlantic. And not alone this, but the ancient East has claimed an equal meed of honor; India, Japan and China, with many another Orient clime, has distinguished itself as highly as any Western country.

And what is the significance of this to that rapidly increasing host of thinkers who fly the New Thought colors? If such wondrous intelligence has been displayed by all these differing artificers, then surely there must be a common spirit behind these varied outputs, even the greater Self of our collective humanity which preaches in stentorian accents the inexpressibly precious doctrine of the dignity and value of generic mankind. We are all human beings and as such we all have our parts to play in the universal symphony. To some may be given alto and to others contralto parts, to some may be assigned a tenor and to others a basso profundo rôle; to some may be given a violin and to others a cornet in the mighty heaven-directed orchestra, but we are all in the philharmonic union, and all the members thereof are of equal importance in the esteem of the Unseen Conductor, the swaying of whose celestial baton regulates the music of the mighty whole.

The Fair, through the past summer, has been impressing millions of people with each other's goodness, and has taught a doctrine to the world, which every human being needs to heed, in tones so loud and clear that it can never be forgotten. Supposing the hideous practice had been adopted of exposing

to public view and comment all that is most unsightly in the world, it would not have been difficult to scour the earth for ugliness instead of beauty and to have brought together a mass of repulsive objects which would have edified nobody and disgusted millions. On one occasion an endeavor does seem to have been made to expose adulteration in food to the point of scaring the nervous public almost to the verge of insanity, and at that Congress a quarrel soon became imminent. There may be times and places when it is not only permissible but expedient to expose injustice and raise our voice like a trumpet against deeds of cruelty, but in nearly every instance, where such a policy has been adopted, immeasurably more good might have resulted had the iconoclastic preacher's text been substituted by the highly scientific words, "Behold I shew unto you a more excellent way."

Whenever education and the training of children has been brought most prominently to the front in recent days, the most experienced and thoughtful educators have devoted almost all their attention to constructive methods. The old scholastic system is doomed, if not dead, and it can be scarcely possible in Great Britain or elsewhere to find a single school to-day of the type which Charles Dickens so fiercely excoriated after paying a visit to sturdy Yorkshire at a time when children were regarded almost entirely as marionettes without any will or intelligence of their own, deserving the least consideration. Submission to force has long been confounded with obedience to law, but to submit and to obey are two verbs which need widely different conjugating. Slaves submit unwillingly to tyrants whom they dread, but whose commands, though hateful, they dare not disobey. Children obey lovingly kind parents whom they may well revere and whose knowledge and judgment they have discovered by experience to be superior to their own. Between submission and obedience there is fixed an impassable

barrier which no philosophy can overleap, and it is just because of this unbridgeable gulf that the freest of all men can be the most obedient to the sovereign order of the universe.

Prof. Felix Adler, and other teachers of ethical science of international repute, have told vast audiences in St. Louis, composed of people of all shades of opinion as well as of all nationalities, that the new conception of duty and of our relation to others is neither individualistic nor altruistic in the normal acceptance of those words. Individualism, we all feel, is apt quickly to degenerate into pomposity, exclusiveness and selfishness, while altruism, as the late Duke of Argyle declared, is largely an affectation. We need to face realities and to meet facts soberly without the least attempt to deny what needs to be rationally interpreted and can never be explained away.

The Swedenborg exhibit at the Fair has done much to revive popular interest, and in many instances to create it, in the voluminous writings, scientific, philosophical and theological of one of the greatest men of Europe who, 150 years ago, was seeking to elucidate the very mysteries and clear away the very difficulties which are perplexing thinkers in this immediate present. Emanuel Swedenborg, as man of science as well as of letters, did not hesitate to examine closely the exterior world before going on to penetrate to the spiritual, and it was by reason of this great sage's intense devotion to natural science in the days of his early manhood that he, in later years, was able so marvelously to describe the phenomena of spiritual life by means of the doctrine of universal correspondences. It is to Swedenborg that we owe many an unsurpassed axiom and many a singularly lucid classification. Take two of his greatest statements, bearing directly on our present topic, as pertinent examples of his characteristic definiteness. "All religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is to do good," and "There are three loves in the heart of every man :

love of God, love of neighbor, and love of self." Then having made this declaration, he has gone on, at great length and with extreme copiousness of illustration, to apply these general principles and prove them true at every point in human experience. In our own day, when philanthropic mutualism can prove the only genuine mean in philosophy, we shall do well to study these three human loves as exhaustively as possible.

Even if some agnostic thinkers agree with Matthew Arnold rather than with William Ewart Gladstone in their definitions of Deity, and allude to "a stream of tendency which ever makes for righteousness" rather than to "Our Father who art in Heaven," all can agree that love of equity is deeply rooted in human life. Boys playing marbles in city gutters protesting against unfairness in a game, are evincing something of the love of God within them, for they display a sense of honor, an affection for upright dealing. Love of neighbor is surely evidenced in a low-priced theatre where an uncouth multitude will rapturously applaud heroism and hiss villainy, and it is not a stage favorite but a glorious principle which they applaud, for often does it happen that the man who plays the villain rather than he who plays the hero is the better actor of the two. Love of self is everywhere displayed from infancy onward in the natural development of the primitive instinct of self-preservation, without which no individual organism could be sustained. Edward Bellamy, Henry George and Herbert Spencer are all agreed at core, for no matter how widely divergent may be the theories expounded on other subjects by the typical philosophic individualist, the single taxer, and the nationalist, all make their appeal to human nature as they find it and all declare that education must proceed along lines of least resistance offered to the inherent instincts of humanity. Between a fundamental theory of human nobility, which is

Jewish, and a fundamental theory of human depravity, which is Calvinistic, no compromise can be affected. The prophetic portions of the Old Testament have been appealed to in "Lay Sermons," by Thomas Huxley as freely as they have been quoted in the pulpits of synagogues and churches, and why? Because all the greatest of the Hebrew seers penetrated below all encrustations and caught glimpses of human nature in its real magnificence; thus, Moses-like, they "beheld God's similitude." To love God seems in some ears an impossible command by reason of the fact that the term "God" conveys no definite idea to certain minds, but to love righteousness and to love one's fellow beings is always comprehensible. We have every right to vary our terminology to meet diversified requirements, but we are never justified in cloaking our convictions or practising prevarication.

The goodness of human nature has been the keynote struck at the World's Fair Congresses, and it would have been foolish in the extreme to have called upon thoughtful people to love the essentially unlovable or to respect the fundamentally disreputable. Therefore, if God were good and man were bad, we could not love both God and man nor could God love man at all nor could man love God in the least degree, because such diametric opposition as would necessarily exist between perfect holiness and complete depravity would render sympathy or affection between the two unthinkable. It is precisely because men and women have been artificially and falsely divided into two great suppositious classes, "Saints and Sinners," that no general *modus vivendi* has yet been established, so that we can all co-operate the wide world over, even though it may not be desirable that all tribes and races should amalgamate, intermarry or coalesce. Individual liberty is in no way opposed to co-operative industry, and even the much abused word "competition," as employed by Henry Wood in

his "Political Economy of Natural Law," is a very respectable and inoffensive substantive.

Do we not all rightly and reasonably desire to be competent; do we not normally seek a competence? Such questions can only be answered by sane reasoners in the affirmative. This being so, it follows that a teacher of sociology may do well to draw upon a blackboard the largest circle he can possibly describe upon its surface and name that circle *universal brotherhood and sisterhood*. Next let him draw a smaller circle within this largest circle and name this second circle *love of native land*; then let him draw a third circle within the second circle and name this still smaller circle *love of family*; finally, let him draw a fourth circle within the third and let this least circle be the smallest he can readily describe, and let him designate this little circle, *love of self*. I am in my family, my family is in my nation, my nation is in humanity. I love myself as a member of my family, my family as a part of my nation, my nation as a part of the human whole. Nothing can be further from truth or more opposed to reason than a doctrine which seeks theoretically to obliterate individuality in the interests of universal goodwill. Vague vaporings on unimaginable "Oneness" can never establish truly neighborly relations between individuals, families and nations, for, if we do not really exist at all, we can neither love nor be loved. If there is no distinction between Deity and humanity and between one human being and another, then the only imaginable love in the universe is self love, and all talk of loving our neighbors is senseless platitude. The faith of the intelligent Theist is incomparably superior to the nebulous fancies of those who repudiate distinct individuality and ignore, even if they do not in so many words deny, the fact of differentiation. I love my neighbor who is not myself but whose original is the same as my own. All the children derived from one

parental source esteeming themselves as brethren love the entire offspring of the parental and maternal fount which is the object of their supreme affection.

Philanthropy is definable and workable; altruism is not. Philanthropists claim to love all human nature, self included, and to work zealously and gladly to promote the common weal, while altruists professedly do all for others as though the interests of others were opposed to their own; but they often prove by their own most positive declarations that their aims are simply philanthropic, therefore they have only been unfortunate in the choice of a word. Without wishing to be captious, we do feel it necessary to employ terms which will bear crucial analysis, and as the etymology of philanthropy shows it to be derived from *anthropos* and *philos*, the love of human nature in its complete entirety constitutes the essence of philanthropy. In like manner "philosophy" will bear a similar searching scrutiny, being derived from *philos* and *sophia*; philosophy is, therefore, essentially the love of wisdom and the meeting place between intellect and affection. Co-operation within individual consciousness must precede industrial co-operation. It is quite as true when we are discussing the ethics of industry as when the ethics of marriage may be our theme that we need to insist most strongly upon interior co-operation of human faculties and elements as the only efficient preparation for peaceful and happy union between human entities who are brought together into outwardly associative relationships. No man or woman at war within can live peaceably with the world without. Everyone sees the world and all that it contains through individual lenses, and it must be but a foundationless hope that the day will ever come when individuals and nations will dwell side by side in outward harmony while inwardly they are involved in strife.

New heavens (interior states) must precede, in the order

of their establishment, new earths (exterior conditions) ; thus it is that much which seems unpractical at first, because it is theoretical and not yet actually demonstrated, is in a last analysis discovered to be the only practical solution of pressing economic problems.

Liberty and lawlessness are always antithetical, but liberty and individual self-assertion properly go hand in hand. We must obey the order of the universe or be crushed by it. Eternal law is certainly irrefragable and whoever disregards it or opposes it is broken by it. Let the test of experience be finally applied to warfare, and we shall soon see that they alone have reason on their side who seek to substitute arbitration for fierce conflict, and to persuade all nations to transform weapons of offensive strife into implements of co-operative industry. A tendency to quarrel is a certain evidence of weakness, because nothing is demonstrated by a pugilistic encounter between contending factions other than the greater brute force of one over the other. Directly it is argued that strategy, finesse, and much else that relies upon intellectual superiority has contributed to a victory, we are taken into what is properly a rational area and there, no longer as gladiators but as arbitrators, we should be united to employ our intellects to devise means for furthering the general good.

There is one question, ever recurring, which lovers of peace and advocates of co-operative industry must set themselves resolutely to answer conclusively, and that is how to increase means for accomplishing productive industry. Positions seem less numerous by far in many instances than the hordes of applicants who seek to clamber into mercantile berths, but is not this very spectacle of heart-rending competition due to misplaced values set upon office work contrasted with occupation in field or garden? "Back to the soil!" is one of the loudest cries now being raised by educators, and what is its

true significance but an appeal to the primal instinct of our humanity voiced by the author of ancient Proverbs who has truly said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and even in old age he will not depart from it." There are two most salutary lessons deducable from that time-honored text: (1) Ethical instruction must be given alike to all. Lessons in neighborliness must begin almost at the cradle and be continued all through the formative period until the character of the youth or maiden may be said to be fixed. (2) Children and young people must be studied as endowed with diverse tendencies leading different members of a single family into widely diverging paths of general usefulness. As in the dual similitude of *Maximus Homo* and the *Zodiac* great teachers have undertaken to show forth diversity as interpretative of unity, so do we need equally to consider what we have figuratively designated head and feet and all between, and from Aries to Pisces acknowledge the universal life-current as flowing equally through the entire organic unity. We all know, both by consulting our own tastes and observing those of our companions, that every kind of work is enjoyably performed by somebody. We are all naturally industrious; idleness is repugnant to every normal creature; therefore, it only remains for us to discover what each can do best, and most enjoyably, before we seek to assign positions to any members of the human family who may be under our tutelage and subject temporarily to our directing influence. Co-operation means spiritual, mental and physical freedom according to the operation of universal law. Let us at once remove all social stigma from honest work, cease to imitate the follies of past centuries, refrain from glorifying idleness under the euphonious name of "elegant leisure," and set the seal of our united approval upon all honest occupations equally, then will the follies which

are now demoralizing this Republic soon receive their death-
doom.

Aristocratic families, proud to be descended from the valiant men and women who crossed the Atlantic in the *Mayflower*, should be ashamed of vapid vanities and indolent inanities when their reputed ancestors were among the bravest and most industrious of workers the world has ever known. Tennyson, who might readily have been pardoned had he catered somewhat to old-world notions of aristocracy, wrote, out of the depths of his convictions, "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," ; and gave no offense to Queen Victoria, though he was poet laureate, by his "Locksley Hall," and other glorious forecastings of an age of universal confraternity. When the much misunderstood doctrine of election as taught in the epistles of St. Paul is viewed aright, we shall all be able to shake hands over the letter to the Romans and both letters to the Corinthians, for we shall have caught the true spirit of the undertone of those remarkable epistles, and have found out at last that the leading Christian teachers in the first century were seeking only to convince the entire world that God loves all humanity and ordains differences so that unity may be co-operatively expressed.

What in the child is wonder, in the youth is heroism.—*Thos. R. Slicer.*

The babe is no mendicant whose arrival is to be dreaded, or whose visit is to be regretted. The woman's heart is darkly clouded in which there is no holy thirst for maternity. The man's soul is impure who desires to evade the joys of fatherhood. The babe is his own justification.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

SONG OF THE YELLOW THROAT.

When the year has come to its blossom in May
And fulness of bliss holds the forest and fields,
A thicket I know
Calls with a call I cannot deny
Vocal its deeps with a song as alluring
As a flute of gold voicing golden winds,
Illusive as a breeze that spills
The Blossom's soul and goes
Known but never seen,
Lyralla, lyralla, lyralla la!

Over and over again this one note!
As if life had yielded its soul in a song
And the bird could not and would not surrender the bliss
The joy-escape of all winds which nature must sigh,
Grief ever having in song its outlet to oceans of joy,—
O sweet outlet gate of pearl and gold,
A jewel agleam
Interpreting oceans of light,
With a
Witchery, witchery, witchery witch
Of waves replicating on beaches of joy.

Ah, there! I see!
The thorn is abloom!
And the blossoms are love's music-score written in white
'Gainst the dark of the thicket's deep shade;
And my lover there is singing it over and over again,

Thorns turn to blossoms
And all those blossoms are love,
Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala la!
O blossom of thorn!
You are spray of waves dashing on beaches of sky,
You are foam of the green sea of spring,
Churned in a bosom all heaving with life
Almighty in tides of great love.

Enchanted I listen and yearn to see my troubador of love,
I gaze and gaze through the dusks of the leaves,
Through the woven lace work of the spinner of light,
My eyes drink disappointment,
My ears the wine of fulfillment,
Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala sweet!
And life is sweet,
And love is sweet,
Sweet in the mate that is somewhere a-hiding
Brooding a nest's meditation of love,
A lenten denial of wing-flights and wing-revels
To lift into Easter hymns
Praising the joy of life born anew;
And sweet, sweet, sweet in the heart adoring her
And rapturing songs for her motherhood's task.
Sweetheart of May, sing on
Your grace of song in the thicket there
And here in my heart's dark thicket interpreting,
Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala la!
Witchery, witchery, witchery witch!

Then my reward!
I see a winged daffodil!
O green! O gold of summers joyous heart!

The black on your head through which your eye looks
A stain of the soil
To hold you on earth
Lest you fly and mingle all lost
In the pure golden light of the sun,
The far skies enriched,
While the earth is made poor;
Or did you take wing one day in the storm,
Flying clear through the blackest of clouds
To the sun
Yet holding a bit of the black
To tell for all time
That love triumphs through sorrow
And finds its bright sun
To spin it in songs of delight
To rapture in fervors of him and of her,
Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala la!

O dear song never ended!
And so all thickets know thee,
All summers may hear,
This love song of thine,
O singer of bliss,
My yellow throat,
Golden throat truly,
Fleece that a Jason's great oars
Might beat many seas to hear and behold
To carry it back to the home of his heart
Oaring memories boat over murmurous seas
Peaceful and kissed by the stars and the suns,
Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala la!

Or is it Penelope's voice
Witching her web till never it ends
While alien waves hold her great lover's keels,
Witching her web till only it ends
When those joyous keels
Kiss the beaches of home;
Witching the winds with her true lover's song,
Assured he will come, assured he is true
Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala la!
Witchery, witchery, witchery witch!
O great love bewitching a great woman's heart!

Yellow throat,
Golden throat,
Singer of love
In the thicket there in the swamp
In the thicket here in my heart,
Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala la!
Illusive as love like a sky,
Certain as love like an earth,
Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala la!

Fly, fly all my thickets of care,
O golden-voiced singer of love:
Rest in them, nest in them,
Love in them, sing in them,
With witchery witching them,
O gentle enchanter weaving enchantments of song,
Lyrala, lyrala, lyrala la!
Witchery, witchery, witchery witch!
Sweet witch of love,
My Maryland yellow-throat,
Thou gold-throat song of the May!

J. M. S.

THE DENIAL OF THE LORD BY PETER. A STUDY IN SYMBOL PSYCHOLOGY.

BY REV. ADOLPH ROEDER.

The student of this story is first faced by the story as a historic factor. And on this ground he establishes whatever seems to him legitimately deducible, as to the vacillation and impulsiveness of Peter, the man; as to the effect of his denial on the cause of Christ and on Peter himself; as to the historic sequence of the matter and the validity of the various elements introduced into the four-fold story as historic evidence. But it is not my purpose in this case to stop on this historic view of the matter.

Next the student realizes the correspondential values of the story as to the internal sense. He recognizes Peter as a type of faith; he follows the various details of the story and evolves the internal sense of the dramatic episode. The Palace of the High Priest is that condition of the mind, in which there is nothing true. Things and thoughts stand in false relations one to the other. The life of this world has been made prominent and the mental life has been subordinated. The church has turned into a huge ecclesiastic mechanism and is no longer the humble and natural craving of the heart for a more intimate and vital relation with the All-Father. And into this state comes faith as a hopeless thing of the memory. For a little while it tries to grow enthusiastic in revivals, in social functions, in all the varied paraphernalia that go to make the cumbersome machinery that plies between superstition and ecclesiasticism: it tries to warm its hands at the little fire of coals laid by the hands of men, and forgets about the fire of coals laid by the hands of God by the Sea of Tiberias. And

out of that condition of faith grows the denial of Jesus, that has so strong a hold on the mind of the Church and the World to-day. Not only the denial that makes of Him a mere man, but also the denial that makes Him a second person of Deity—and deprives Him of that sole Divinity which is His. But neither on this theologic aspect of the case do I wish to dwell.

It is the philosophy of the law, which lies back of both of these layers of knowledge to which I would call attention in this instance.

Starting from the premise that Peter signifies faith, we note first his association with the cock and the cock-crow. As the mind pauses on this picture for a moment, there recur to it the frequent pictures of the association of the human figure and the animal figure in its three forms—the one, in which the animal is sacred to some deity, some hero or some man; the second, in which the animal is made part of the man, as in the Centaur, the Sphynx in its various forms and in the Egyptian papyri everywhere; and the third, in which the animal is associated with the man, as in endless fairy tales, in the funeral habits of all peoples, in the case of Peter and the cock and many other cases.

It is evident that the cock-crow is here associated with the denial of Peter in order to emphasize the fact, that it is night, when the denial takes place and to give prominence to the thought that there is a differentiation in the elements of human character into day and night. In other words, and philosophically considered, there are two conditions in the mental world as there are two conditions in the physical world. In the latter we have learnt to call the two conditions positive and negative, active and passive, action and resistance, force and inertia, momentum and mass and a variety of other names. We realize the action and reaction of these two factors as centripetal and centrifugal force, as the north and the south pole.

of a magnet, as the male and female principle in creation, and in an endless array of other forms. In the mental world we recognize them as the subjective and the objective, as the internal and external, as Good and Truth, as Evil and False, as a whole series of mental coördinates, of which one acts and the other reacts. We know that Good acts and Truth reacts; that the internal acts and the external reacts; that the subjective acts and the objective reacts. In fact, we realize early in the evolution of the thought of mental things that it is necessary to realize a something as acting and another something as reacting. And in the great Problem of God and Man the thought is a perfectly normal one, that God is eternally acting and that man is eternally reacting—in other words that there is on the part of God an eternal positive attitude and on the part of man an eternal negative attitude. If man did not stand in a negative attitude toward Deity, there would be no human and separate consciousness, and consequently no man. If man stood in the same attitude toward God as that in which God stands toward man, man would dissolve into God, in fact, there would be no possibility of a distinct creation, in other words, in order that man might *be*, he must be able to stand in an attitude of negativity, or negation toward Deity, and this is what is involved in the Denial of Peter.

And since man's identity depends upon his negativity, it is this same Peter, who denies the Lord, who is actually the Rock upon which all Divine Possibilities (or the Church) are founded. Without this negativity there would be nothing for God's love to act upon—hence the element of negativity is the rock on which man's character is founded.

But if there is a possibility of negativity, there is also a possibility of complete exclusion and there would be a possibility of man's destroying himself utterly, if God had not safe-

I AM THE SON OF GOD.

BY HENRY FRANK.

I.

I am the Son of God,—not born of flesh,
In sin conceived by mortal loins begot;—
But Breath of Universal Spirit, fresh
As blooms of Paradise, love's fingers wrought,
When, at Creation's dawn, the flaming stars
O'er heaven dragg'd Aurora's roseate cars.

II.

My life is boundless, free;—my spirit pure
As that which throbs in God's own breast of white;—
My source,—whence emanate my powers secure,—
Exhaustless Substance of the Infinite!
When, with the Spirit's penetrating eye,
Through flesh I pierce, God's presence I espy.

III.

For I am Son of God, by Love begot.
In Me, impersonated, He that was
Unconscious and impersonal, hath wrought
The likeness of Himself. Like Him, the cause
I am of my own world in which I dwell,
Wherein the shadow of Myself is—hell.

IV.

Through all my being runs a living fire,
Like purifying stream from heaven, that throbs
With universal and divine desire,
And quells the storm of passion's riotous mobs.
For, though despised, and in the dust,—a worm,—
I still am Son of God—in Human Form.

THE HUMAN RACE AN ORGANISM.

BY REV. L. C. BAKER.

When the writer in the last number of *MIND* called attention to the Rev. Dr. R. Heber Newton's article upon "The Influence of the East upon Religion," his design was to set forth a principle of Oriental faith more important in its bearings than even those so ably presented by Dr. Newton—a principle recognized in the New Testament and essential to any right interpretation of the Old. That principle is that the Human Race is something more than an aggregation of individuals: it is an organism, in which the dead continue to hold place with the living in the one body of mankind.

That principle is vital to any proper conception of Christianity and of the mission of its Founder. It has largely dropped out of our modern conceptions of it. The Eastern religions have conserved it—often, indeed, in crude and imperfect forms—but it is mainly from its recognition that we are to look for those larger illuminations of the Christian faith which Bishop Westcott hoped would some day arise upon us out of the East, and foregleams of which flash out on the eloquent pages of Dr. Newton.

It would be easy to show that this principle is assumed throughout the Old Testament. It accounts for the fact, so puzzling to many, that it has so little to say about a future life for the individual. The hope of the pious Jew for life after death always linked itself with the promised perpetuity and future glory of the nation. The fathers, who had died without the sight, were to share in its final blessedness, which should reach them in and through their children. The New Testament confirms this hope by declaring that Jesus the

Christ had come to fulfil these ancient promises, and that His resurrection from the dead was now the pledge and harbinger of the release of death's captives, and that in and through Him all the families of the earth should be blessed.

The characteristic feature in the expectation of a future life prevalent in the Orient, and indeed over the major portion of the human race from the earliest times, is that the lives of past generations repeat themselves in some way in the lives of those who come after them. Among some races this connection between the dead and the living is viewed as a dominant influence—an obsession either occasional or continuous. The prevailing doctrine, however, has been one of some form of reincarnation, which makes each living generation a reproduction of those who preceded it. But however varied the conception, there is always at least a close connection, if not a positive identity, in interest and destiny between the dead and the living.

The primary essential feature of the Christian faith is its doctrine of the redemption of the dead out of the pit of death (Sheol) into which sin has cast them, through a resurrection, of which the Christ was the first fruits and is now the life-giving Spirit. This recovery, however, is eclectic and progressive. Its final stage is the exaltation of man to complete triumph over sin and death, and his investment with the dignities and estate befitting a creature made in God's image and to be crowned as His Son. Those who reach this high estate are spoken of as "the Church of the first born," "the first fruits of His creatures." But those very terms imply that there are to be later born and subsequent harvests. As the ideal of humanity is first realized in them, they are said to pass out of death and above the plane of earthly manhood to that which is defined as the heavenly. The goal of resurrection is reached in their case; they "cannot die any more."

But the Christian faith contains also a doctrine of "the resurrection of the unjust." These, by any fair interpretation of its standard of righteousness, constitute the immense majority of mankind. By reason of its narrow conception of the purpose of this wider deliverance, and its fatuitious interpretation of Scripture, the Christian world has been long blind to the fact that this universal recovery to a future life is a boon to all, and is included in its "hope toward God." (Acts 24:15.) To take all redemptive value out of this provision that "in Christ all shall be made alive" is to radically misconceive—yea, to horribly distort—the gospel, and to incapacitate one for any full and proper interpretation of the Scriptures, Old Testament and New.

This universal hope, however, is carefully guarded against abuse by the added condition: "Every man in his own order," and "To every seed his own body." This bars out this class from any immediate participation in a resurrection to that plane of glorified and immortal manhood which is the prize of the Christian's high calling. And it leaves ample room for the operation of that Karmic law, which is equally the law of the New Testament, "that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

What we have in mind to show is that this Christian doctrine of resurrection, or redemption, of all mankind out of the pit of death to a future life, can never be rescued from its perversions or understood without a return to that principle of solidarity of interest between the dead and the living, which underlies the Christian revelation; but which, through our excessively individualistic conceptions of it, we have overlooked, until now we are forced to find it more fully recognized in other world-religions. This is especially the "larger illumination" which we may hope they will some day give to us. But we are sure that we can repay them far more than

they give by our rescue of this principle from the grotesque accretions which enter into their conceptions of it, and by the new and brighter vistas which the Christianization of it will open up for their ancestral dead and for the future of the human race.

For instead of a goal of Nirvana and an impassive absorption into the Universal Being, we can set before them a goal at which man comes to the full dignities and activities of sonship to God. We can assure them that the hardships and sufferings they must encounter in their progress toward that goal issue not merely in their own salvation, but that they have a redemptive value for those in the chain of life behind them who failed to reach the goal. Humanity is so constituted into one body, sharing in one organic life, that as the fruits of evil living go down by a Karmic law to the third and fourth generation, so the effects of good living reach both back and forward, according to the eternal law that in a seed of blessing all the families of the earth are to be blessed. Of these families those whom we call the dead are by far the major portion.

Instead, therefore, of a doctrine of reincarnation, which keeps the struggling soul on an almost endless treadmill round of existence, we should have a doctrine which gives hope and help to these captive members of the race through the moral and spiritual triumphs of their brethren. Christianity presents Jesus as the First Born brother of the race, the High Priest of humanity, who by His triumph over sin and death, achieved deliverance for the whole. But every man who is animated by His Spirit and shares in His self-sacrifice becomes one of the chosen seed of blessing of which He is the head. Every conqueror on this earthly arena not only wins the crown of life for himself, but contributes to the rescue of his weaker brethren behind him in the chain of life who have

fallen by the way. These outcast ones come back to the arena of this life, not separately in renewed embodiment, but grouped together in some personality, the stream of whose life is made up of rivulets from their former selves, and who, as their representative, fights over again this battle of life for them, as well as for himself; so that they share in the fruits of any victories he may win. Such a one is this "baptized for (ὕπερ, in behalf of) the dead." This is virtual reincarnation, but on a broader scale. This makes each living generation an embodiment of past generations, and shows how the triumph of the individual is necessarily linked with that of the whole. They, without us, cannot be made perfect. Nor can we reach the final goal until "all the families of the earth are blessed" in Him "of whom every family in heaven and earth is named."

It is manifest that this would present to the so-called heathen a very different gospel from that which carries with it no hope for their ancestral dead. Utterly hopeless must be the attempt to win their allegiance to such a faith. They have something to teach which such a form of Christianity needs to learn, before it attempts to bring to them a message from the "Savior of all men." A full gospel would hold out to them the attractive hope that, by listening to its call of self-surrender, they could not only win the prize of life eternal for themselves, but bring release to the dead of their own race and kindred who had died without the sight.

We thus lay bare the point at which the Christianity of the present day fails, and which disqualifies it from attaining its ideal as a world-religion. Unless it speedily reajusts itself, it is in great danger of being driven off the fields of its former conquests. It seems to have lost the conviction that its gospel of salvation is a message of hope for all mankind, to the body of which the dead still belong. This fact would require from it a wider and less forensic interpretation of the atonement

than that which has long prevailed; inasmuch as the Christ bore the sins of the world, not merely as a substitute, but as a member of the body of humanity; in which case His victory over sin and death becomes an achievement which inures to the benefit of the whole, and especially secures to the whole a life beyond this pit of death which is the wages of its sin. His victory also is seen to repeat and perpetuate itself in the subsequent triumphs of those in whom the Christ nature is being formed, which thus acquire a redemptive value in the benefits of which the whole body shares. It is the distinctive merit and glory of Christianity that it reveals a salvation which is not only for individuals of the race, but which summons and qualifies them to take part with Christ in the redemption of the dead who have fallen by the way and lost their heritage. While holding, with the Oriental faiths, to a doctrine of union in life and destiny between the generations of the dead and the living, it does not consign these "spirits in prison" to a weary search for deliverance through a long succession of reincarnations. The Christian doctrine provides for their release through the victory of the "Captain of our salvation" repeating itself in the lives of His followers. These become centers of saving power to the lost ones, especially of their own kindred out of whose shattered lives the soul-fabric of the overcoming one was built up. In repairing his own faults of character, inherited from them, he is repairing theirs. In subduing his own vicious propensities, he is subduing theirs.

At all events, however imperfectly we may grasp or be able to explain this principle of unity of interest between the dead and the living, it remains for us to recognize it as a fundamental principle of Christianity which must be restored to its proper place before it can win its way to the conquest of the world, or continue to hold sway even over the regions already won. For, besides its ability to explain and to incorporate

into itself all that is true in the Oriental faiths, it furnishes the key to the scientific doctrine of the evolution of the race and to the laws of heredity. It restores to its proper place the New Testament teaching concerning the helpful ministry on the one hand, of those who have passed on before us in this earthly conflict, and on the other hand, how human souls are here cumbered and harassed by uncleansed spirits who are striving through them to escape from the darkness and banishment of their unclothed state. It furnishes the only point of view from which the phenomena of modern Spiritism can be explained, and the only key to the mysteries which psychology is striving to explore. It finds a larger meaning in this discipline of human life, and explains its bewildering diversities: and it imposes upon every one who is passing through it a priestly obligation.

A striking proof of the power of this principle is just now being furnished by Japan. The world has been astonished by her achievements, by the bravery and heroism of her soldiers, the readiness with which they surrender their lives for the good of their race and kindred, and by the patriotic devotion of the whole people. Lafcadio Hearn, in his last volume on "Japan," just published, ascribes these marvels to the educative power of this principle which identifies the good of the individual with that of the race to which he belongs, in which the dead continue to hold place.

Can we doubt that this principle, when grafted into our modern Christianity, will immensely widen the field of its endeavor and stimulate its devotion to the very highest ideals of duty and self-sacrifice?



Though thou shouldst stand where shadows of the night
Seem but to lead to life's despair,
In courage wait—'tis from these depths shall rise
Thy Higher Life's own sun-lit stair.

M. H. JACKSON.

THE NEW THOUGHT CONVENTION AND FEDERATION.

BY EUGENE DEL MAR.

The popularity of the New Thought is due principally to its therapeutic aspect; and to the extent that it has lifted the mind of man to higher and nobler conceptions of God and Self, the New Thought has assisted to eliminate mental discords and physical inharmonies. In proclaiming the inherent divinity of man, necessarily the New Thought has permitted each individual to give such interpretation to this conception as his development permitted or compelled. Such interpretations usually have been along essentially physical and material lines, involving the exaltation of physical man, and the power and supremacy of personal desire, thought and will. Even though the essential unity of man be clearly perceived, the realization of this truth commences on the plane of separation, which accounts for the fact that personal health and personal success have been interpreted popularly as the two great ends to be attained by means of New Thought methods.

Those more developed, however, projected their ideals to the higher plane where unity and brotherhood were realized more deeply, and coöperation and federation recognized as the means necessary for manifesting these realizations. In the course of time, this prompted the formation of associations and the calling of conventions. There were a number of association meetings held in the earlier days of the movement, but it is unnecessary in this connection to refer to those held prior to the "Congress of Scientists" which convened first in 1894, under the auspices of The International Divine Science Association, of which Mrs. Melinda E. Cramer was the President.

Conventions were held by this Association in 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897 and 1899. The Mental Science Association, with Mrs. Helen Wilmans as its President, then appeared and held its conventions, the first in Seattle in 1899, and the second at Seabreeze in 1900. In the meanwhile, the International Metaphysical League had been formed at Hartford, and had held two conventions; the first in Boston in 1899, and the second in New York in 1900. A third was held in Chicago in 1903, under local Chicago direction, but it was an outgrowth of League influence, and in its turn it served to stir the League to renewed vitality and usefulness.

The Fourth Annual New Thought Convention was held in St. Louis, October 25th-28th, 1904, under the auspices of The New Thought Federation. This was formed pursuant to the powers vested in an Executive Committee elected at the Chicago Convention of 1903, and with it The International Metaphysical League was merged and affiliated. The New Thought Federation was made eminently representative of the New Thought movement. With the exception of the few leaders who already had announced their opposition to organization in general, there were few representatives of national reputation who were not connected officially with the Federation. The ideals for which it stood seemed to meet with general approbation and support.

The invitations to address the St. Louis Convention were accepted by speakers in all parts of the country, and of the thirty-two on the Convention Program, twenty-nine were in attendance. The program was carried out successfully as planned, and with hardly a change. The Address of Welcome was given by Mr. C. B. Crawley, an eminent member of the St. Louis bar; and the Opening Address was delivered by the President, Rev. R. Heber Newton, his subject being "The Significance of the New Thought Movement." The Closing Address was

given by the Vice-President, Mrs. Ursula N. Gestefeld, who spoke on "Curing and Healing." The other speakers—in the order of their appearance—were: Rev. John D. Perrin, Eugene Del Mar, M. Woodbury Sawyer, Miss Anita Trueman, Rev. H. H. Schroeder, Miss Harriet H. Rix, Mrs. Myrtle Fillmore, Miss Eva Augusta Vescelius, Henry Harrison Brown, D. L. Sullivan, Miss Emma Gray, Joseph Stewart, S. A. Weltmer, Mrs. Fannie B. James, Mrs. C. Josephine Barton, Charles Edgar Prather, Mrs. Jane Yarnall, H. H. Benson, Charles Fillmore, Rev. Helen Van Anderson, Mrs. Margaretta G. Bothwell, Rev. Henry Frank, Miss Georgina I. S. Andrews, A. P. Barton, Mrs. Melinda E. Cramer, Mrs. Carolina S. Wolfe, Paul Tyner and W. J. Colville. Included in this list are the names of those who spoke during the session devoted to ten-minute speeches. The addresses given at the convention were reported in shorthand, and are intended to be published by the Federation at the earliest opportunity. They will constitute a volume of the greatest interest, while the many points of view and contrasting conceptions expressed in the various addresses attest the wide scope and inclusiveness of the New Thought movement.

All details of arrangement in regard to the Convention, other than those concerning the literary program, were under the direction and control of the Assistant Secretary—Rev. John D. Perrin, of St. Louis—who was Chairman of the Convention Committee, and had the assistance of various sub-committees. On these committees were representatives of the various local New Thought centres, all of which accepted the invitation to act in concert in matters concerning the Convention. The Reception Committee, under the able direction of Mrs. R. J. Redick, had in its charge the afternoon Informal Reception; while the success of the musical part of the program was due to Prof. LeRoy Moore and Mr. Herbert Owen.

THE FEDERATION.

It was the design and purpose of its officers that the Federation should voice the ideals and methods truly representative of the New Thought movement, and it secured the almost unanimous formal support of those who are accepted generally as its best exponents. The Executive Committee devoted much thought, time and energy in emphasizing the essentials of co-operative and federated work. While to some extent it was obliged necessarily to formulate and define, nothing that it did of this character was intended to be permanent or conclusive, which fact was announced publicly on all appropriate occasions. While the Federation received the formal adherence and support of the representative New Thought leaders, practically no active or personal support was given to it either by leaders or followers. Up to the time of the Convention, probably not more than two or three New Thought periodicals had said a good word concerning the Federation, or even the Convention, though many of their editors were connected officially with the Federation. It is true that quite a number of the papers printed parts of various circulars issued by the Federation, but the personal note of encouragement or approval was conspicuously absent. Hardly any greater active support was afforded in the way of membership, for the Federation had exactly 210 members at the opening of the St. Louis Convention.

Because of the meagre support accorded the Federation, its Executive Committee refrained from adopting any program which might extend beyond the date of the Convention, and no measure of a permanent character was permitted to go beyond a condition of mere preparation. If the ideals and methods of the Federation should be approved by the Convention, the Federation would be prepared to act effectively without delay; if

not, no one would be embarrassed through the change of plans which must ensue. The Executive Committee was in full accord and acted in complete concert. While each member was a pronounced individualist, there was never any difficulty in arriving at a conclusion just and agreeable to all. The President and Vice-President were in full sympathy with the ideals and methods of the Executive Committee, and whatever might be undertaken was assured unanimous support. Under such conditions, all of these officers (Mr. Bolton Hall excepted) expressed their willingness to offer themselves for reelection, should their ideals and methods meet with approval at the St. Louis Convention. If called upon to do so, they were willing to devote all necessary time and energy to the best interests of the movement to which their lives were consecrated. More than one of them already had made great personal sacrifices to this end, but if it devolved upon them to continue the work they were prepared and ready to do so.

Under the prevailing conditions, the future of the Federation necessarily was made dependent upon the character of the Convention. There were present at the Convention twenty-five officers of the Federation. There were so few members present, however, that closing the voting list prior to the business meetings of the convention would have made the elections of officers a farce. The right of a voting membership, therefore, was accorded to all who might be interested sufficiently to pay one dollar and thus secure this privilege, together with the convention badge and a printed copy of the Convention Proceedings. Under these combined inducements nearly seventy new members were secured during the progress of the Convention, and these new members constituted the bulk of the voters.

The spirit which dominated the business meetings was that of individualism run riot. Seemingly all regulations and safeguards were considered obstacles to be brushed aside. There

was little or no recognition of the truth that self-restraint constitutes the very essence of freedom. After the Committee on Constitution—to which all proposed amendments had been referred—had made its report, the Constitution, which it recommended after most careful consideration, was debated section by section in open Convention, amendment after amendment was adopted practically without consideration, and not the slightest thought was expended upon the practicability of the instrument as a whole.

Similar methods prevailed in the election of officers, and instead of a Committee on Nominations presenting a complete ticket for consideration, each officer was elected separately without the slightest reference to or knowledge of who might be nominated to fill the remaining offices. Added to this was the fact that an electioneering campaign was in active operation from the first business session until the vote for officers at the last business session of the final day of the Convention.

This was the first Annual Meeting, which was to determine the future of the Federation! Evidently the ideals and methods that had dominated the spirit of the Federation from its inception were not popular. Those who were in accord with these ideals and methods had been given every opportunity to support them actively, and they had failed to do so. Those who could have spoken in their favor were silent; while those who might have given active support at best were passive. Similar conditions prevailed both in local and national affairs. There was general apathy in reference to all united action, and not even promises and engagements were held in that high esteem which they are considered generally to deserve.

There was but one course to pursue. Those who had offered themselves for reelection in a spirit of consecration, formally withdrew their names and, as occasion presented, declined all nominations for office in the Federation. With both

Constitution and officers determined in haphazard fashion, practicability and harmony of action seemed out of the question. After various withdrawals on the part of those nominated for the various offices, there remained but one candidate for each office other than that of Secretary, for which J. D. Perrin and Paul Tyner were candidates. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: *President*, Henry Harrison Brown; *Vice-President*, D. L. Sullivan; *Board of Directors*, A. P. Barton, Mrs. M. E. Cramer, S. A. Weltmer, Charles Fillmore, Paul Tyner, Miss Vivian A. Leeman and Mrs. Della Whitney Norton; *Secretary*, Rev. John D. Perrin; *Assistant Secretary*, Charles Edgar Prather; *Treasurer*, J. W. Winkley; *Auditor*, Carl Gleaser.

CONCLUSIONS.

It was demonstrated equally clearly both at St. Louis and Chicago that the New Thought people in general are not prepared for coöperative or federated work. The consciousness of separated and assertive personality still dominates in popular estimation. There has never yet been any effective federation in the New Thought, either local or national. All that has been attempted along these lines will count ultimately, for no effort is lost; and if the New Thought Movement is faithful to its ideals, a New Thought Federation, fashioned after these ideals, will manifest itself and constitute one of the glories of its age. What is essential to this consummation is a general understanding that one lacks in freedom to the extent that he binds others, and that the freedom of each is dependent upon that of all. It is only as the New Thought Movement becomes permeated with the consciousness of these truths that any vitality in the way of Federation can become manifest.

Some of the Federation officers and members present at the St. Louis Convention were in full sympathy with the work of

the Federation as begun, and desired that it continue as it had commenced. Those who were passive in their support, doubtless had as good reasons for their passivity, as had those who refrained from appealing directly to them. As the Federation had no vital support, it was too late both for appeal and response. No persons are blamed or censured either for what was done or left undone.

The New Thought Federation should receive the support of the Movement. While it may not represent exactly what you or I would prefer, no individual has the right to insist upon the full recognition of his particular formulation. The fact that the present officers were elected in an atmosphere permeated with a consciousness of separation rather than of unity, gives emphasis to the need of bringing about the latter consciousness through concerted action with them. Not only this, but a well-supported New Thought undertaking would be an inspiring novelty and a delightful innovation. No one can learn the fundamental lesson of the New Thought until he is prepared to give as gladly as he receives, nor until he acts upon the realization that *giving—service—is the one privilege that life confers upon each of us.*

In closing my official connection with the Federation, I wish publicly to pay tribute to the sympathy and devotion of those with whom I have been associated in the work, and I shall recall these memories with feelings of love and gratitude. It has been a privilege to be so closely allied with the great souls represented in the personnel of the Federation executive officers. A mutuality of fellowship also was established with those who figured upon the more extensive lists of the Advisory Committee and the Honorary Vice-Presidents. It was this inspiring aspect of the work that enabled me to carry what otherwise would have proven too great a burden, for more of my time and

effort were devoted to the Federation than I could have given to any work of a purely personal character. With my release from official duties, I am free to retire from further public connection with the New Thought Movement. The wondrous truths that constitute the foundation of the New Thought are too precious to be parted with, even were it possible to separate from oneself that which has become incorporated in one's very soul. It was the dawning consciousness of these truths that gave me a renewed interest in life, and the Movement which stands for these truths cannot fail of my support.



God is not secluded and aloof, and man is not cloistered and alone; God bridges his world with activities that never cease, and man's work is the echo of the divine stroke.

Thos. R. Slicer.



Children are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart,
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

—*W. S. Landor.*



You call me egotist, yet my greatest joy is this—I am one with the lowliest of the earth.

You call me humble, yet I am earth's greatest egotist,—I am that one who believes in self.—*Muriel Strode.*

UNDER THE CHIMES.

A BETHLEHEM TOWN.

A Bethlehem town my heart would be,
Above it angel singing,
Within it born the dear Christ child,
The love of heaven bringing;
My soul a Mary's holy breast
To bless the homeless stranger,
Who comes to bless my sinful earth
That greets him with a manger.

My wisest thinkings bend the knee,
In costliest gifts adoring;
My shepherd loves come from their hills,
Their hearts in psalms outpouring;
Until with these and Mary's arms
There is most royal greeting
For heaven's holiest soul and mine
In such a loving meeting.

Yet Herod seeks to kill my Christ,
The first of many sorrows
That lurk in every frowning face
Through all my earth's to-morrows,
Until at last upon the cross
My cruel sinning nails him,
The Mary of my soul pierced through
As, loving, she bewails him.

Yet Easter dawns from out that night,
And shows him ever living ,
A higher holiness of love
To all my wide earth giving ;
The angel hymn at last fulfilled,
My heart and God's heart blending,
My soul transfigured with the Christ
In love and life unending.

Dear Lord, who such a Bethlehem
Has sent in holy dreaming,
Awaken all my deepest heart
Till it be more than seeming ;
That I a living Christ may know
To give him all my being,
That more and more in me Thy face
Its other face is seeing ;

That more and more Thy Christmas love
Be everywhere fulfilling,
No inmost, outmost earth of man
But blossoms to Thy willing ;
No Herod anywhere enthroned,
Nor hate, nor cross appalling,
Just Mary love and shepherd psalms
To one another calling.



Above the clamors of our day,
Which fain would drown the still small voice,
We hear a mightier presence say,
"Rejoice, O sons of men! Rejoice!
Be open still to prophets' cry;
Go on to keener insight yet!
Much still remains of Deep and High
Ere suns and stars of God are set

—Anon.

BEYOND TELLING.

Beyond telling is the joy the Bethlehem story has awakened in the hearts of men. Its thought of angels has filled the far, the near sky with friends. Its thought of God has filled creation's spaces with a gentle and peaceful love willing but kindness and noble helpfulness to all the children of life. Its thought of praising shepherds has helped our eyes to see the glory of heaven in the humble places and hearts of the earth, in lowliest flower as in mightiest world. Its thought of the wise men who came from the east, with the treasures of their wisdom worshipping, has helped us to know that reverent seeking for truth enriches with the treasures of knowledge and power. Only that which we revere with honor yields to us its secrets, gives to us the service of its perfect heart and hand.

The Bethlehem story of motherhood has hallowed women who descend the sorrow-ways of creation with Thee to come up again with Thee the glory-lit heights of framing Thy heart in a human child. Motherhood has a new holiness. It is the holiest place of the earth where burn the altars of a most perfect worship. We find Thee, creation's Master, to be forever motherly, to have an infinite woman's heart in which all Thy worlds live and rejoice. The Bethlehem babe gives childhood a new beauty and sacredness to us. Each mother may hold her baby to her breast with the certainty that she is holding something of Thy divine nature there, that Thy beautiful heart has turned itself into a child that forever Thou and she may be one in a great and unspeakable glory. Forever we see Thee to be the eternally childhearted One, for the joy and greatness of the earth turning Thy heart into these endless processions of the babies, which are the newest words Thy

happy, loving heart is ever speaking, breaking our silence with such speech's wonderous glory.

Life, the life that lives in me, the life that lives in all, has a great hallowing in the Bethlehem story. Sweeter and sacreder is the life that lives in all because of the divine gentleness that sings in the Christmas hymn.

Coming among the beasts that night, this great glory of our humanity makes these, our lowly brothers, bound to us with tenderer ties. We know that they have part with us in the glory of divine life. They have our love, our reverence, our help.

But only is the universe mine as it fulfills in me. Only is that bird mine which has awakened in me an answering beauty of life and joy, making me live more richly than before. Only that woman is mine who has given my soul a living increase in that passion of the everlasting Love which she alone can reveal with power. And so only is the Bethlehem love and truth mine as it lives itself in me. As the Bethlehem in me lives its Christmas story, I become at beautiful harmony with the divine love that begot me, I experience God born into my soul with a new enthusiasm for ideal life. I learn the sacredness of my human life, that to the centers of the universe it is a dear life, sought and treasured in a love all tender, all faithful. I learn that the whole of my being, the whole of my life is held for its glorification in the ideal that is at work making worlds and men.

This world of myself must me harmonized, that it become a perfect tune. It must be wrought into the highest I dream, every part of it sacred and essential to the perfecting and perfected whole.

There is nothing within me unclean, save as I have degraded it. Every part is set in a holy thought, is to become a part of my growth into fulness of being. What is imperfect is not sin, but perfection in the making. The divine ideal that haunts

me with Bethlehem hymn, that brings to birth in my consciousness the enchanting Christ, commands the reverent service of all my powers, of all the activities of my being. My beasts belong to the kingdom of the ideal. My lowliest shepherd affections, the very stables of my life, the wisest and highest I know and achieve, all, all of myself, belongs to the perfected human soul I am becoming.

And so with all joyous reverence I give my earth and my sky to the service of the Christ, every space of it, every activity of it, becoming alive with his happy glory.

And for this greatening experience, whose growth is making me great, I am grateful in all holy hymns that sing ever to the beautiful Christ who comes not to mutilate life or being, but to give them the fullest expression of their power and glory which is the power and glory of God.



Life is a short day's climbing; mists and rain envelop us; often we toil up expecting small returns, doubting at times the existence of mountain ranges. Then suddenly we are overtaken with a glad surprise. A halt, an unexpected turn, and a revelation breaks upon us, and then our years stand around draped in white, capped with Alpine splendors, and the whiteness of their peaks is not miracle or dogma, not creed, sect, or text, not the hope of heaven nor the fear of hell, but the celestial commonplaces of earthly duties and human privileges,—a mother's love, a father's manly care, the love of home and children, the heart ties, soft as silk but strong as iron, that either bind us to God, or mangle and cripple us, as we heed or defy them. These bring us the "peace of God which passeth all understanding," and garrison our hearts and our thoughts in the ideal, the Christ Jesus of the soul.—*Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

TO EACH HIS OWN.

"Yet take courage—wait;
For soon or late
Life shall restore the missing keys of fate.
Whatever is thine own,
Divinely known,
None can take from thee save thyself alone."

"What is yours, is yours." In the last analysis no man can steal. Apparently we can defraud another; we can annex certain material things to ourselves; we can gather and heap about us by our grabbing and clutching; we can have "great possessions;" and we can also—lose them. Sometimes this grabbing and clutching is legalized, and no man may take the material results of them from us without paying the penalty. But even that does not mean that they are ours in truth, and that we may not eventually lose them. True possession is a spiritual relation. The riches, the friends, the position, the reputation, whose acquisition or maintenance is a matter of struggle and uncertainty—whose loss is even possible—have never been and never can be truly possessed. We have been so used to regard the appearance of things, to consider the symbols and semblances of these varieties, that we too often confuse these. Facts are frequently but a very small part of the truth. We fall into such superficial ways; once we pin the badge of bravery on a man, thereafter we let him pass as a type of courage; we pile material things about a being and call him successful and wealthy. Too often the man behind these decorations is in a sorry enough contrast with them.

Whitman says :

"I will make the poem of true riches,
To earn for the body and the mind what adheres and is not dropt by
death."

The soul cannot lose any more than it can acquire. It unfolds—develops. But in very truth may every soul say "Before Abraham was, I am."

Let us look, however, at some of the motives underlying the efforts, sooner or later fruitless—but indicative, meaningful, instructive—that men, that we each and all of us, in some phase or degree, make toward the outward acquiring of what we may inwardly possess; may realize the true possession of it at once, if we but strive for it in the better way—the way of the soul, not the way of the flesh. It is only by going back to the beginning of things, the basic motives underlying all actions, that we can get at the vital forces operative in men's lives. For one of us may steal for the same ultimate purpose that another gives, and still another hoards or spends. Under all these diverse actions may lie the basest selfishness or the most selfless love. Literature is full of such illustrations, as is daily life, if we were not so blinded to all but the semblance of things.

As our physical eyes must shift their focus to see in the darkness or the light, so the spiritual eye accustomed to see the truth, unafraid of the searching light of truth in all things, may discern what the eye that has not been first turned inward in fearless honesty, forever fails to see. The man who is honest with himself is honest with his fellowman. More than this, if he knows himself, he is patient and long-suffering with the struggles of another, he is glad in the other's triumph—he knows true success from its counterfeit.

The man who picks a pocket, the man who filches a fortune, the man who barter—or tries to barter—his soul for the

things of sense, each of these is but seeking the best as it seems to him. But as surely as all is good and God is all in all, as surely as the soul of things is forever steadfast, so surely are all motives, all desires, at bottom also good. It is only the methods employed in the fulfillment of these that are mistaken, that are evil. A man wants something—possessions, power, love; and all of these are his in reality, by inherent and inalienable right; but in his nearsightedness he seizes upon what he regards as the shortest road to his desire and steals or lies or kills. For love itself has as many crimes to its credit as impulses of baser name. We can only truly possess as we become. If the former is not the outward expression of the latter, it is but a sham, and at any moment liable to prove non-entity,—a void.

All desire at core is good, is lawful in accordance with the very law of God itself. It is the waiting, the "besetting" fullness of the God-life that generates our desires and calls out our efforts. If we would only remember, only realize that the desire, the deepest yearning, even the "hyena-hungers of the flesh" come, as do their answering satisfaction, from God—from the heart of the Eternal Goodness that in the beginning "moved upon the face of the waters" of inertia and unresponsiveness, to call them forth! There is a satisfaction for every desire, an answer for every questioning of soul or sense, that is good in like measure as the outreaching impulse toward it is good. It is only in the method of our endeavor that we err. And yet every soul of us, however mistaken, is still striving truly from its center of good to a circumference—an outward condition—of desired good. Its methods may be the basest, but its motive is godlike. It may be stumbling along dark and devious pathways, but its goal is sure as its center is steadfast. At bottom, it is because of the instinctive feeling that "the king is the man who can"—that he who is,

has—that we try to prove what we are by parading what we have. But to the seeing eye, the soul that knows, no trappings of possession can disguise poverty of spirit. “How can I hear what you say, when what you are is thundering in my ears?” In reality a man cannot lie any more than he can steal. We can deceive those as shallow and as purblind as ourselves—those whose understanding is of the appearance, the outermost semblance of things only, and who cannot discern truth from its counterfeit; but we can deceive no one else. Yet it is through our clutching feverishly and finding at last that our hands hold only dust and emptiness; it is by grasping and losing; trying fruitlessly this experience and that, that at last we learn the great lesson of life—not that “all is vanity” but that all is spirit, and the symbol of spiritual verities—that “the ways of the Lord are pleasantness and all His paths are peace.”

Material things are nothing to the soul that holds them unlawfully; they are dust and ashes and bitterness of spirit to him who believes them realities in and of themselves; but to him who knows them as symbols of inward fulfillment, they are the sign and seal of the sacredest truth of his being,—of their fulness must each soul receive and “grace for grace.” “I don’t need money but money needs me,” said a man to whom fortune thereafter obediently came. “He that hath to him shall be given”—he that hath the true riches, he that is worth wealth, to him these come by a law as inexorable as that which clothes the aspirations of the acorn in giant, rough-barked, full-leafed trunk and limb, and crowns the bulb’s impulse of expression with the whiteness and fragrance of the lily’s chalice.

“’Tis the law of bush and stone—each can only take his own.”
“What is yours, is yours.”

But it is as much, perhaps, by our errors, our wanderings and our stumbling as by any other sign posts, that we learn at last the way of truth; to discriminate between things and the semblance of things, between true aspiration and the morbid cravings of mental delirium.

“Though there’s many a road and many an inn,
And room to roam—there’s only one home
For all the world to win.”

And perhaps for one’s own encouragement (for the higher self needs often to have patience with the lower) as well as the encouragement of helpful sympathy with one’s fellows, it is good to recall again and again that “inertia is potential momentum”—just so heavy and hard as the stone is to move, so much the farther and faster does it go, once it is started. The same law holds throughout every plane. The soul that is slow to release its hold on the lesser, the immature, the fleeting, will be in like measure firm of grasp on the higher things—once they take their rightful place in substitution for the others. The soul to whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much. One of the most merciful provisions is that “The way of the transgressor is hard.” By the inexorable law of the universe that is at once perfect justice and tenderest love, the lessons learned through error are yet the lessons of truth. He who steals and lies and murders, nevertheless at last inevitably learns thereby the all-underlying eternal truths of honesty and verity of life.

We can help most swiftly and most surely those struggling through these rougher ways, not by criticism or condemnation or even preachment, but by being ourselves what we would have them be.

“Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In others, sleeping still but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.”

In true nobility of soul there is no trace of self righteousness.

"The best men, doing their best,
Know, peradventure, least of what they do;
Men usefulest in the world are simply used."

Patience and an all-encompassing love are the staff and script we need for life's journey. None can defraud us nor malign us nor injure us. Let us to whom is vouchsafed this sure knowledge take heed that we leave no stumbling block, no shadow of equivocal action, in the pathway of another.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.



Mr. C. H. A. Bjerregaard, who writes for this number of MIND "The Christmas Good Spell," will, beginning with the January number, edit a department for each issue of MIND to be called "What the Philosophers Are Saying." This will consist of carefully edited sayings, from the latest books and periodicals of leading thinkers who belong somewhere in the cosmic field of the New Thought. It will report what is going on in the world of mind. Mr. Bjerregaard is the librarian of the New York library under the Astor and Tilden and Lenox foundations, and has a perfect fitness for doing this work. He is the scholar of mysticism, at work now writing its history, and has fullest knowledge and sympathy with those awakenings of man, in all ages and all religions, by which comes a realization of union with the divine and eternal.



Jesus is to character what genius is to art.



Imagination is the rainbow about the throne of a man's soul.



Kindness too weak to wound
An enmity at last is found.

IDEALIZING THE ACTUAL.

WE are facing outward from the divine center. We are looking away from ourselves. Faces are for our revelation to others, not to ourselves. Those who look within our faces are looking towards the divine center, are looking away from the shadowing rim of things. Because we are looking toward the outermost of the universe we see things break and die. We listen and voices go from us into the silence. We gaze and the forms of beauty we love disappear in the darkness. We call after them and echo only replies. Our eager gaze peering into the darkness deepens our despair, as if looking out upon the ocean at the Westering ship, it sinks out of vision, our eye cannot follow it, our voice cannot call it back. And, not knowing, we think some eternity of separation has befallen. This actual of the outwardness of things is full of shadows, full of multiplying sorrows, full of defeats, full of deaths. It is so only because we are looking away from reality, away from the love that glows at the heart of all, away from our true selves until life seems but an eager gaze staring at blankness. It is as if our backs were to the sun, and we saw a shadow and gazed at it so intently that all the universe seemed to turn into blackness. To relieve our heart the aching, it is only necessary to turn our backs upon the shadow, our faces toward the sun. So may we learn that light is our master, in whose kingdom shadows have no place.

Look not upon but into the things that are. Looking at the rock it may seem to you but a grey dreariness, with nothing of beautiful meaning in it at all. Looking into the rock, you may see in its every atom the faithful strength upon which worlds rest, the truth that keeps faith with us in everything into which it enters making that thing become. Through the granite we are looking into those divine certainties which make all en-

deavors and all achievements worth while. We have idealized the actual rock, and found it as much alive with the divine presence as Moses found the desert bush which glowed to his vision with the love of God.

Looking only at the outwardness of the rose, with Franz Abt, we lament:

"Leaf by leaf the roses fall."

or tune our hearts to the tearful cadences of Thomas Moore,

"'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone."

But looking into the rose's deep heart, looking into the idea of the rose, we are beholding the beauty out of which all roses have come, into which they go, we know that the poet made a saddening mistake when he spoke of scattering his last rose of Summer that it might join its pathetic fellows in death. That rose which he thought he scattered is still a part of the deathless beauty of the universe. To pluck roses, to gather them for our bosoms is to lose roses, even as always we lose that whose outwardness we hold with too intent a grasp. Your friend becomes lost to you when his outwardness becomes to you the measure and value of his friendship, the only shine of his beauty. It is this which makes the grave so shadowing, this which makes death the great enemy. When we look within the friend, when we look through him into the all friendly eternity which he is revealing to us, then we have seen not the fleeting outwardness but the abiding inwardness, the living reality which no death is great enough to shadow. Was it not something like this which Jesus meant when he said there is a losing which is a finding, the actual seed lost in its idealization in blossom? When we let go the outward clutch upon the thing we love, upon the friend we adore, loosing him, as the bird which we have held imprisoned in our hand, but which lifts again into the sweet blossoms and into

the infinite sky, then it is that we have in our inmost soul the deathless idea and reality of the friend whose outwardness was so beautifully and yet so inadequately suggested by the too close contact. Take the finest canvas that ever glowed with a great beauty. Let it be a picture of the Christ. The outwardness of it is simply flat canvas and rough blotches of paint, a thing of the earth earthy, without meaning. But when we relate ourselves aright to the picture looking through this outwardness into the ideal which the painter felt and set for us in canvas ways, we see something of that beauty which walked the world of Galilee and, through the idealization which loving disciples gave to his actual, has beautified the Christian centuries.

In the daily actual, how commonplace is man, how little worth while, how dull and meaningless the things he does, how trivial his daily round, his common task. But when you look within and see the love for which he works, see the ideals which he cherishes, see himself at his growth becoming a spiritual beauty and a joy, then it is that you are as if looking upon bleak furrows to see the harvests of gold that come across the ways of their very bleakness. "The meanest flower that blows has thoughts that lie too deep for tears," has a beauty that lies beyond the power of the shadowing speech to tell it. Not only flowers but all life and everything have these meanings to him who has the poet's eye, to him for whom the actual is but a doorway into the ideal. To Peter Bell

"A yellow primrose by the brook,
A yellow primrose was and nothing more."

So to many a man the daily task is as dull and meaningless, the man himself as void and worthless, an animal merely, who in a little while will perish turning into the dust that cannot think, that cannot love. To the eye of Dickens the most com-

monplace people were full of interest, full of all the meanings of all the human life made of mingled shine and shade. A little child and an old man in a dusty curiosity shop, on the highway and in the fields, among strangers, the tramps of earthly fate, unfold to him all the beauty of childhood, all the tenderness of our devotion to children; and the spell of the ideal this Master weaves for us out of the commonplace actual becomes an enrichment of our English speech, becomes one of the finest beauties of our race.

"The harvest of the quiet eye" gleaning the future is this: that it looks beyond the dull furrow of the actual to the autumn wealth of the ideal which that furrow foreruns. An artist will see pictures everywhere; and, after all, many great pictures simply tell us of the uncommon beauty that haunts the commonplace as it haunts the stagnant ponds turning them into water lilies. We should all be artists. If alive to the touch of the spirit of beauty, we all are artists. Everywhere we are seeing pictures. In every being we are beholding beauty. In every life we are looking upon loveliness. While we may not be able to make the dumb canvas speak the eloquent story of this beauty, we are doing something that is of infinitely greater value, we are painting this beauty upon the indestructible canvas of our hearts, we are making the beauty we see an eternal enchantment within us.

By our idealizing vision we help that which we see to become. If we can see the soul of a garden, though it be barren and leafless, our vision turns it into the wealth of all happy flowers. If we see goodness in a friend, our vision foreruns his actual and we are looking into the eternal goodness until under the magic of our faith our friend becomes more than we saw. All they who have greatened the earth have seen something of the beauty which is the inmost soul of everything, have beheld always in the man actual the man ideal. In that

man ideal has been the great soul's faith, and so his great word has been spoken in confidence, his great deed for humanity has been wrought in the sunshine of the conviction that the ideal man is the great reality, the true man, the divine man. That great faith in men which all the great souls have, the souls that have become as the mountains that lift in the continents of the race, is born of that loving insight into man which sees beyond the actual into the ideal, which feels the actual an opportunity for beauty, even as the artist finds the formless marble an opportunity for telling the beauty his soul sees in imperishable lines of charm. The measure of our faith in man is the measure of our achievements for man. Always should we idealize our fellows. This high thought we have of them is like a seed cast into the ground; some time it will unfold its beauty; some time it will discover the man to himself.

We should idealize ourselves. We should believe in ourselves. We should think that we are the choicest thing that ever happened, the sweetest strain in the music which the central harmony has sounded upon the winds of the earth. We may have befallen on discord. The flute may seem choked with the dust of the street so that the melodies we feel cannot blow perfectly, but believing that inmosty we are a "concord of sweet sounds," we will keep at our endeavor until the defects are sung out, until the dust has left the flute, and we can make the outermost winds tell the innermost melodies of our being. The man who has noble ideals, and believes in himself radiates good cheer, makes us see his ideals, makes us believe in them, makes us beautiful in all their grace. The divinest thing we can do for ourselves and the world is to be always idealizing ourselves, seeing the divine and eternal which is our true selves. This is the way by which we grow. This is the way by which we measure greatnesses with God.

Marble is beauty stuff to the sculptor. It invites him to his tasks of beauty. The unbroken prairie is harvest stuff to the farmer. It invites him to his tasks of the harvest. The crude mass of metal calls to the inventor that he let its imprisoned splendor of service out to round into the wheels of man's progress. The things that are, have their sanction in the possible things that may become. To the creative spirit there is within everything that is an answering spirit beauty awaiting but his loving touch to be made free, that it may smile at him beauty for beauty. To such a spirit there are no impossibilities, no incorrigibles; everything invites with the fascination of the ideal, imprisoned angels in the stone calling for the touch that may free them into their grace of dream awake and come true. We should never think ignobly of ourselves. We should never think basely of our fellows. We should think of ourselves the very highest thoughts we can conceive, we should carry the awakened ideal of humanity in our hearts, in the light of its face seeing all faces. The ugliness but invites us to our tasks of beauty. Within the discord are voices calling unto the God of song, its heart and its flesh crying out after the living God. A deformity should not disgust. It should challenge our daring; it should invite our courage. We should so insist that its idea must be perfected that God himself will remember where the hand went aslip and turn that memory into a perfect creation.

Everything has an infinite meaning. Had we the story of the one grain of sand lost in the countless other grains that make the seashores, we would have the story of the universe, we could tell the secrets of God, we would know the meanings of man, so infinitely related is that grain of sand to all which the universe is, so essential a part it is of the wisdom which, before worlds were, thought about them and they came to be. We get the answer of ourselves in all this which is about us.

Who has beauty within himself finds beauty everywhere. Who has a bird in his eye is always finding one in the bush. The Christ saw other Christs in the Magdalenes. In Christ these other Christs saw themselves so fascinated with the beauty that they became it.

"Where the artist plays the sky is low,"

sang Lamier. The sky is low wherever a man does his task with something of the touch of the infinite perfection, with something of the passion for righteousness which God must have had ere he could make worlds and man,—there the sky is low with angel whispers,—low because it has stooped to earth that it may find its beauty there. Blank deserts staring at the sky by the grace of irrigation smile to the sky in the beauty of grapes, because the actual is idealized by the men who see possibilities compelling those possibilities to become. Everything is a door into the ideal. When we pull the latch string of that door and enter, we are welcome to divine fellowships. Homer sang of one who because he was a friend of man built his house by the side of the road that pilgrim feet might tarry for a friendly while. The grandson of a Russian Rabbi told me of how his grandfather cherished always the simple hospitality which his religion taught. He would walk the roads searching for strangers. When he found them he would say: "Peace to you; come sup with me," delighting in hospitality as the birds delight in song.

God is the great idealist. Because of that he is the great friend of man, the great neighbor, and builds many a house by the way that hospitality may entice the friendly feet, may enrapture from pilgrim faces the friendly smile. He lives everywhere in everything to be neighbor to us.

Knock at the door of the rose. Enter, and in the beauty there you are having fellowship with God. Knock at the door

of duty with the hand that eagers perfection. Enter, and in the faithfulness there you are having fellowship with God. Knock at the door of any man with friendly gentleness. Enter, and you are fellowshiping God in his divine humanity. In the horse we may find God at his sweet reasonableness, in the lamb at his winning gentleness, in the dove saying his benedictions of peace unto us. When through the actual we are seeing the ideal, we are looking upon the face of God and do not die, getting from it the grace of life's increase.

Oh, beauty that is everywhere waiting to be born into our conscious life! Oh, the high fellowships that are everywhere inviting us to their banquets! Oh, music that is everywhere awaiting a voice to sing it, a pipe to play it! Oh, the presence of God besetting us round about, desiring to enter into us that he may establish his beauty upon us, that we may breathe him in the air thrilling with diviner life, that we may see him in the sunset and know him as a God of beauty, that we may see him in the face of a little child and know that his child-heartedness keeps the universe young. He comes to us in the steel, and we know the faithful strength in which he serves; in all our furnaces we may find him giving his body to be burned, that the spirit of his service may enter into our lives making them great.

When you have loved and found the one you loved unworthy of the treasures you bestow upon him, if you will understand, you will not upbraid, and you will suffer no loss. His actual had simply some gleams of suggestion which were the out-shinings of the ideal man, the universally beautiful man, the everlastingly divine man, and it is this whom thou dost love and not the shadow which brought in its darkness some revelation of light's beauty as clouds seem to have rainbows in their bosoms. Let the temporal pass; the eternal which the cloud of himself revealed will abide.

Turn your back upon the rim of this outwardness of the actual. Turn your face toward the innermost ideal, the ideal in which everything has become and is, and desolation will pass, and your deserts blossom like the rose. Then you cannot see death, for you are looking at life. Then you cannot enter discord, for you are hearkening unto harmonies. Then you cannot suffer loss because the infinite riches are dowering you. You cannot die, for life itself is glorifying you. Nothing breaks and dies here upon any shore. No ships pass beyond aching visions of love. All is peace, the peace of God passing understanding. All is love, the love divine all love excelling. You realize your eternity. The temporal is no more to you than are mists to the sun. All the earth has dissolved in the flame of the beautiful and divine. You are at the center of the universe, at rest in the eternal beauty. All your dreams are awakened and come true. The sorrows that endured for the night cannot be found in the joys that have come in the morning,—fruitless a search for them as seeking for shadows in the hearts of sunbeams. Infinite are the meanings of everything, infinite the meanings of yourself. Look into this infinite through the eyes of the ideal, and your native greatness appears in all your conscious life. Nothing is but love, and love is life, the life and grace by which you see the spiritual meanings that are never absent from anything, from any experience if the interpretative heart is seeing true. When we are idealizing the actual, we are thinking God's thoughts with Him, and this is the grace of a day that never dies.

JOHN MILTON SCOTT.



It is certain that Debt will marry Regret,
And soon on their knee Dishonor will be.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.

Little Esther was thinking. She had taken the album to look at the pictures of her relatives, all of whom lived at a distance and whom she often pined to see. Christmas was coming.

"It seems as if it would help me think what to give them, if I should look at their faces, mamma," she had said when she asked for the album. It certainly was making her think, and mamma wondered what about. Suddenly out popped the thought :

"I think, mamma, that cousin Ella would like a bathing suit awfully well."

"A bathing suit!" repeated her mother.

"Yes, something tells me she would like a bathing suit."

"Well," answered mamma, repressing a desire to laugh, "you know cousin Ella lives in the country, where there's not even a pond near."

"I will write her to come and make me a visit," replied Esther.

Esther lived by the sea shore. Her mother had made her a bathing suit out of an old dress, and had promised to make her a new one at some leisure time. Esther was very dissatisfied. She much admired some blue and some red suits worn by other children. Once she had remarked :

"I think I could learn to swim if I had one of those pretty suits. I would feel like keeping right up on top of the water to show it."

"If it were real pretty," she went on about cousin Ella's suit,

"do you suppose she would just walk around the sand and only get her feet wet, the way Miss Ellis does?"

"It is best to have a plain suit, so one will stay in the water, don't you think?" asked her mother cautiously.

"I think it is nice to have a pretty sailor collar on it," she announced decidedly.

"What have you thought to give Minnie?" asked her mother, thinking it best to change the subject; "a rowboat?"

Esther looked up in wonder, then seeing her mother's face, she giggled.

"What a funny mamma you are!" she cried, continuing to look at the album.

"Oh, here is Johnnie! I know what we will give him; a kite, because I was at Belle's yesterday, and her brother and Charley Chase were making kites. They said Santa Claus never was known to give a kite."

Esther lived in Southern California, where kite-flying and sea-bathing could be indulged in all the year.

"That would be a very good present," assented mamma. "Would you better make a list?"

"Yes, I'll begin at the front of the album and write down something for everyone."

"But it would be hardly possible for us to give presents to all," observed mamma.

"Anyway, I think it would be too hard work for *you*. If I made out a list, you would have to spell all the words— Why, I don't find any picture of Katie! Write and tell her to send me one for a Christmas present," said Esther.

"Let us have a little talk about Christmas presents," suggested her mother. "My baby does not seem to have just the right idea about Christmas giving."

"Well, only don't make it a sobery talk, mamma. You know it's 'Wish you a merry Christmas.'"

"Yet Christmas is a sober time for a great many people."

"Well, then, why don't we make it a merry time for the sober people?" the little girl demanded.

Her mother was silent for so long that Esther looked up.

"Why not, mamma?" she persisted.

"I believe I will let you give me a talk about Christmas. A fresh little mind may well rebuke our older ones, bound down by custom and selfishness," observed her mother.

"What does ribbuke mean?" asked Esther.

"It means to speak of something you think wrong, and in such a way as to make the one you rebuke do better."

"Well, then, I'm going to ribbuke Mabel," began Esther excitedly. "She——"

"There, there," said her mother soothingly, "let us go on talking about Christmas. You tell mamma what you think would be right for us to do to help make Christmas a happy day for all we can reach."

"Don't let us do the way the girl in the story did that Mabel's sister read to us. She lived on bread and milk to get money to spend, and she told everyone not to give *her* any presents, but to take the money and give to poor children. And do you know, some of them bought themselves something. And she wrote to Santa Claus to go to the poor, dirty houses and leave the presents he was 'tendin' to give her, and she thinks he gave them to the girl who lives next door, for she had just what she herself had wanted. And she wasn't poor, either. She was rich. She says her papa has much as a thousand dollars," ended Esther in an awestruck voice.

"It seems as if there was a good deal in this to think about," said her mother.

"You do the thinking and I'll do the ribbuking," said Esther.

Mamma's handkerchief went up to her face for a moment. Pretty soon she remarked:

"Try and tell me what you think would be a good plan."

Esther closed the album and seemed in a brown study. Then she said with a sigh:

"I could tell awfully quick if I were rich. Oh, I know! Let's go and tell the rich people what to do!"

"A great many rich people do much for the poor, but there are too many poor that they can't reach. The best way, seemingly, is for each one to do for those nearest."

"And might I tell all the children to do that?"

"Yes, that would be a good idea. Now, what will we do?"

"We won't send Ella the bathing suit, and I'll spend that money for the poor."

"What will *you* do without?" questioned her mother.

"That is just why folks don't give to the poor. They have to go without themselves," complained Esther. "Why can't we take the money we were going to spend for relations and just spend it for someone else?"

"We can; but in that case, who would be giving it—you or your friends?"

Esther hung her head. Pretty soon she announced she was going to take a week to think about it. Mamma agreed, and Esther went off to play.

A few days after this she came in, saying excitedly:

"Oh, mamma, what do you think Mabel has done? She has made me Vice-President of her swing. She's the President, because she owns it. And ain't she good. I am to keep those little colored boys away."

"Why don't you and Mabel see what you can do for those colored boys at Christmas?" suggested her mother.

"They are not *good* poor children; they plague us."

"It might make them good."

"It would take a pretty big present to make George Thomson good," Esther commented sagely.

One rainy afternoon when Mabel was in playing with Esther her mother called them.

"Bring your dollies in where I am sewing. It is time for us to decide about Christmas. What do you think, Esther, of you and I having a money-box together? We will go without something each day and put the money in the box."

"I'll do it," assented Esther, eagerly.

"And so will I, and we will have a box at our house," interrupted Mabel.

"Oh, goody! You take one poor family and we will another," said Esther.

"And all the money you earn and what you have been saving to buy mamma a present," pleaded her mother, for she knew this last demand would come hard.

"Oh, I must give my own mamma a present!"

"It will be a present of love to me; besides, you may keep a nickel and get me something."

"But what could I get for a nickel?"

"What fun to see what would be the best thing you could procure for a nickel," laughed her mother. "I would like something made by my baby's little fingers."

The following day they began in good earnest to carry out their scheme. They learned how help seems to be ready waiting when one's energies are directed to a particular thing. Mother put many a piece of silver in what, on first thought, she intended spending for other purposes, and papa slipped in a five-dollar gold piece when no one was looking. It was wonderful how the little girls denied themselves their customary candy and treats, saved all their pennies, and worked like beavers. They infected their friends, and soon the whole neighborhood was working for the same object. The story was told here and there, and never before were the poor so well remembered in that town.

When the day before Christmas came Esther and Mabel, with their mothers, went out as angels of mercy. What joy and satisfaction they received in carrying sunshine into so many homes! They resolved never again to debar themselves from so much pleasure, nor starve their souls, that craved for such expression. And Esther enjoyed the few good and useful presents she received, and appreciated them more than flimsy toys and useless trifles.

One of her presents was a red bathing suit, with white sailor collar and trimmings.

MARY ATWOOD HARDING.



Home is the sphere of harmony and peace,
The spot where angels find a resting place,
When, bearing blessings, they descend to earth.

—*Mrs. S. J. Hale.*



The fairest flower in the garden of Creation is a young mind, offering and unfolding itself to the influence of divine wisdom, as the heliotrope turns its sweet blossoms to the sun.—*Sir J. E. Smith.*



Mother, watch the little heart
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart:
Keep, oh, keep that young heart true,
Extricating every weed;
Sowing good and precious seed.
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

ANONYMOUS.

AN ONLY CHILD.

The boy was trying very hard to keep awake. He had no brothers or sisters to enliven the night hour, none with whom to share his toys, or to take them from him. All the devotion of his father and mother was his; but, like so many "only children," he longed and asked for more.

This Christmas he was determined to get what he wanted—*all* he wanted; for, though he usually found a well-filled stocking, he was never satisfied, and teased for something else.

His scheme was a good one, so *he* thought, and it was urging him to the great effort of keeping awake long past his bed time, as the clock had struck ten, and eleven, yet he clung to other than dreamland.

"Will twelve o'clock *ever* come," he thought, as he yawned and tried to fight off drowsiness.

"I will just lie on the bed and wait, it is more comfortable," he said, as he threw himself down without disrobing.

The clock chimed twelve. "Now I must go," he thought; "It's time for action.

He quietly opened one of the windows, and crawled through, letting himself down until he stood on forbidden ground: the roof of the lower part of the house. A ladder, left there by the workmen who had been fixing the water things, stood beside it, the top reaching to the higher gable. Carefully climbing, he made his way to the ridge and, crouching there, was hidden in the shadow of the ornaments that extended above him, and, from his lofty perch, could view, a few yards distant, the largest chimney.

It was cold this twenty-fifth morning of December, and he tightly buttoned his coat, for he shivered and shook, as much from excitement as the temperature.

Most intently he listened and, as he looked upon the sleeping village below, chuckled a bit when he thought how he would be the envy of the boys on the morrow. Then, his teeth chattered, as he whispered, "Here they come!" for he was to have his first view of Santa Claus and his reindeer.

The tinkle of the bells became more and more distinct, until he could dimly see the outlines of the fleet messengers, and their precious sleigh coming toward him, Santa Claus urging them on, for he had a lot to do. They soon came into view, and drew up to his chimney, and the old man shouted, "Whoa!"

Then the jolly fellow leaped quickly from his seat, just as if he was not ages old, and began to uncover his parcels.

"Thought it would save time to have them put up in bundles," the boy heard him say, "and I can easily find the package for this house,—always come here first; it is easier pulling after I get rid of this lot. Here it is—pretty big one, always the same, and for *one* child, too. Some have so little, but it seems to be the way of the world, tho' I suppose that the ones who have few Christmas presents always have something else to make up for it, just like me (only they don't know it). No one ever gives me anything, and whoever saw, even in a picture-book, a sad looking Santa Claus?" and then he quietly laughed. Becoming more serious, he added: "I hope this child divides his presents, or at least lends them; yet, how can he learn to? he is not used to share——" but the boy heard no more, for down the chimney the children's friend had dropped.

"Wonder if he was talking to me," said the listener, as, a bit ruffled, he added: "Now's my time," and he crept along the ridge to the sleigh. The deer looked at him with startled eyes; a *boy* they had never seen before, but stood their ground, wondering what it could mean, as they supposed all little folks were in bed. It was probably their curiosity at seeing

a real child (such as they had heard Santa Claus sing about, while he worked on the toys in their distant land), that held them to the spot.

Reaching the gifts the boy glanced quickly at the labels, and saw some familiar names, fortunately girls'. He passed all their things by. The shape of the boys' packages suggested what they contained, and, as he pulled them out, choosing in his greed the largest ones, to make them his own, he said: "I suppose these fellows will be pretty mad when they don't get their things; but I am here first. See how I worked to keep awake, and nearly froze up here, and I intend to help myself to just what I want." And he continued to pile them upon a flat place near the chimney.

"Gee, but I have struck a picnic!" he thought; "and won't I just be jolly when it's light."

He then gathered up the things and started toward his hiding place; but, alas, he had tarried too long—Santa Claus was ascending the chimney. Trying to hurry, so Santa Claus would not see him, he missed his footing, and rolled over and over down the roof. He could hear and feel his treasures breaking, for he clung to them, and, as he rolled they were first under and then on top of him. And he was conscious that the reindeer, now thoroughly frightened, had run away, the noise of the bells growing fainter and fainter, though dear old Santa Claus was calling loudly to stop, as he hurried after them, as fast as his short legs could carry him.

"Now I have done it!" exclaimed the boy. "All the presents gone from this neighborhood, and mine all broken!" For he had forgotten in his fright that Santa Claus had taken what was intended for him down the chimney. And into a huge snow pile the erring youngster plunged. There he floundered and kicked, the snow filling his eyes and ears, and, as it melted, he could feel the water trickling down his neck, causing him to

make an extra effort to extricate himself. Just then he was startled by his father's voice, beside him, saying:

"Here, you young rascal, stop that kicking! Wake up, wake up, you lazy boy! Here it is almost daylight—Christmas morning, too—and you not up! But what under the sun are you doing on the bed with all your clothes on?"

The boy through his partly opened eyes could see his father standing over him holding a glass half filled with water, with which he was sprinkling the boy's face to awaken him.

"They are all gone, all gone!" he said, now half awake. "Nobody will receive any presents to-day," and he began to cry.

"Gone? What is gone?" asked his father. "I think you are asleep yet."

"Why, the Christmas presents," muttered the boy. "The deer ran away, and now I won't have any. It was all my fault, too; for I was so greedy—Oh, I wish I had waited."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked his father again. "Your stockings are stuffed full. If you will only arouse yourself and come into the next room you will see."

"I know you are fooling me, fooling me," answered the boy, now really awake. But, half hoping his father was not joking, he followed him to the chimney place, and there, sure enough, were his stockings—several of them—almost bursting, and filled to the top. A shout of joy went up as it dawned upon him that he really had not spoiled things; and each article seemed of double value in his eyes, for he thought he had lost them.

After the first excitement was over, he began to wonder if his nearby mates had gathered anything from the wreck, though he doubted if Santa Claus could have overtaken his reindeer in time to get back before daylight, and he decided to go and see. The pang of remorse was still alive, and he dis-

liked to go empty handed. So he chose from his many gifts a few things he thought they would like, and visited from house to house.

He was much amazed to find what a lot of fun he got out of his little trip, for the boys and girls were made so happy by his unexpected treat, and he caught their delight wherever he went until he felt as if he were taking the part of the hurried-away Santa Claus.

That night, when tucked in bed, he asked his mother if anything was "catching" besides the measles, for it seemed as if he had "caught" a lot of fun, and added, if she thought Santa Claus would let him help him next year, as he believed Santa Claus was fat and jolly because he "caught" so much fun from every child. His mother was surprised at the change that seemed to have taken place in her boy, and answered:

"Yes, of course, you can help him all the time; but why do you wish to?"

He confessed then all the detail of his scheme, how he had kept awake, his climb, and sudden fall from the roof, and, became a bit teary as he finished his story. She comforted him, as mothers always do, and, though she was sorry he had tried to do wrong, told him he was making up for it; but to remember that he should always be willing, yes, desire, to divide *all the time*.

"No matter what thing or joy, divide it," she said, "and it is doubled. Keep it alone and it shrinks. Take another's, and it is lost to all. Try to study it out, my child. Your experience of to-day will aid you."

When his little prayer was half finished, he paused, and telling his mother that he wanted to change the rest of it, he continued:

"If I should die before I rise,
Please let me help you in the skies."

FREDERIC GILLMUR.

THE FORGET-ME-NOTS.

Two little girls, one named Elisabeth and the other Francesca, were rambling through field and wood early one summer morning with their auntie, who was very fond of Nature and all her wonderful works: the trees and the flowers and shrubs, and the birds and the bees and insects; and she had always some interesting stories to tell her young companions about them.

On this particular day, which was very warm, they were glad to catch sight of a silvery brook that sang its own happy tune as it threaded its busy way through the fragrant meadow covered with wild flowers. Daisies, pansies, buttercups, pinks and dandelions peeped over the green blades of grass, and the children rushed forward to pick them. Growing on the very edge of the stream, their feet bathing in its cooling waters, stood great bunches of tiny flowers dressed in delicate blue.

"Oh," cried the younger child, delighted with the find, "look at the biolets!" and her tiny hands went after them instantly.

"*Biolets*," mocked Elisabeth the older. "Fran calls every blue flower a 'biolet,'" she explained to their aunt. "She can't say violet," and she laughed merrily. "Those are not violets, they are forget-me-nots," she called to her sister.

"Yes, that's what they are," assented Tante Paula, for it was she of the Christmas story. She stooped and gathered a handful of the frail blossoms. "But can you tell me," she asked, "why they have that lovely name?"

The little girls nodded a shy "No."

"Well, then, sit down here and I will tell you."

Down they all sat in the tall grass under a shady elm tree, in the branches of which the birds twittered and fluttered, and Tante Paula told them the following story:

"There was once a father who had an only son whom he

loved very, very much, for he was the only comfort of his old age. The boy's mother had died many years ago, and so the father and son had grown to be almost inseparable companions. The boy had a great talent for drawing and painting. Even when quite young he used to draw flowers and landscapes, and copied all manner of pictures on scraps of paper.

"His father noticed the talent in his son, but as he was a poor man, he could not send him away to study, and there were no teachers in the little place who could help him. But a chance came to the boy, after all, a few years later. An artist came to the village one summer to paint some of the lovely scenery, the mountains all about the old castle, and lots of other things that he called beautiful. He met the boy and got him to show him some of his drawings, and he saw at once that the boy would make an artist. He asked the father's permission to take the lad with him to Paris, where some of the greatest pictures in the world are shown to the public every year and where pupils go to study.

"It was very hard for the father to think of parting from his boy, but he knew what a fine chance it would be for him, and so he thanked the artist for his kind offer and urged the son to go with him.

"When the day of separation came father and son rose early in the morning to prepare for the journey. The depot, where the artist awaited the lad, lay in the next village, toward which father and son now walked in silence, each one afraid to show the pain of parting to the other."

"I would c'y my eyes out if I had to leave *my* papa!" exclaimed Francesca, her big blue eyes filling with tears at the thought of it.

"Don't cry, Fran; he's coming back, isn't he, Aunt Paula?" said Elisabeth, patting her little sister comfortingly on the shoulder.

"Yes," nodded the aunt, "he'll come back. But you must not get ahead of my story." Then she continued: "The day I am telling you about was warm and sunny and beautiful, with birds' songs in the air and flowers all about and the hill beyond covered with a blue mist as though the clouds from heaven had settled down upon them; and happiness was everywhere except in the heart of the poor father who plodded slowly beside his quick-stepping son, who, with his great love of the beautiful, could not help enjoying the lovely scene spread before his artist's eye, and in his imagination he was already painting wonderful pictures at the school in Paris whither he was going."

"He was sorry-glad, wasn't he, Aunt Paula?" inquired Francesca, "just like I am when papa takes me and Elisabeth for a drive sometimes and mamma stays home with the baby. You see, I want them both to be really truly happy."

"Yes, something like that," answered her aunt, smiling lovingly at the impulsive little girl. Then she went on: "'My dear boy,' said the father with a deep sigh, 'you don't know how it hurts me that I have nothing for you to take away with you as a remembrance of my great love and this your native place where for so many years we have been happy together, but I am poor, very poor, and have nothing but my blessing to bestow upon you as a farewell token.'

"As he spoke his sad eyes looked down and met the little blue flowers that bloomed so happily on the edge of the brook. He stooped and, hastily plucking a handful of the tiny blossoms, he thrust them into his son's hand, saying: 'Here, take these as my parting gift; 'tis all I have to give, but they come from God and bear a precious message to all who see their beauty and who love and obey their Maker.' Then clasping his boy in his arms, he cried fervently, 'Ah son, dear son, FORGET-ME-NOT!'

“‘Forget my father? never,’ answered the son earnestly. ‘I shall bear these flowers away with me as a reminder of your last words on this memorable day; and the beauty of this morning and the country around us will be a lasting memory, too. Some day, father, I hope to show you that I did not forget.’

“So the two parted; the son turning to that great world where lay the chance of his life, the father going back into his solitary home, there to watch and to wait and to pray for his son. And his prayers were answered.

“At the close of the third year of separation, father and son again stood beside the gurgling brook and the Forget-me-nots were again in bloom, as blue and cheery as ever.

“‘Tell me, son, how did you ever do it?’ said his proud father to the lad of former years now grown to manhood and covered with fame. ‘Why, they tell me *your’s* is the best picture in the exhibit!’

“‘I have only you to thank, father, for my success—you who led me the right way by your great love—and God, who gave me the talent to portray His beautiful world.’ He thrust his hand into his coat pocket, drew out a note-book, and throwing it open, showed a withered bunch of tiny flowers, ‘and these Forget-me-nots!’

“And thus these tiny blue flowers came to be called by their memorable name.”

ELISE TRAUT.



Duty is marble, but love is the genius that makes marble beautiful.—*J. M. S.*



It is with youth as with plants: from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in the future.—*Demophilus.*

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE PEDIGREE OF MAN. By Annie Besant. John Lane, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

These lectures give a very clear statement of the Theosophical theory of the descent and ascent of man. This theory has largeness and fascination in it. It has in it many shadows and unto the sensitive soul many despairs. It has, as well, hopefulness and many high joys, and gives infinite meanings to the commonest things. Yet it makes the impression upon the Western, as upon the Eastern mind, that the round of birth and rebirth is an evil to be escaped from, giving an undertone of sadness as though Threnodies held all the songs in its bosom, the lyric life of laughter returning ever to her bosom as birds to the night-engulfed nest. There is one question which eternalism, whatever the varied forms it takes in the thoughts of man, does not satisfactorily answer; if at the end of it all we are simply at the beginning of it all,—the same as we were before we started on the journey of danger and gloom,—wherefore? What is the gain of it all? Where is the wisdom of it all? Is it either, then, simply a bare necessity, a fate from which there is no escape, or an endless round of life without any final and sane meanings? Is it simply an eternal universe playing in and upon itself, fated never to be free, to think and live its mingling shade and shine forever and a day?

There is much in Theosophy that is interesting, much that is suggestive, much that is helpful to those compelled to think of the mysteries of life and destiny; but there is also about it what is not so attractive, a "cock sureness" of knowing the map of the universe, its past, present and future, as one might know

the map of the United States. This brings in an element of hardness, an element of dogmatism, an element that makes it somewhat akin to the old theologies which happily are perishing from the face of the earth.

This little book will give to any one wishing to understand the general theories of the Theosophists a very clear understanding of what Theosophy thinks of the descent and ascent of man, and this thought is in many things as fascinating as a romance. Mrs. Besant is a great soul and always speaks with the greatest sincerity, her words freighted with the conviction that she is saying what she believes to be the truth. For the suggestion of a tentative hypothesis into which an imaginative reason may fit for explanation the phenomena of the world of matter and of man, this little book is of great value.

THE NIBELUNG'S RING: A study of the inner significance of Richard Wagner's Music-Drama. By Wm. C. Ward. John Lane, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

This is a very interesting essay on the underlying meaning of Wagner's "Nibelung's Ring," in which is given a dramatic picture of the ascent of a soul through matter and religious superstition to the liberty and greatness of final spiritual truth. The words of the author's conclusion :

"It is not merely innocence that is regained, it is wisdom that is gained. And as the crown of all wisdom, the glorious result of all these strivings and sorrows, the principle of perfect spiritual Love is attained, to become the true undying religion of humanity. The old gods, the old Walhall, are destroyed, consumed in Loge's flames, the avenging fires of their own hypocrisy and self-deceit. But the truth which they have fostered, the good which they have given, and yet have striven against, remains forever in their children, Brunnhilde and Siegfried, Love and Heroism, whose earthly part is consumed on the funeral pile, only that their immortal essence may become one forever in free spiritual life."

In connection with Dr. Newton's "Parsifal, Its Evolution through the Life and Work of Richard Wagner," which we

expect to republish in pamphlet form, Mr. Ward's book is a valuable contribution to the understanding of Wagner's innermost purpose, to a large grasp of the spiritual meanings which lie within the music-drama of greatening fame.

A DISCUSSION ON REINCARNATION, OR THE SUCCESSIVE EMBODIMENTS OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT. Examined and Discussed Pro and Con by Dr. J. M. Peebles versus Dr. Helen Densmore and W. J. Colville. Published by The Peebles Medical Institute, Battle Creek, Mich.

For those who like controversy, and think that through it they can get at the truth, this pamphlet will be interesting. It resembles somewhat the old fashioned debating society in which there was a stronger desire to make a telling point than to get at the exact truth of things. It reminds the writer a bit of a certain Baptist minister who was telling about his father, a clergyman of that faith, and the Methodist minister, holding public debates about baptism. The great crowds that gathered were highly delighted at the scrap. One night in the midst of the debate a half-drunken man staggered down the aisle with two great horse pistols in his hand which he laid on the platform, and said :

"There, there, brethren ; fight it out ; fight it out !"

The two ministers, like the good Christian men they were, saw the point, shook hands and ended the debate.

A great scholar once said :

"The great thinker is seldom a disputant ; he states the truth as he sees it."

We believe with him that the sunbeam of truth can always take care of itself without any loud-lunged argument. We imagine that the readers of this pamphlet are each likely to remain of the same opinion still.

The essential question seems to us to be one between the

theory of creationism and eternalism. Sifting this discussion down to that simple question, these disputants seem not to be very far apart in their thinking. It is only a question of details as to how and how often eternal life incarnates. One gets the impression that Dr. Peebles is against reincarnation more because he does not like the idea than because he has a great other truth to put against its error. Ridicule is never argument, as its railery can be directed against anything.

The degradation of India, the lack of manly self-assertiveness, is not chargeable wholly to the superstitious interpretations of the idea of eternalism. There are other causes born in that people's way of thinking about man and the universe. It is well to remember that while India, at its best, can help us in our spiritual thinkings, there is a vast work which the practical, common sense American mind can do for this great people.

Altogether apart from our thought as to the value of controversy, there are many minds that can find in this little book great interest and profit.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOBBS. By Frederick J. E. Woodbridge. Price \$1.75. 379 pages. H. W. Wilson Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

Prof. Woodbridge says that this selection and arrangement of his from Hobbe's extensive writings "had its mainspring in his conviction of the old philosopher's great historic importance as a thinker on psychological problems and the value of his works in stimulating reflection;" which recalls in a way the instance of the rural school teacher who kept a backward pupil for hours at the task of adding two and two until they should make five, finally punishing him for his failure, but adding at the same time, "Not that they ever will make anything but four. I'll wager ye'll never be bringing 'em to me after this making anything else."

The "Life of Thomas Hobbes of Malmsburie," by John Aubrey, reprinted almost intact from the London edition of 1813, prefaces the "writings" and is as interesting in style as in substance. From "the day of his birth, which was April the fifth, A.D., 1588, on a Friday morning, which that year was Good Friday," until his death, ninety-one years later, the even tenor of his life is given with a quaintness and kindliness that must fascinate even a superficial reader. "He walked much and contemplated, and he had in the head of his cane a pen and ink horne, carried always a note booke in his pocket, and as soon as a thought darted, he presently entered it into his booke, or otherwise might have lost it. He had drawn the design of the booke into chapters and knew where about it would come in. Thus that booke was made."



An Emerson Calendar for 1905 comes from William E. Towne, of Holyoke, Mass., who is both the compiler and publisher. The price is 50 cents. It is printed in twelve sheets of two colors, on the front a picture of Emerson, on each sheet a quotation from Emerson, excepting June which is a word from Walt Whitman. It is a thing of beauty which can light up the months with the quiet wisdom smile of Emerson.



We have received from Mrs. Addieleen Stevens, of No. 151 W. 105th Street, New York City, the music to which she has set John Burroughs' famous poem, "My Own Shall Come to Me," sometimes called "Waiting." This is one of the greatest poems of the New Thought and has been waiting long for its music. As it is interpreted here, it is intended for circles of worship. Copies for this use can be had for ten cents each. Mrs. Stevens is one of the earliest of New Thought teachers, and one of its sweetest souls, whose thinkings are now turning into songs.

Mrs. Elizabeth Homans, of No. 9 Flushing Place, Flushing, N. Y., has issued a New Thought calendar for 1905. The card is of clover leaf decoration, with a quotation on removable pad from some New Thought writer for each day in the year. To have the days pass, not in numbers but in thoughts, is a wisdom and a joy which he who owns this calendar experiences.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

Souls. Part I. By Mary Alling Aber, 1894. Part II. By Sara Thacker, 1904. Price, \$1.50. The Logos Fraternity, Applegate, Cal.

The Instrument Tuned. By Rosa Berch Hitt. Broadway Publishing Company, New York.

Healing Leaves. By Sara Thacker. Price, 25 cents. The Logos Fraternity, Applegate, Cal.

The Three-Fold Path to Peace. Written down by Xena. Dedicated to disciples.

The State Remedy for Poverty. By A Doctor of Medicine. Geo. Standring, London.

Two Popular Lectures. By Dr. George W. Corey. I. *Let There Be Light.* II. *And There was Light.*

The Geometry of Science. Diagrammatically Illustrated. By C. S. Woke, Chicago.

An Introduction to the History of Modern Philosophy. By Arthur Stone Dewing. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Spirit Obsessions. By J. M. Peebles, M. D., A. M. The Peebles Medical Institute, Battle Creek, Mich.

The Book of Ighan, revealed by Baha Ullah, translated by Ali Kuli Khan. Geo. V. Blackburne Co., 114 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

The Soul in Silhouette. By Edward Earle Purinton. The Acme Publishing Company, Morgantown, West Virginia.

My Search for Truth and What I Found. By J. Horton. Williams & Norgate, 14 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

The Pedigree of Man. By Annie Besant. John Lane, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

A Discussion on Reincarnation, or the Successive Embodiments of the Human Spirit. By Dr. J. M. Peebles vs. Dr. Helen Densmore and W. J. Colville. The Peebles Medical Institute, Battle Creek, Mich.

Science of the New Thought. By E. Whitford Hopkins. The New Thought Book Concern, Bristol, Conn.

Vegetarian Savouries. By Mary Pope. John Lane, 67 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Health and Happiness. By Florence Holt. James Nisbet & Co., 21 Berners Street, London.

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